Collier's

JANUARY 3, 1942 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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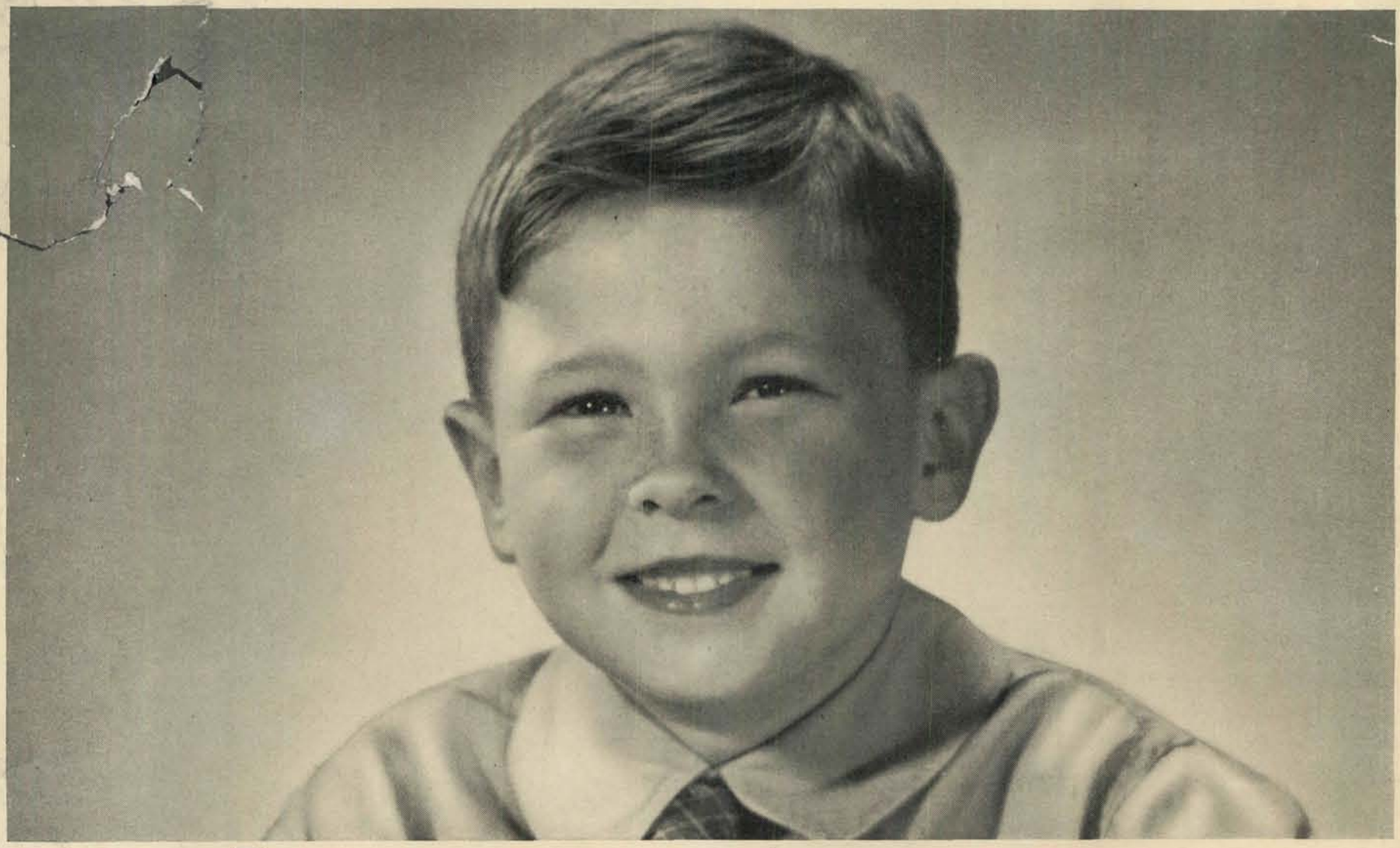
Do you see Little Philip?
No. I see a Promising Young District Attorney.

Does his Work command Respect?
Yes. He is Very Able . . . and has a Fine Personality.

People warm to his Friendly Smile . . . a Smile that
Owes so Much to his Lifelong Use of Ipana and Massage.



A Product of Bristol-Myers

Your smile is what you make it! Let Ipana and Massage help you to have healthier gums and brighter, more sparkling teeth

Q. *Why is the regular habit of gum massage so strongly urged by many modern dentists?*

A. Because dentists well know that the soft, creamy foods we eat nowadays deny our gums natural work and exercise . . . the stimulation they require for healthy firmness.

Q. *And are firm, healthy gums important to bright, sound teeth?*

A. Most important! For teeth are seldom bright and sparkling when gums are weak and sensitive. That's why no one should ignore "pink tooth brush". . . a warning signal from the gums that they need attention.

Q. *Is "pink tooth brush" a sign of serious trouble?*

A. It may not mean serious trouble—but only your dentist can decide that. Often his decision will be simply that your weak, tender gums need more work and exercise. Like thousands of other dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Q. *Ipana and massage—how often?*

A. Regularly, at least twice each day! Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. For Ipana is designed to do more than just clean teeth thoroughly. With massage, it promotes health and firmness in the gums. You'll find Ipana and massage an important ally against "pink tooth brush." Use this delightful routine regularly—help yourself to brighter teeth, a more sparkling smile.

Ipana T

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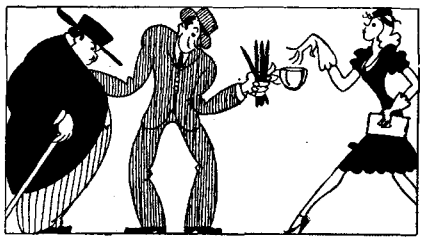
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	W. B. COURTNEY	Germany
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	FRANK GERVASI	The Orient
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles	JIM MARSHALL	Articles
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	CLARENCE H. ROY	Syntax	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

ANY WEEK

FROM time to time we have discussed the future with the Honorable Frank J. Ryan, secretary of state in Kansas. Together we have agreed, up to a certain point, that the world's current trend bodes no visible good for political officeholders. But we've agreed too that politicians are people and as such have to be fed, clothed and housed and that there isn't much we can do about it. With public treasuries being expended on fireworks, a great many political jobs will fail to get into the budgets and lose, thereby, much of their attractiveness. Anyway, Mr. Ryan has been experimenting. For ten cents he bought a tin cup and for another dime four lead pencils. Thinking to place these on his desk as a symbol of things to come, Mr. Ryan was on his way back to his office when he met one of Kansas' better judges, a woolsacker celebrated for his talent for saying No in loud and positive voice. Mr. Ryan, cup and pencils in hand, was enjoying a few reverberating Noes when a lady happened along. She summed up the situation with more humanity than accuracy and dropped three pennies into Mr. Ryan's cup. He now surveys the future with something akin to equanimity and has a new feeling of security.

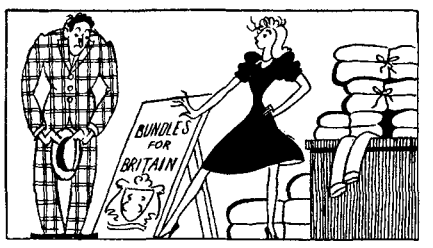


RECENTLY we stopped off in Sturbridge, Massachusetts, for lunch. If we had felt like a drink we might have ordered a Whistle Belly Vengeance. It was, the menu told us, a great favorite with the younger set in Colonial days and no debutante would think of being flung to society without priming the party well with Whistle Belly Vengeance. It was invented by Colonel Ebenezer Craft in 1740 and, according to the Craft family records, the colonel and his five sons consumed several gallons of it just before the battle of Long Island, where they distinguished themselves by capturing themselves and delivering themselves to General Lord Howe. Anyway, we didn't have any but copied the formula. This is it: "Sour household beer. Simmer and sweeten with molasses. Add rum and bread crumbs to taste and drink piping hot."

WHEN this war collapses and we're all back where we were before September, 1939, only worse, England will "courageously assume the job of reconstructing the world with the financial assistance of the United States of America." This we learn from Sergeant Major John William Bricklish of Primrose Crescent, Norman Way, Basingstoke, Hants. (Practically every Englishman seems to come from Hants.) Anyway, the sergeant major, "a bachelor, well found, sturdily conservative and presentable" has a plan. He, for example, would be willing to marry an American girl "of suitable station" and is quite sure that many of his fellow soldiers would be glad to emulate him. This international wedding would have to be on a somewhat large scale—say 100,000 of them. While their English husbands would be fighting, the girls would be maintained by the government of the United States. When the war stopped, jobs for the surviving soldiers would be guaranteed by both countries. "But the tie," writes Sergeant Major Bricklish, "would be the widows. History shows," he goes on, "that nothing cements close relations between nations as the cement of marriages broken but hallowed on the field of battle."

THE sergeant major sounds a trifle stuffy. Our secretary wants to bet that he has a curled mustache, idolizes Baldwin of Bewdley and adds that if he belonged to her he wouldn't die on a battlefield. So we pass on to another idea, this one by Miss Dora Jane McKibben of Dover, Delaware. Miss McKibben has traveled a great deal, the Far East, Middle East, Near East, the Arctic countries, the tropics, everywhere. Looking over the list of the places Miss McKibben has visited makes us think of the staff of this magazine. (Recently in Hollywood we were asked about a rumor that no member of this staff dared to mention a foreign country to the editor lest he be ordered to go there at once.) As for Miss McKibben's idea, she wants us to help her launch relief-fund drives for Iceland, Greenland, Newfoundland and all other foreign lands which have been, are being or will be occupied wholly or in part by the American Army. She is particularly anxious about Iceland, a country she spent two years in. "American troops," writes she, "are fine men and occupy such places as little Iceland with only the best intentions. But places where American troops have been are never the same afterward. Hearts are broken, homes are wrecked and customs destroyed, all, as I say, with the very best of intentions. I have been in Dutch Guiana. I shudder for it. It will never be the same after the American troops arrive with the best of intentions."

WITH the best of intentions we dropped into a Bundles for Britain branch to see how things were going on. We wandered around a while before one of the neatest bundles in the place spoke to us. "We're sorry," she said, "but we do not give away clothing here. You'll have to go to the British Consulate. Some of you poor things seem to lose everything anywhere." When we explained that we were not English, that we weren't looking for clothing and that we considered ourself a pretty classy dresser and so on and so on, she became a little cross with us. "Well," she said, "what are you taking up my time for?" So just to show her, we went home, wrapped up a serviceable gray suit and sent it to her. We hope that the guy who gets it has better luck in it than we had. In that suit we were arrested once, knocked down by a taxicab twice, lost thirty-eight dollars at Belmont Park and (note to Miss McKibben) spent two weeks in Newfoundland.



SOMETHING published in Collier's has irritated Mrs. William John Dowffer of Concord, New Hampshire. We've read Mrs. Dowffer's letter twice and regret that her emotions are so violent that she has forgotten to name the story, article or paragraph that is responsible. You get some idea, however, from her final sentence. "I'm so mad," writes she, "that I could eat Southern fried chicken."

AND Mr. Christian Boerling of Helena, Montana, reports that he recently did a bit of satisfactory shopping in a Spokane store where a bright young woman assured him that they had a full stock of everything their customers might want. "The general manager called us all together," she said to Mr. Boerling, "and told us to bear in mind that Christmas would be Christmas as usual in this store and the hell with Mr. Leon Henderson and Mr. Donald Nelson."

IT IS heartening to learn that there still are good old-fashioned folk who have not been weaned away from their ancient grudges and convictions by the millions of words and phrases of latter-day propaganda. It was like the good old days to get this one from Mr. Biller Goodman of Toledo, Ohio. "I hear," roars Mr. Goodman through all the din of war, "that your magazine is a tool of the international bankers, owned body and soul by Wall Street and dedicated to slaughtering millions of American boys on foreign soil in the interests of the wealthy employers of underpaid labor. So take my name off your list."

HOWDY, Biller. . . . W. D.

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JAN. 3, 1942

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THIS WEEK

JANUARY 3, 1942

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COVER. Hat Design by John Frederics. JON WHITCOMB

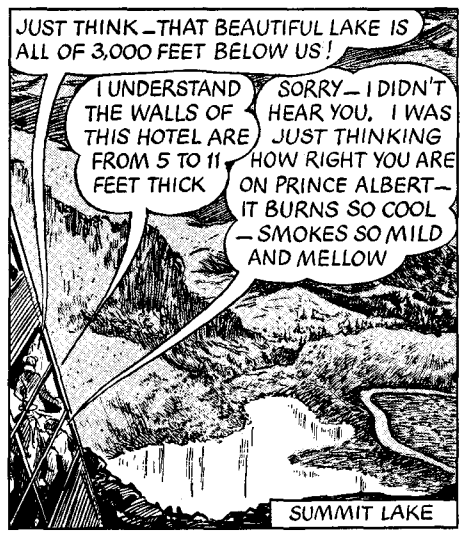
WONDERS OF AMERICA
Sky Hotel

WE'RE ROLLING UP THE HIGHEST AUTO ROAD IN THE U.S.
AND I'M ROLLING UP AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE TOBACCO FOR SMOKING JOY— PRINCE ALBERT!
MT. EVANS, COLORADO
HERE WE ARE— AT THE HIGHEST HOTEL IN THE U.S.A. IT'S 14,259 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL
I HEAR IT WAS BUILT ENTIRELY BY HAND
PHEW! SOME OF THE GRANITE SLABS IN THOSE WALLS WEIGH 5 TONS APIECE
NOTICE HOW THE WALLS ARE STREAM-LINED. THE TERRIFIC WINDS HERE BLOW UP TO 150 MILES AN HOUR
I'D LIKE TO BE IN A COLD BLAST LIKE THAT—MAYBE IT WOULD COOL OFF THIS FURNACE I'M SMOKING!
ISN'T IT THRILLING— WE'RE SEEING 10,000 SQUARE MILES OF MOUNTAINS AND HILLS
I HATE TO BE NOSEY, BUT HAVE YOU EVER TRIED PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO FOR COOLER SMOKING? YOU KNOW, IT'S THE COOLER-BURNING BRAND

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

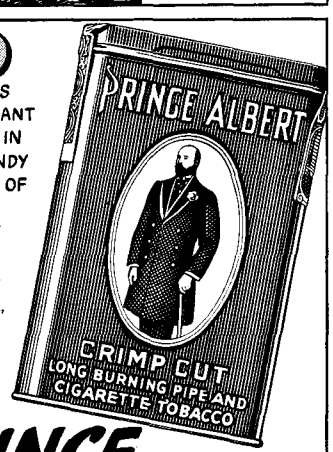
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED— *COOLEST OF ALL!*


JUST THINK—THAT BEAUTIFUL LAKE IS ALL OF 3,000 FEET BELOW US!
I UNDERSTAND THE WALLS OF THIS HOTEL ARE FROM 5 TO 11 FEET THICK
SORRY— I DIDN'T HEAR YOU. I WAS JUST THINKING HOW RIGHT YOU ARE ON PRINCE ALBERT— IT BURNS SO COOL —SMOKES SO MILD AND MELLOW
SUMMIT LAKE

YES, THERE'S NO TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT FOR NO-BITE TONGUE COMFORT WITH GOOD, RICH, HIT-THE-SPOT TASTE! BESIDES, P.A. IS CRIMP CUT TO PACK AND DRAW BETTER
THAT GOES FOR P.A. 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES, TOO— PLUS FAST, EASY ROLLING— NO SPILLING, BUNCHING, OR WASTE. THE TASTE JOY IS THERE, TOO— BUT SO MILD— NO HARSHNESS

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When the Chinese laundry business started in San Francisco in the 1850's, rents were so high that few companies could afford a single store. Consequently, most of them had to double up and occupy premises for alternate twelve-hour periods, putting up and taking down their signs as they arrived and departed.

Herds of wild animals, as well as flocks of birds and swarms of insects, have been known to gather in numbers totaling many millions. About 1900, a horde of springbok, a small antelope, seen traveling across a plain in South Africa was estimated to be fifteen miles wide by 140 miles long.—*By Thomas E. Harris, Arlington, Massachusetts.*

As in previous editions, the latest issue of "Who Was Who," which contains the biographies of important Britons who died between 1929 and 1940, lists their former telephone numbers.

In the belief that a person has a kindred soul in some animal and that whatever kills or injures one will have a corresponding effect on the other, a tribe in Nigeria recently fined a hunter $25 because he had shot a hippopotamus and, thereby, caused the death of a very fat woman in a near-by village.—*By Elsie Peters, Buffalo, New York.*

Few tributes are comparable to that paid to the memory of Edward Colston, a philanthropist buried in Bristol, England. The heads of the many schools, hospitals and charitable institutions that he founded have seen that fresh flowers were placed on his grave every week since his death in 1721.—*By Norman Kirby, Wembley, England.*

Through scientific breeding, the average weight of fleece wool sheared annually from American sheep has increased from two to eight pounds, or 300 per cent, in the past one hundred years.—*By Jean Marshall, New York, New York.*

Persons afflicted with a certain type of deafness can actually hear a conversation more easily in a noisy factory than in a quiet room. —*By John Edie, Edina, Minnesota.*

The casting of shoes after a newly married couple symbolizes the transfer, from father to husband, of the possession of the bride. It comes from the ancient practice of giving shoes or sandals to the purchaser of property to signify the passing of ownership.

Although Indians were being educated at Harvard as early as 1642, the white girls of New England were not admitted to public schools until almost 1800, or more than 150 years after the first one was established.—*By Ruby Wilder, Lakewood, Ohio.*

Alaska, famous for its glaciers and long called "Uncle Sam's Icebox," sometimes has local ice shortages, a recent one in the town of Anchorage boosting the price to $80 a ton.—*By Carl Huss, Fort Richardson, Alaska.*

Along the four miles of New York's fashionable Park Avenue are the offices of nearly eight hundred physicians, which is a larger number of doctors than are registered in any one of the following states: Arizona, Delaware, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Dakota, South Dakota, Utah and Wyoming.—*By Dr. Leon N. Greene, Brooklyn, New York.*

Jack London is the most widely read American author in Russia. During the past thirteen years, five hundred printings of his books, totaling more than ten million copies, have left the Soviet presses.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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WING TALK

W. EUGENE SMITH

Keeping you posted on military aviation without spilling any secrets is the job of Lieut. Col. Arthur I. Ennis, right, Chief of the Public Relations Division of the Air Forces. With him here is Collier's Washington representative, Robert McCormick

ACCOMPLISHING the technical, industrial and military task of acquiring 100,000 airplanes of all types, and training pilots and mechanics to go with them, is one thing. Convincing the taxpayers that the best that can be done is being done, and at the same time denying them information that could be of aid and comfort to potential enemies, is another. To some, the latter is more difficult.

That is the job that has been handed Lieut. Col. Arthur I. Ennis, Chief of the Public Relations Division of the Army Air Forces in Washington and an active Army pilot of 24 years in the cockpit. Art, as he is universally addressed by the press, was never a newspaperman, but he is an old hand at dealing with the public's representatives and has a keen understanding of their problems. He was in the Air Corps Information Division from 1928 to 1931 and was front man for the Army at Chicago when Air Corps pilots were flying the mail. There he received his acid bath of experience with the press. Before and after these public-relations assignments, he commanded tactical air units and studied and instructed at important Army schools.

Col. Ennis is the eye of the needle through which information on the Army Air Forces must pass before it reaches you in print, pictures, screen or radio; information that will not tip the hand of the defense planners. Newspapers and magazines have ways of their own of getting news about the air-defense effort and the free press is extremely touchy about censorship. Knowing this, Col. Ennis is no censor; but when he finishes explaining why publication of Army air information of certain kinds would injure current and future defense plans, the press invariably goes along with him.

Perhaps it was his early training as a lawyer, before he entered the Army in 1917 as a flying cadet, that enables him to see both sides of a very important problem. The public is entitled to know what's going on and the Air Forces are entitled to a few military secrets. It is this understanding that gives him such popular and influential standing with the press. When he is forced to deny publication of material brought to him for approval, Art will debate the reason for his decision loud and long. In this manner he can say no to a writer and make him like it. Much better than "You can't print that and I won't tell you why!" Writers are not pushed around that easily.

Although Col. Ennis' present job is a new one, there have been other Army air officers, assigned in the past to deal directly with the press, who left high marks of achievement. Chief among these was a Major Arnold, now Major General H. H. Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Forces and Deputy Chief of Staff for Air.

THE backbone of any army or navy is the noncommissioned officers of long enlistment, and air officers have the healthiest regard for their sergeants and chief petty officers. Maybe it's because they fly together and their lives depend upon the work these enlisted men do in maintaining and operating military and naval aircraft.

In the Army, Navy or Marine Corps aviation, you'll find officers ready to leap to the defense of a sergeant or "chief." They also delight in relating stories of how they have been subtly told off by these enlisted men, sometimes long their seniors in military and naval-aviation experience. For instance:

The colonel said that when, as a young lieutenant, he went out on the Army airdrome to fly and asked the crew chief to make a plane ready, the

(Continued on page 43)

"KEEP 'EM FLYING" FOR AMERICA'S DEFENSE

Get your training now as a U. S. Army Aviation Cadet!

NEW army air fields are ready. Advanced design planes are being delivered. We've got to "keep 'em flying!" America needs pilots, aerial navigators, bombardiers, and other specialists. The finest aviation training in the world is waiting for you as a U. S. Army Aviation Cadet!

This is your chance to earn a commission in the shortest possible time — an average of 7½ months — and to serve your country at a time when your services are needed.

$75 a month — plus uniforms, board, lodging, medical care and $10,000 insurance — while you are learning. Up to $245.50 a month when you are commissioned a Second Lieutenant. $150 allowance for your initial officer's uniform equipment. And, when you return to civil life, a $500 cash bonus for each year of active service under your reserve commission.

Above all, you will be preparing yourself for a successful career in the tremendous future expansion of aviation.

In the air over America is the greatest frontier ever opened to young men who have both patriotism and ambition. *Look ahead!* The first step is to *apply — today!*

U. S. ARMY
RECRUITING SERVICE

LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station or write to: "The Commanding General," of the Corps Area nearest you:

First Corps Area.....Boston, Mass.
Second Corps Area.....Governors Island, N. Y.
Third Corps Area.....Baltimore, Md.
Fourth Corps Area.....Atlanta, Ga.
Fifth Corps Area....Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio
Sixth Corps Area.....Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Corps Area.....Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Corps Area.....Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Ninth Corps Area, Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.
Or write to:
Enlisted Division F-2, A.G.O., Washington, D. C.

Full information at your local branch of the Junior Chamber of Commerce; B. P. O. E. (Elks); Veterans of Foreign Wars or the American Legion.

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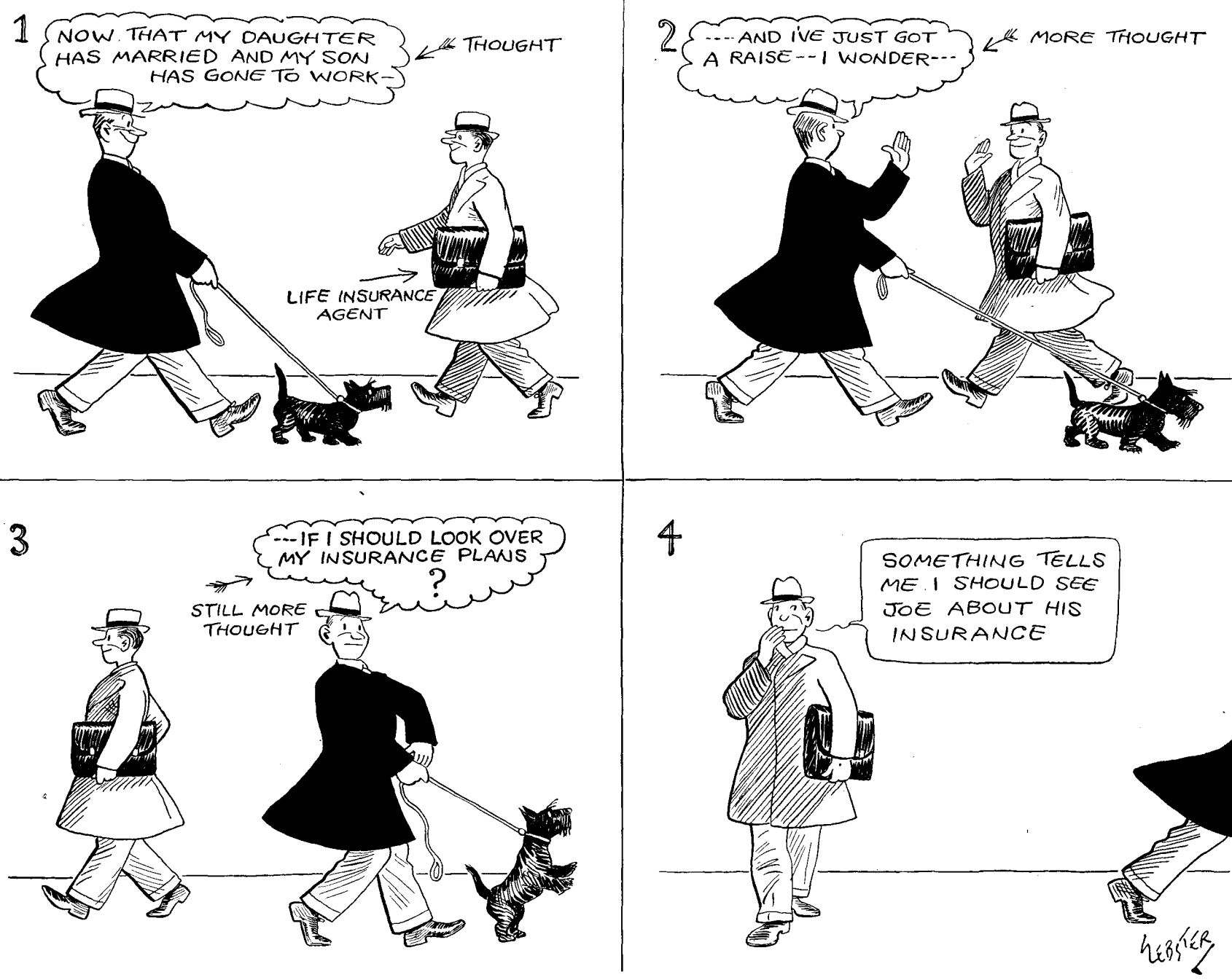
1
NOW THAT MY DAUGHTER HAS MARRIED AND MY SON HAS GONE TO WORK—
THOUGHT
LIFE INSURANCE AGENT
2
---AND I'VE JUST GOT A RAISE--I WONDER---
MORE THOUGHT
3
---IF I SHOULD LOOK OVER MY INSURANCE PLANS ?
STILL MORE THOUGHT
4
SOMETHING TELLS ME I SHOULD SEE JOE ABOUT HIS INSURANCE
WEBSTER

If your life insurance agent were a mind reader

MAYBE IF YOUR life insurance agent were a mind reader, he could be of even greater service to you than he is now.

However, because he is not a mind reader, the effectiveness with which he serves you and your family depends a good deal upon the information you give him about your personal and family affairs.

Perhaps, since you last talked with your agent, there has been a birth in your family. Maybe a son has begun to support himself. Or it may be that increased income enables you to think in a new way about your own future.

Suppose, for example, that your older children are no longer dependent upon you. In such a case, you may wish to review your life insurance program and possibly elect a different method of settlement. To advise you properly, an agent must take many factors into account. Will your son or daughter need further financial aid in the future? Have your living expenses been reduced so that you can now plan more definitely to retire?

Your agent can assist you with these and similar questions in so far as they relate to life insurance. To help you best, his services must be personal services, based upon consideration of your individual needs and circumstances.

If you are a Metropolitan policyholder and feel that a change in your situation calls for a review of your policies, get in touch with your Metropolitan agent. If you will tell him what is in your mind, you will find him equipped to serve you efficiently and wisely; if necessary, he will enlist the help of Metropolitan's Home Office.

Your agent's services are always available without additional charge of any kind. He will consider it a privilege to have you call him. Or, if you prefer, get in touch with your Metropolitan District Office.

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This is Number 45 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JANUARY 3, 1942

Before he knew it, he had thrown himself headlong into the snow, but he kept his eyes open. He had already sensed that this was not one of the regular bombing attacks

The Prize

By Hans Ruesch

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

They granted him three days' leave, not an hour more. Plenty of time to get married in. But that was before he made the mistake of investigating a plane crash

THEY had put him into a uniform, slung a rifle and bandoleer over his shoulder, and given him to understand that the only thing that counted now was to do as he was told. But he still knew little about soldiering, or else he would never have made that dreadful mistake.

He was somewhat self-conscious about his outfit, which he did not think he entirely deserved, though it was not much of an outfit—the shabby uniform of shoddy fabric that merrily let in wind and snow; the old Mauser that was no match for such modern rifles as the enemy had. As a soldier he was trying to do his best. That was not much, he thought—just to carry on, to stand up under blizzards and cold and fire.

He did not know how much that was. He did not know that this was the conclusive answer to any general's prayer. It was exactly what he had been doing all his life, except for the shell fire, of course; that was new. He had been carrying on all his life—standing up under snowstorms in winter, as mountain people have to; standing up under pounding heat in summer, watching the sheep pasturing on the mountainside; carrying on every day of the year without giving it a second thought.

And now he had earned a three days' leave. He had saved his commanding officer's life. The officer had led an attack that had been repulsed, and he had been lying in the snow with his leg shattered. The soldier had left the cover of the trenches and carried back the wounded officer amid the whizzing bullets. The soldier considered three days' leave a generous remuneration for so small a service, for in those three days he would make Helena his own. Helena was the most beautiful girl of his mountain village, the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

The officer of the day, upon signing his furlough papers, had looked with pleasure at the husky young soldier, tall and weather-beaten and manly except for his eyes, which were sad and wondering like those of a boy; then he had cautioned him that the leave was good for three days only, not a single hour more, and had wished him good luck. And considering what was in store for him, the soldier had need of all the good luck he could get.

IT WOULD not be long now until he could fold Helena into his arms and break the good news to her. She had told him she would be ready for him whenever he came. A march of no more than some six hours up to the shack and from there a fast dash down to the village in the valley were all that separated them.

At sunrise, the moment his leave started, the soldier began to plow his way through the snow, leaving the front lines behind, his only kit his water canteen and his bayonet.

His heart sang with happiness. He was approaching his native heights—a desolate mountain range of grim beauty. It was intensely cold, and a crisp, icy wind blew through the pine trees. The long trudge through the woods, where the snow was not very deep, was nothing to him. And by noon he was in sight of the shack.

HE WAS only a few minutes' distance from it when there was an abrupt change in the immediate course of events that had seemed so clearly marked out. The gigantic silence of the mountain landscape was interrupted by a strange sound of stirring air, and looking up, he saw a huge airplane winging down very low above his head. Before he knew it he had thrown himself headlong into the snow, but he kept his eyes open. He had already sensed that this was not one of the regular bombing attacks. There was something wrong with the aircraft. The motors were silent, and its glide was much too low and slow, looking haphazard and unsteady.

The plane was, in fact about to make a forced landing. It almost skimmed the tops of the pine trees and touched ground in a small, sloping clearing. The space was not sufficient for a safe landing, and the plane crashed into the woods ahead. But only to the soldier's inexperienced eyes did the accident seem serious. In fact, the plane hit the trees at low speed, the motors could not backfire and set the craft ablaze because they were dead, and the pilot had jettisoned his bombs long ago at the first hint of trouble. True, the wings were sheared off, scattering splintered timber over hundreds of feet, and this made the crash seem much worse than it was.

Here the soldier made his first mistake—and in war the first mistake is all too likely to be the last. He ran toward the wreckage, forgetting that he was still in a country at war—for he did not *(Continued on page 33)*

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THUNDER OVER THE PACIFIC

By Frank Gervasi

Here's a vivid picture of the Philippines as they came under the first shock of attack in the war that every islander knew was inevitable, and the on-the-spot story of the grim preparations they made to meet it

EUROPEAN

On these troops of the native Filipino army falls the task of defending their homeland, a task they were well prepared for when war was declared. The Filipino army, although a relatively small one, is excellently trained and well equipped with American guns and planes, some of which are shown at the right on a Luzon airfield. Below is Admiral Thomas C. Hart, commander of the American fleet in the Far East at the outbreak of the war, and long a stanch believer in the feasibility of defending the Philippine Islands

OUT of the cold blue light of the Baguio morning the bombers came, Japanese bombers, with large red circles on the undersides of their wings. The planes dropped bombs and roared southward toward Davao, in Mindanao. The planes released bombs on Davao too, and the war in the Pacific, the war between Japan and the United States that had brooded like a low-lying cloud over the Philippines, ever since the Mikado had begun his imperialist march in Asia with the invasion of Manchukuo in 1931, burst with a suddenness of a typhoon.

Yes, they were shocked in Baguio, which is a pleasant little town high in the green mountains north of Manila, but they weren't surprised. While the diplomats talked on in Tokyo and in Washington and the headlines held hopes of a last-minute rapprochement, the citizens of Baguio, as those of Davao and Manila, knew war was coming. The word they used when they talked about it was "inevitable."

While the diplomats talked, the soldiers and sailors were busy in the Philippines. They were busy restoring Cavite to the eminence of a powerful naval and seaplane base and they were arming the island fortress of Corregidor, at the entrance of Manila Bay, to make it what it was the day the Jap bombers came—the most powerful fortress in the Far East. It'll take some taking, for Corregidor, like Cavite, packs an offensive punch as well as a defensive jab.

The particular soldier who did the job at Corregidor and on the islands generally, was Lt. Gen. Douglas MacArthur, a tall, flat-hipped man of sixty-two who likes to pace the floor while he talks. The particular sailor involved in the reconstitution of Cavite is Admiral Thomas C. Hart, a springy stick of a man with a pair of hunter's eyes and a cowlick of graying blond hair. He's High-Collar Hart or Hard-Collar Hart to his men. He wears a collar that is both high and hard to shorten an otherwise longish neck with a prominent Adam's apple. He's commander in chief of the United States fleet in the Far East as General MacArthur is commander in chief of the U. S. forces in the Far East.

Both men believed the islands could be defended. That the islands, with British Singapore to the southwest, formed a barricade to protect the patrimony in oil, rubber, quinine, teak and tin represented by the Dutch East Indies, just below the Philippines. They did their job quietly, secretly. The Japanese may know, in a general way, that Corregidor and Cavite are strong, but they don't know how strong. MacArthur and Hart knew that they could never strike first, for it isn't the democratic way to jump the gun in war but to try to avoid war. But they knew, however, that if war came the Japanese would hit and hit hard. They prepared the islands to meet the blow.

How the Islands Prepared

Navy and Army engineers went to work. They worked for nearly six months on Cavite and Corregidor, employing funds out of the forty billion dollars the Congress first appropriated for "defense." More important still, General MacArthur had been building an army in the Philippines since 1935. Until the very moment war came to the islands, men worked at a furious pace to ready their defenses for the attack they knew was "inevitable." Manila stopped living in the past and plunged headlong into the realities of the present.

There's little left in the islands now to remind you of the immediate or distant past. Even the white folks' tendency to retreat at the threat of war is gone. There was an exodus of women and children when the threat materialized last summer. The Army ordered all wives home and their evacuation was efficiently and quietly carried out. Of all the important officers' wives only Mrs. MacArthur remains.

But the civilians stayed on. They felt that they were morally obliged to the nuclei of civilian defense work. Led by Mrs. Francis B. Sayre, handsome wife of the United States high commissioner, the civilians formed first-aid organizations to help the population when war came. They learned how to build air-raid shelters and fight fire bombs, the worst enemy the Philippine shack towns and wooden-walled cities face.

To remind you of Admiral Dewey and the battle of Manila Bay there is a bronze tablet set in a rock in the cool shade of palms just off the narrow concrete walk that passes the screened verandas of the officers' billets. It says that the U.S. Marines hoisted the American flag over Cavite on May 3, 1898. There are a few old guns from Spanish ships, and the stumps of ancient fortifications. The rusting remains of the Spaniards' ships lie in the shallows near the harbor shore. And then you are violently and noisily yanked into the present. This is the picture I saw there a few weeks ago.

Mammoth tractors bulldogged the gray-brown soil to plane surfaces for airfields and ramps and the foundations of new buildings. Steam shovels bit huge mouthfuls of earth, shuddered with the effort and dumped their chaws into waiting trucks. Pile drivers smashed steel stanchions into the soggy soil at the water's edge to stake the foundations of the new bunkers that will pour fuel into American warships.

Buzz saws growled through timber, slicing off planks and trusses for scaffolding or making lumber for barracks. An elephantine machine, two stories tall, mixed rock and sand and cement with sloshy, metallic noises into concrete which little brown men carried in wheelbarrows and stubby dump trucks to foundations and walls for bombproof gasoline depots and arsenals.

Four thousand of those brown men, Filipino-Americans, have built permanent mess halls, barracks and a new field hospital. New docks stand where six months ago there was mud or a coconut grove. Bossed by twenty-three American engineers, they sawed and hammered

EUROPEAN

Enterprise and initiative are outstanding qualities of the Filipino soldier. These troops are preparing to cross a river with equipment in improvised boats made of rifles and tents

INTERNATIONAL

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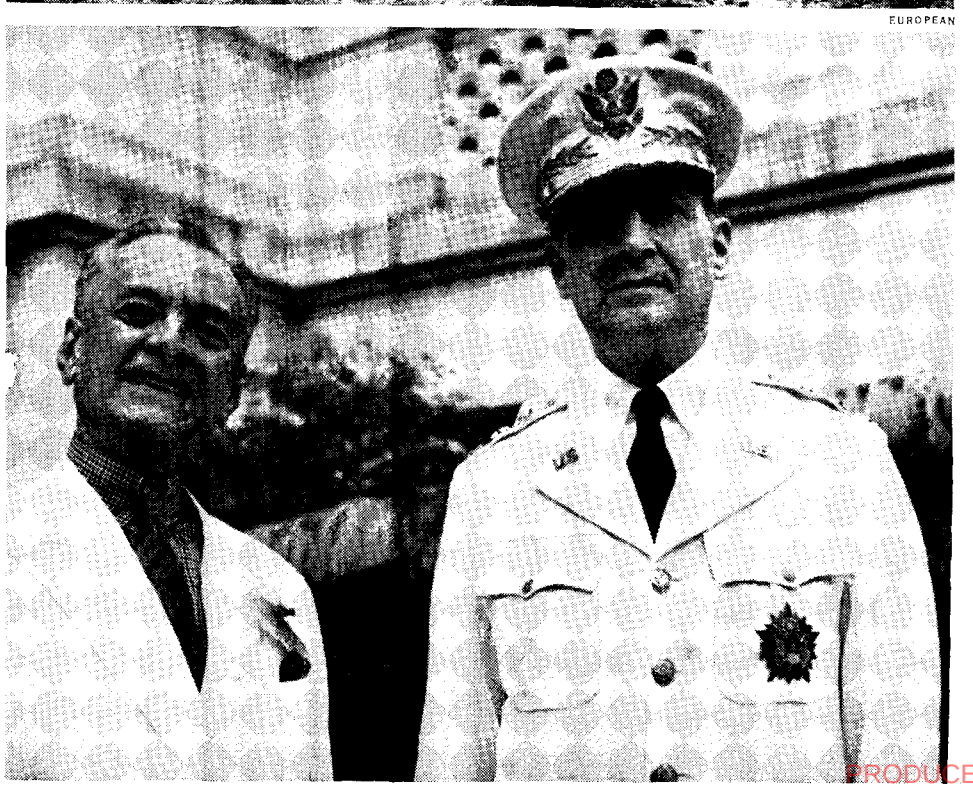
EUROPEAN



EUROPEAN

Manuel Quezon (left) is president of the Philippines. With him is General Douglas MacArthur, former U.S. Army Chief of Staff, who was chosen by Quezon as the man to build up the Filipino army

Westward across the Pacific, blue-black and silky, a blotch of clouds promised a deluge. They were typhoon clouds and although the sun was yellow in the blue sky over Cavite, in a few minutes the rain would come. The Filipinos accept the inevitability of the typhoon and the monsoon with that equanimity with which they accept everything except serfdom. They've had five thousand years of sudden thundering rains. But to the white men in Manila the storm clouds symbolize the uncertainties ahead.

Ever since 1931 the defenders of the Philippines have looked westward with preoccupation. For in the Philippines they were acutely aware of a few geographic facts of life. It's 8,004 miles from Manila to San Francisco, but it's only 1,006 miles to Nagasaki. It's 6,874 miles from Manila to Seattle, but only 631 miles to Hong Kong as the bombers fly, and even the British admit that Hong Kong mightn't be British very long what with the Japs surrounding it now. In Manila they know that Kobe and Yokohama and Tokyo lie within range of Uncle Samuel's flying fortresses and they know all too well that the Japs can blast Manila.

For All the World to See

There are some even more pertinent geographic truths which paced the speed of war preparations in the Philippines. American Naval Intelligence knew before the actual attack that in Formosa, just north of Luzon, largest of the Philippine islands, the Japanese were training parachute troops. From the northernmost of that trickle of islets that flows toward Formosa from Luzon you can see the big Jap island on a clear day. It's only about forty miles between the Jap island and the nearest American possession.

And then there's that business in southeastern Asia, across the South China Sea from the Philippines. The Japanese have moved in. Indo-China and Thailand are in another world to Americans. To the Filipinos, Indo-China and Thailand are neighbors. Until last June they were friendly neighbors. Now they are enemies. Japan has occupied the Vichy French colony and has invaded Thailand.

In Cam-Ranh Bay, just above Saigon, the Japanese have the best natural harbor in the Far East. It dominates the narrowest portion of the China Sea. It is one of many bases the Japanese have sought to establish to guard the long line of ships that carry Japan's soldiers, planes, munitions and supplies south along the Chinese coast from Chosen, Kyushu, Shikoku and Honshu. Shanghai, Taiwan (Formosa), Canton and the island of Hainan lie along that route. It's a long line but vulnerable, now that the Philippines have been rebuilt into a naval and military and aerial powerhouse.

The Japanese have built military airports in Indo-China to bolster further the protection chain of Japanese bases along the seaway through the East China Sea and the South China Sea. They've built air bases at Tourane and Nhatrang, in the province of Annam; at Bienhoa, Saigon and Soctrang, in Cochin-China and at Siemreap, Kompongthom and Pnompenh in Cambodia. Ostensibly these bases were designed as jumping-off places against the Burma Road, which runs from Rangoon to Mandalay and Lashio and thence to Kunming and Chungking. From their new air bases the Japanese attacked Singapore and Thailand and the Dutch East Indies. And in Manila, Admiral Hart and General MacArthur knew very well that Nhatrang, Saigon and Soctrang

and dug twenty-four hours a day and were from three to six months ahead of schedule in the job of restoring Cavite to the status of the most powerful naval base in the Far East after Singapore and Pearl Harbor. From Cavite big guns point westward and antiaircraft guns aim skyward.

Cavite sits on the forked tongue of land formed by the southern hook of Manila Bay. It's across the bay from big, sprawling Manila. Between it and the nearest land that forms the narrow mouth of the deep, blue-gray bay, lies the island of Corregidor, which is to the Army what Cavite is to the Navy. Corregidor packs a punch as well as a defensive jab.

Big *PBY* flying boats, long-range naval bombers of the kind that got the Bismarck and patrol the Caribbean, the Atlantic coasts, the Pacific Ocean and that today guard every patch of water that floats American, Dutch and British shipping, lay on the water at Cavite. Their bodies and stubby wings were the color of whale hide. You could see them in the water on ramps, in hangars or on stilts in the shops. Some were painted dark green and bore the bright orange triangular insignia of the Netherlands. Some were in transit for the Dutch East Indies, lying just south and east of the 7,083 islands of the Philippines.

American warships in battle paint were anchored in the harbor or on patrol duty in Philippine waters. The ships and the planes patrolled the South China Sea and the Sulu Sea and kept watch along and over America's frontier with the Far East.

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bring the Japanese within aerial striking distance of Manila as well. All those points lie within an 800-mile radius of Cavite.

Rehabilitation of the Philippines into an American naval and military powerhouse to meet the increasing Japanese menace really began about six years ago when the astute Manuel Quezon one day realized that if the Philippines were to become free and independent they would also have to be able to defend themselves. He looked around for a good organizer and a soldier who understood advanced theories of modern warfare.

Also President Quezon sought a man with a sense of the dramatic who would fuse easily into the highly colored Latin-Filipino background of his new activities. He knew General MacArthur, the officer's flair for the romantic and the unusual. MacArthur was all that Quezon's formula called for in addition to having an exciting World War record and five years' experience as U.S. Army Chief of Staff.

Quezon asked MacArthur bluntly one day whether he thought the Philippines could be defended. The general said yes. "You're hired," Quezon replied. Reputed salary: $25,000 a year plus room and board for MacArthur, Mrs. MacArthur and their three-year-old son in the air-conditioned penthouse of the luxurious Manila Hotel.

MacArthur resigned as chief of staff and retired as a four-star general to take the job of building a Filipino army from nothing. He took with him a ten-year plan for the job and he began working in 1935 when the new Commonwealth of the Philippines appropriated the necessary funds, approximately $8,000,000, for the first year's program. The militarization program, however, struck a succession of political snags and boulders of bad faith. MacArthur's plans called for the mobilization of 40,000 men a year. By 1940 interest had sagged and the politicians, headed by Manuel Quezon, cut appropriations and openly attacked MacArthur's program. They reasoned that since the United States would be responsible for the safety of the islands until 1946, it was wasteful for the commonwealth to pay the way for the creation of an army. Quezon let it be known in speeches and back-of-the-hand remarks that "it's good to hear men say that the Philippines can repel an invasion, but it's not true and the people should know it isn't."

MacArthur Makes Time

Developments in the Far East were on MacArthur's side. He stepped up the rhythm of training and by the time it looked as though Japan was asking for trouble last July he had 130,000 men fully armed and trained. Brown men from the rice paddies and the mountains, from mines and sugar plantations, were poured into the training camps. Those who had already received training were formally inducted into the U.S. Army. Officers training schools were established and in operation and at one artillery camp alone I saw more guns, seventy-fives, and 105's, than I saw on any single front on the British side in the western desert of Libya.

In addition to the Filipinos, MacArthur received strong reinforcements from the United States. Flying fortresses and shiny new fighters were sent out to the islands and last August only an adequate number of tanks were lacking to make the Philippines a powerful offensive as well as a defensive base.

The nub of MacArthur's plan was this: The Philippines must be made so costly to the enemy to take that the enemy won't try it. He had studied the Japanese movements in the Far East. He saw that at no time, with their existing transport facilities, could the Japanese move a completely equipped force of more than 60,000 men to any given point by sea. He reasoned that if the Japs would be obliged to employ more than 60,000 men to take the Philippines, then the enemy would not attempt an invasion.

He explained it this way to officers at one of the training camps:

"Any machine-gun nest can be captured if the attacker is willing to pay the price. So can the Philippines be captured if the enemy is willing to write off the losses.

There were still in Manila businessmen and ultraconservative editors and politicians with pro-Japanese leanings motivated by profit interest who didn't like the whole setup. I talked with a number of them. Most of them were unaware of the geographic facts of the Philippines' proximity to war. But four thousand Filipino student officers, when asked publicly whether they'd be willing to make peace with Japan on the basis of American recognition of Manchukuo and relaxation of economic restrictions placed on Japanese business transactions with Great Britain and the United States, shouted "No" with a vehemence that left no doubt as to how they felt.

The majority of American Army, Navy and Air officers with whom I talked in the islands had faith in the Filipino's fighting qualities and in his courage and his ability to hold his own against any native troops, including the Japanese, on Philippine soil.

Outspoken on the subject of Filipino intestinal fortitude—if it hasn't already been proved by the way they fought under Aguinaldo and Funston and in numerous insurrections—was Lt. Col. Charles Backes, who trains Filipino pilots.

"Guts?" he exclaimed. "They've got maybe just a bit too much of what's called guts. The other night one of 'em had to make a night landing on a beach. He was forced down. Couldn't find the airfield in the dark but he could make out the beach. He could have bailed out and lost the plane. But he landed, and he didn't even have a flare to light the way. Oh, yes, he brought the plane back the next day.

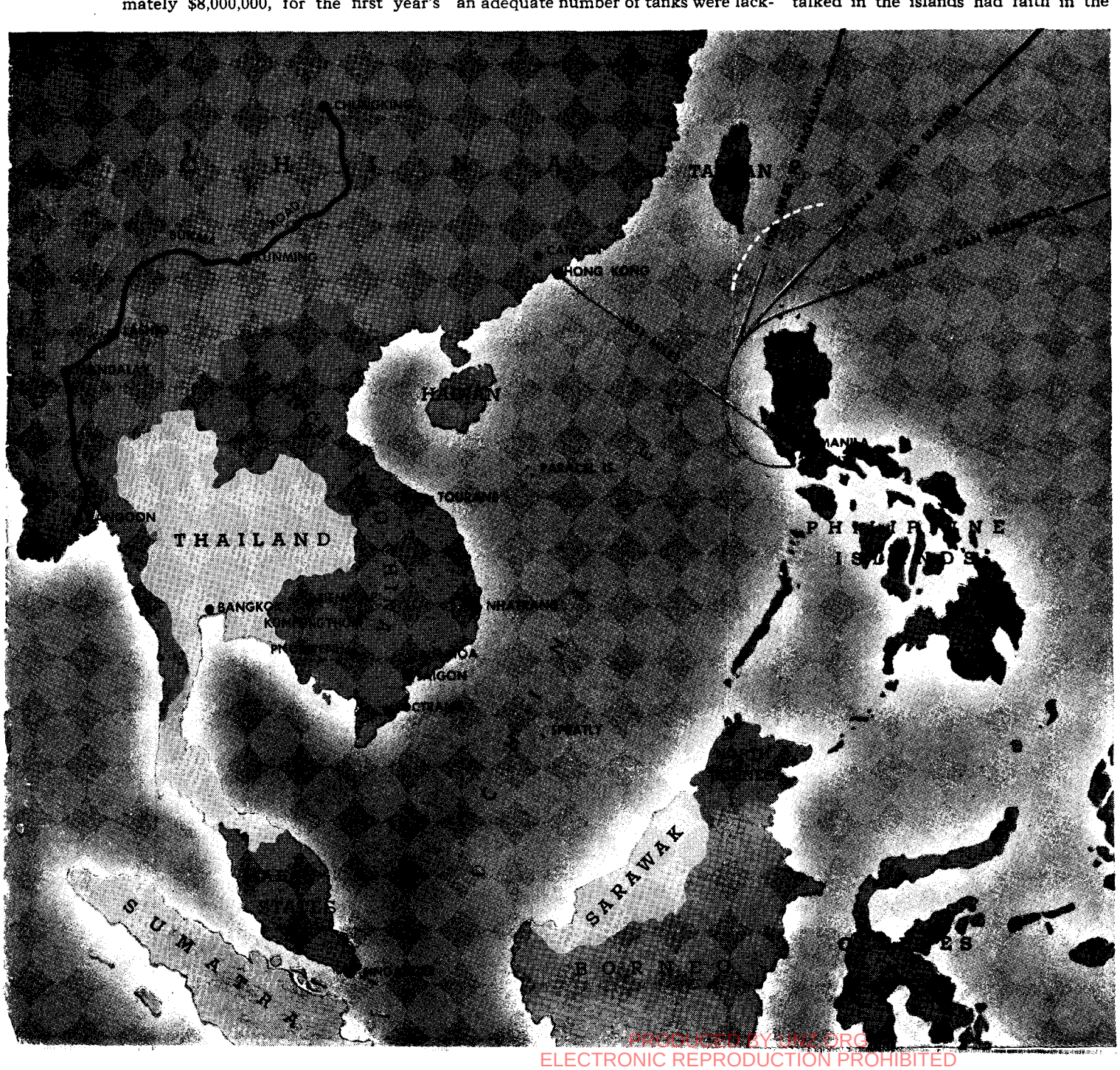
"I gave him a bawling out, of course. I told him he had orders to bail out if he couldn't make home port. He merely replied, very humbly, but with conviction that he'd rather not come back than without his plane. So there you are. These guys can fly anything with wings."

It Won't Be Easy

Navy men told me that the Filipinos demonstrated an unusually high mechanical aptitude that enabled a handful of Navy engineers to run the entire construction of the Cavite base with native skilled labor and artisans. I watched a shopful of Filipinos assemble mosquito torpedo boats from keel to radio equipment. Others are ordnance experts who talk glibly and knowledgeably about calibers and recoils and trunnions. Of all Asiatics they're mechanically tops, the American engineers say. Curtis L. Lambert, technical adviser to Colonel Backes, who has been pulling airplanes apart and putting them together again these twenty years, says of Filipino mechanics:

"They're good, that's what. They're eager to learn and we've never had a plane land off the field here due to engine trouble. They even make some of their own engine parts. And they're inventive. We ran out of rubber-tired tail wheels recently. Couldn't get any through this intricate priorities setup. One day one of the brown boys turned up with metal wheels made from the recast hub of a broken propeller. It was a makeshift, but it worked."

For their part, the Americans piled a substantial backing of material, weapons, airplanes, ships and guns into the Philippines. Experienced U.S. Army troops and experienced Army and Navy pilots and Marines were poured into the islands to stiffen the Filipino army. Figures are not available any more for publication, but if the piles of steel cables, the stacks of paravanes, the mounds of spare ships' propellers and the neat racks of torpedoes, bombs and shells in the arsenals are a measure of the Philippines' strength, the Japanese will not find conquest easy.



A glance at the map of the Philippines shows why they have long regarded war with Japan as inevitable and why the first action came as no surprise to them. The islands lie directly in the path of Japanese communication lines southward to the Dutch East Indies and to French Indo-China and the Malay states. Japan has built military bases in Indo-China at Tourane, Nhatrang, Bienhoa, Saigon, Soctrang, Siemreap, Kompongthom and Pnompenh. Map also shows aerial distances to Japan and the United States

MAP BY ROLF KLEP

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THIS BABE, RUTH

By Bill Davidson

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY BARRETT GALLAGHER

Four separate return shots are combined on a single kodachrome to produce this notable photograph of Ruth Aarons' championship table-tennis form. Left, a hard forehand drive, well away from the table. Next, coming in, a backhand, then two saving shots on difficult returns, the last almost at the net. Photo made with open shutter and 30,000th-second stroboscopic light flashes

Ruth Hughes Aarons, world's champion table-tennis player, has never been defeated in a tournament. Also, she's an eyeful

TABLE tennis, in case you haven't heard, has grown up into the major leagues. Before the war it was played in Europe before screaming crowds of 15,000 people; it has been the cause of bloody riots in Prague and Budapest; and the participants therein have developed into brawny citizens who stand twenty feet behind the table and blast away at one another with all the gentle ferocity of a nice, friendly artillery duel.

The table-tennis fan, moreover, has grown into a type that can be compared only as the blazing-eyed Brooklyn Dodger fan. And if you consider what the name Pete Reiser means on Flatbush Avenue, you will immediately realize what the name Ruth Hughes Aarons means in table tennis.

Miss Aarons is not only the greatest table-tennis player in the world—she is also beautiful and streamlined. She possesses all the glamor of a besweatered Hollywood starlet. In a game which features lanky, wizened males, and chunky, horse-faced females, she stands out like Betty Grable in a Home for Aged Spinsters. She is the pride and joy of Prague's Lucerna Palace, London's Wembley Stadium, and Octavus Roy Cohen—the world's landmarks of table-tennis enthusiasm—all of whom can point boastfully to Miss Aarons and say, "Nyah! Nyah! Look! We got glamor, too!"

Recently, Mr. Octavus Roy Cohen (who is a pretty fair writer in his spare time) was having a discussion on the subject with his brother-in-law. "Table tennis," said Mr. Cohen's brother-in-law, "is a diversion for introverts and other low forms of humanity."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Cohen.

"It is played by extremely ugly characters, in an atmosphere of comparative obscurity," said Mr. Cohen's brother-in-law.

"Is *that* so?" said Mr. Cohen. Whereupon he upped and whisked his brother-in-law to a ringside table at New York's ultraswank Rainbow Room.

"This is very silly," said Mr. Cohen's brother-in-law. "We were discussing table tennis, and all of a sudden you rush me to a night club."

"Just keep still for a minute and watch," said Mr. Cohen ominously.

A few minutes later the floor show began. The lights faded, and a table was wheeled onto the dance floor. The lights glowed up again, and suddenly a vision appeared out of the darkness. The vision had flowing blond hair, a breath-taking feminine smile, and was clad in shimmering satin shorts.

"Wow!" said Mr. Cohen's brother-in-law. "What's that?"

"That," said Mr. Cohen, "is a table-tennis player. As a matter of fact," said Mr. Cohen, "that is Ruth Aarons—the best table-tennis player in the world."

The vision in gold and white began her act. For fifteen minutes she blasted all of the various and sundry male opponents sent in to play against her. She defeated her partner, Sandor Glancz, the international champion from Hungary. She played sitting down. She played thirty feet away from the table. She drove the little white ball with a measured speed exceeded only by that of a bullet. She made shots which the law of gravity would dispute as being absolutely impossible.

When it was over, the vision smiled sweetly, acknowledged the applause and glided off the stage—as beautiful and as unruffled as ever.

Today Mr. Cohen's brother-in-law is one of the family's better table-tennis players.

The sports world just doesn't know what to make of Miss Aarons. She is twenty-two years old, has been playing table tennis since she was fourteen. In that time she has won eleven national championships, three world's championships, and various titles from such outlandish places as Szekesfehervar, Hungary, and West Henrietta, Arizona. In fact, *she has never once been defeated in tournament competition!* She is called by the experts a greater female champion than were Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills. And to large sections of central Europe she ranks as an American national hero of the stature of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mickey Rooney and Donald Duck.

But that's not all. With her partner, Glancz, she is booked solidly for the next six months in America's swankiest joints from coast to coast. She sings, paints, writes music, designs clothes. She rumbas like a Cuban. She dabbles in magic.

(Continued on page 38)

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He Who Got Slapped

By Walter Duranty

The new Russian ambassador, with his English wife, arrives in San Francisco, via Pacific Clipper, to take over the most important diplomatic post in the world today

KERLEE

They said he'd been liquidated and would never be heard from again. They were very much mistaken. A shift of wind has put Maxim Maximovich Litvinoff into the most important diplomatic post in the world today—Soviet ambassador to Washington. From personal acquaintance Walter Duranty presents this man who came back

THE new Soviet ambassador to Washington, Maxim Maximovich Litvinoff, has an unusual record. Winston Churchill once called him a jailbird, and he is the only prominent Communist in recent times to have been restored to high place after "liquidation" in the U.S.S.R.

The two facts are curiously connected. During the first Bolshevik revolution, in the winter of 1904-05, which failed, a Georgian named Joseph Vissarionovitch Dzugashvili (alias Stalin) organized the seizure in Tiflis of the treasure of the National Bank, which was being conveyed from the bank vaults to the railroad station to be sent to Moscow for safekeeping. The seizure was conducted by another Georgian, nicknamed Kamu, whose life was incredibly picturesque.

Led by Kamu, the Bolsheviks attacked the treasure wagons with bombs at the entrance of a square, killed the guards, and obtained several million dollars' worth of cash and bonds. A year or two later, a sturdy young Jewish citizen, Mayer Wallach (alias Litvinoff) was arrested in Paris for trying to pass some of this "stolen" money. In those days France was free, and after a lot of sharp discussion and diplomatic notes, the French authorities refused to extradite Litvinoff on the grounds that the "robbery" was political rather than criminal. Winston Churchill was able to say Litvinoff had been arrested, but was less correct, or polite, in calling him a jailbird.

Thus began Litvinoff's association with Stalin, who never forgets his friends or forgives his enemies. It is a fact that all his closest associates in the Kremlin today are men who worked with him before, in the years of harsh repression from 1906 to 1914. Stalin always trusted Litvinoff, although the latter belonged to the group of "western exiles" in London, Geneva, and elsewhere, most of whom were afterward in opposition to Stalin and paid for it with their lives. When, in 1934, Stalin decided that the U.S.S.R. should enter the League of Nations and attempt the policy of collective security against Hitler, whose menace he foresaw, it was Litvinoff whom he chose to conduct that policy.

This policy was shattered at Munich in 1938 when Chamberlain and Bonnet sold it—and the Czechs and Russians—down the river. But the Kremlin went on hoping for six months more until it realized that there could be no satisfactory agreement with the French and British governments.

The Purge That Wasn't

In May of 1939, Litvinoff was abruptly removed from office (Commissar of Foreign Affairs), and the word went around Moscow that he had been "purged" or "liquidated." If foreign observers in the U.S.S.R. had had eyes to see, Litvinoff's replacement by Molotov (then Premier of the Council of Commissars) was evidence that the Kremlin despaired of collective security and was ready to play the more opportunist game of rapprochement with Germany, which culminated in the Russo-German Pact of August, 1939.

Far from being "purged," Litvinoff was not even made a scapegoat for the failure of a policy which he had conducted, by the Kremlin's orders and initiative, with ability and perseverance. He retained his comfortable apartment in Moscow, with an automobile at his disposal, and spent the summer in a large villa outside the city, allotted to him as Foreign Commissar two years before for residence and the entertainment of important visitors. It is true that Molotov did not need it, as he had his own country house, but the fact that Litvinoff was allowed to keep it showed that his removal was not considered a disgrace, although it was done so suddenly as to panic some of his subordinates. The "purge" had ended in August of the previous year, but its horror and misery were still fresh in Russian minds.

It was only natural foreigners thought Litvinoff had been "purged," because the most trustworthy information we received was that neither he nor his subordinates in the Foreign Office knew Molotov would replace him until the day it happened, May 4, 1939. I think Litvinoff did know; I think he trusted Stalin and Stalin trusted him and he knew it was political expediency, not personal disgrace. Nevertheless, there was a buzz of excitement in the boxes reserved for foreign diplomats and the foreign press at the Union Soviet Congress a few weeks later when Litvinoff was seen "among those present."

True, it was noted that he sat alone in the seats of the mighty, ungreeted by cordial handshakes but, even so, that is a very different thing from being "liquidated" as rumor had declared him.

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Working on the Railroad

By Kyle Crichton

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

MR. HALLEY was preening himself before the mirror. He touched the hair at his temples, twisted and patted his tie.

From below came the voice of his wife.

"Albert!" she cried. "If you're going to make that train, you'll have to start right now!"

Mr. Halley made no reply. He took a gray felt hat out of the closet and fitted it on his head at a sporting angle. Then he took his topcoat and started downstairs.

"Of all the crazy people," said Mrs. Halley, looking at him affectionately. "At your age, too," she added.

In a sense this was true because Mr. Halley was playing a game with himself. Mr. Halley was playing that he was a commuter. For twenty-eight years Mr. Halley had been a conductor on the Pawhasket-New York Division of the Midlands Railroad, a line that carried nothing but commuters. Last week, at the age of sixty, he had been pensioned. The ride on this particular morning was in the nature of an experiment.

To be quite frank about it, Mr. Halley regarded all commuters with loathing. For almost thirty years he had been carrying on a running fight with them. He was thinking of this while he walked to the station. It was one of those brisk spring days. Mr. Halley turned up his topcoat collar.

There was the usual crowd at the Pawhasket station when Mr. Halley got into the smoker, lighted his cigar and sat himself down comfortably by the window on the sunny side. By the time the train reached Wildmere, however, the coach was crowded and a man had seated himself by Mr. Halley, squashing him somewhat as he eased into place.

Mr. Halley knew the gentleman; he knew him very well. If there was anybody alive who typified the American commuter in all his horror, it was this Mr. Morgan of Wildmere.

"The same old thing," Mr. Morgan was saying to himself, almost before Mr. Halley could get these thoughts through his head. "Five hundred passengers and one lousy, dirty smoker."

Mr. Morgan turned and looked at Mr. Halley, as if for corroboration.

"Um-m," said Mr. Halley.

"And *hot*," said the man directly in front. "They always have the heat on in the summer. You freeze in the winter."

Mr. Halley looked at him with a baleful gaze. "Why don't you open the window?" he asked icily.

"Did you ever try it?" asked the man bitterly.

Whereupon, he put his hands to the locks on the sides and started to yank, without success.

"Here!" said Mr. Halley peremptorily, indicating that he would take over the task. But before starting, he took off his gray felt hat and placed it carefully on the rack above. Then he grasped the locks on the window, gave it a sharp jerk and raised it.

When he settled back with an air of triumph, he was dusting at his fingers to get the grime off.

"As soon as you get in town, get a room at a hotel and take a bath," said Mr. Morgan ironically. "You'll need it after traveling on this road."

"What do you expect a railroad to be —a front parlor?" asked Mr. Halley tartly.

"I ask it to have air-conditioned coaches, like any decent road," answered Mr. Morgan promptly.

"Hah!" said Mr. Halley scornfully.

The man from in front leaned back confidentially. "They have 'em on the Inland," he volunteered. "And a bar car."

All this time Mr. Halley could see the conductor wending his way toward him through the coach. He was a new man taken over from the Highville Division and Mr. Halley didn't know him.

"Now watch this bird," warned Mr. Morgan. "He'll do just what that other mistake used to do. You'll keep your commutation ticket out there for an hour and he won't look at it till you get tired and put it back in your pocket again. Then he'll ask for it and look at you as if you're a crook."

When the conductor got close, Mr. Morgan had his commutation ticket out but just as the conductor was about to look at it, a passenger in the seat across the aisle began to pay cash for his fare. That meant making change and punching a receipt.

"Did I tell you?" asked Mr. Morgan resignedly to Mr. Halley. But Mr. Halley was not listening; he was thinking of something else. He realized suddenly that he was about to be exposed.

It came soon enough. When the conductor finally turned to Mr. Morgan, he also looked at the railroad pass Mr. Halley was holding up. Mr. Morgan was looking at it, too. His eyes went up in amusement tinctured more than slightly with scorn.

Mr. Halley was reaching for his hat on the rack above and making preparations to move forward in the train. He realized that it was a commuter's trick he had always hated—that scrambling through the aisles forward so as to get off first. But Mr. Halley wanted no more of Mr. Morgan. He crawled over his legs and got into the aisle. He started forward. As he did he could hear Mr. Morgan speaking in his wake.

"Here!" said Mr. Halley peremptorily, indicating that he would take over. He grasped the locks on the window, gave it a sharp jerk and raised it

"Hah!" Mr. Morgan was saying in a mocking tone. "A professional window wrestler."

But Mr. Halley kept going. He went through eight coaches until he finally got to the rear platform of the first coach. The train was crossing the switches of the terminal and would soon be into the station. Just then the brakeman came out of the door of the second coach.

"Sorry, Buddy," he said to Mr. Halley, "but you can't stand there. That's the club car."

Just as the conductor had been new, the brakeman was new. Mr. Halley looked at him grimly.

"I'm a passenger on this train," said Mr. Halley grimly.

"Not on the club car, you ain't," said the brakeman. "That's private."

Mr. Halley had the helpless feeling of one who has encountered the law. He stepped over to the platform of the second coach, pulling his hat down on his head with an angry jerk.

As he took his hand away, he looked at it and saw a smudge of dirt. Hastily, he grabbed off his new gray felt. The rim was streaked in grill fashion with dust from the rungs of the rack.

"Damn!" said Mr. Halley heatedly.

The brakeman looked up above the noise of the train. "You say something?" he asked in a friendly fashion.

"I say it's an outrage," cried Mr. Halley. "That's what I say it is."

The brakeman shrugged. "There must be some reason for it," he said. "The railroad don't just go around making rules for the fun of it. If they give you commuters an inch, you'll take a mile."

Mr. Halley turned on him furiously. "I am not a commuter!" he cried.

He drew out his railroad pass and thrust it at the brakeman indignantly.

"Well, say-y-y," cried the brakeman, looking at Mr. Halley heartily. "Then you know how it is, don't you? Do these commuters smell!"

Mr. Halley realized that fate had brought him to the crossroads. He looked vaguely at the railroad pass still held in his hand and then he looked at the streaks on the rim of his new gray felt hat. Mr. Halley wanted to cry.

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BRITISH COMBINE

With Quentin Reynolds, an R.A.F. fighter pilot ruefully examines the damaged wing of his U.S.-made pursuit after a mid-air collision with an Italian plane during a fight. The pilot brought his own plane in safely. This incident is described by Mr. Reynolds in his radioed article "Coningham's Cats" in Collier's for December 20th

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

RADIOED FROM CAIRO

Collier's correspondent, right up front in the thick of it, watches American tanks and British fighting men hand some of Adolf's best the surprise of their lives

IT WOULD be very silly," the colonel said thoughtfully, "to be killed by the Italians."

"It would be very silly to be killed at all," I told him.

"But especially silly to be killed by Eyeties," he persisted. We were driving through a gap in the mine fields surrounding Sidi Omar and the Italians were shelling the gap quite inaccurately. The gap was about 200 yards long and twenty feet wide. There was little chance of the shells hitting our car because the Eyeties very seldom hit what they aim at and they were aiming at our car. However, a shell dropping on one of the mines which lay buried on either side of our gap would have had the same effect as a direct hit.

The Italians fight until their ammunition is running low and then they calmly raise their hands in surrender. The Hun, on the other hand, fights as the British fight—with everything he has, and when he is beaten he will quite sensibly run away to join another unit.

Sidi Omar, although a modern fortress, is not properly a place at all. It is merely a pin point on a military map. The day before a southern county regiment attached to an Indian division had captured this mile-square plateau in the desert from the Italians who had been strongly entrenched. The victory was hard-earned; twenty-eight tanks had been blown up as they stormed through the mine fields. But now the plateau was completely in British hands and the dead were being buried and prisoners being hustled back to the rear as the colonel and I drove in at dusk. The dusk only lingers a few moments in the desert and then it is night and very cold. The general in command scratched his five-day growth of beard and explained the situation to us. The Italians were on two sides of us, the Germans on a third side and only the rear was free of enemy troops.

"They shelled us most of the day," the general said encouragingly, cheerfully, "and I imagine tomorrow will be noisy too."

In the desert your two masters are night and day. You can only build fires during the daytime and so you seldom have hot dinners at night. When darkness comes you grab some cold bully beef and then go to sleep, even though it is only seven o'clock. You get up at dawn, which in December is six o'clock. That first night the colonel and I prowled about, talking to the men and hearing amazing tales of their courage from the officers. One of the officers told us not to prowl around too much because there were German patrols out.

"Keep your guns handy, too," he said. "You haven't got one? Hop into any trench or dugout and pick one up."

The trenches were filled with equipment left by the Italians who had surrendered. I picked up a gun in a nice holster and tried to appear as if I were used to wearing it. Actually I was scared the thing might go off. I had never shot off a gun in my life and with any luck never will shoot one off.

Sleeping at the front is a fairly simple affair. You put your coat on, throw your sleeping bag on the ground and crawl into it. The dawn woke us very gently and we had tea with a shot of whisky in it and two biscuits. The colonel and I parked our car alongside a shallow three-foot trench about ten feet long. In the distance we heard a dull

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Hypocrite Bait

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

The Widow Duck was at least as smart as a mule and she knew that it takes a sinner to catch a sinner. And she just didn't like hypocrites anyway

THE Widow Duck suddenly stopped rocking in her chair. Her muscles tightened and her eyes squinted to tiny black dots. Her lower jaw began a vigorous rotarylike motion, her lips pursed, and with an explosive smack she spat a stream of snuff juice far into her front yard. Newman Dyke laughed. The switch from a lecture on morals to an exhibition of fancy expectoration came as a relief to the rangy young sharecropper.

"I bet dat bumblebee thought lightnin' had done struck him," Newman Dyke said. "You ever was a crack shot wid de ambeer."

The old woman accepted the compliment with modesty. "Me bein' de best ambeer shot on Little Bee Bend," she said, "ain't de p'int er me knockin' dat bumblebee offn a rose as far as I kin see him. Dat wa'n't nothin'. You go look at de rose and you'll find hit ain't so much as spattered."

Newman Dyke walked into the yard and found no trace of tobacco juice on the flower. "I swear, Mis' Duck," he said admiringly, "you de best!"

"Nawp," the Widow Duck denied. "I'm a parable."

Newman frowned. "I bet dat bumblebee figgered you was a cloudbust."

"I'm a parable," the Widow Duck insisted. "Dat was a parable to show you how you's fixin' to git knocked offn sweet glory. Phht!—jest like dat. Hyar you is, a no-wife single man, gittin' about de roses, when all at once—phht!—bad luck sho gonter overtake you. On account er you do's a sin and doin' sin ain't no good."

The sinner laughed. These efforts at "sheep calling" by the senior usher of Old Ship of Zion Church had taken place many times since Newman Dyke came to Little Bee Bend plantation in the Red River bottoms. These efforts had been as serious as they had proved futile, but it served to while away many an hour when other social affairs were dull.

Newman Dyke loved the Widow Duck with the devotion of a son to his mother, and the way she loved him was almost a blow to her conscience. Newman had come to the plantation unheralded, a tall man who weighed two hundred pounds. He told Giles, the foreman, that he was from the Atchafalaya bottoms, where they raised sugar cane instead of cotton.

"Sugar man, hunh?" Giles laughed, and the other croppers took up the name. But before the crop was planted that spring, man after man had stopped calling him "Sugar Man."

At first nobody talked about it openly, although the facts were known to all. Newman Dyke had brought no wife with him. He lived in a cabin, alone. The talk was that more times than not, when Newman Dyke got home in the evening, there was a hot meal waiting for him, and a wife to serve it. Not Newman's wife, understand. Somebody else's wife. The result was that his "book name" gradually supplanted "Sugar Man."

The Widow Duck knew that such doings constituted a sin and her Bible commanded her to be against it. "I kin be agin sin," she told her pastor, "and not be agin de sinner, jest cause he do's de sin. In my day, I tuck Big Jim Haley away f'm a frail brown on Duke's Bend, and dat was a low-down husband-stealin' sin. But *I* ain't no sin."

Still, it was ever her pleasure to admonish Newman on his sinful ways, and he didn't resent it. "I might be a sinner," he told her now, "but I ain't no bad sinner. Giles, he likes de way I works, and you likes to speak wid me, and ev'ybody on de place likes—"

"You mean, ev'y young gal on de place likes," the Widow Duck pointed out. "But not de mens. You's packin' buckshots in yo' hide, right dis minute."

"I ain't been shot but two times in my life," Newman said defensively.

"Dat's on account er ev'ybody which shot *at* you ain't hit you."

"Maybe dey didn't want to hit me."

"And maybe a jealous husband can't shoot straight at a runnin' man like at a runnin' rabbit."

"And den maybe," went on Newman slyly, "dey jest shootin' so's de neighbors will think dey's jealous."

"Tawk sense," the Widow Duck said.

NEWMAN was pleased to have mystified her. He had no intention of indulging in gossip, but at the same time, she'd asked for it. He leaned back and talked expansively: "You mind dat boy name er Booker dat moved on de place last winter f'm Red Chute. He married up wid Maggie and den made hisse'f mighty present at all de church doin's, didn't he?"

"Booker seem like a earnest member," the Widow Duck said. "He sings good, he speaks good experience, and one night, when de meetin' got hot, he broke down and might' nigh outprayed B'r Charlie."

"Efn you seed me gittin' about Booker's house," Newman asked, "and you hyared Booker's britch-loader, what'd you figger?"

"Newman Dyke, you leave Booker's woman alone," the Widow Duck scolded. "Booker countin' on comin' up for a junior deacon befo' long. Dat's a shame for you to make him outn a scandal."

"I ain't fixin' to make nobody outn nothin'," promised Newman. "I was jest fixin' to s'posin' a case wid you. S'posin' I gits about Booker's house and Booker lays me out wid a load er dem buckshots. De high sheriff gonter come and lock him up. And who you reckon gonter cry to de Bossman to go on his bonds?"

"His woman."

Newman laughed knowingly. "Which woman?"

The Widow Duck grunted. "Maggie

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Newman made the front gate. "I'm *kilt off*," he moaned. "Six loads er buckshot too many for me. Pray for me, Mis' Duck, cause my time is out"

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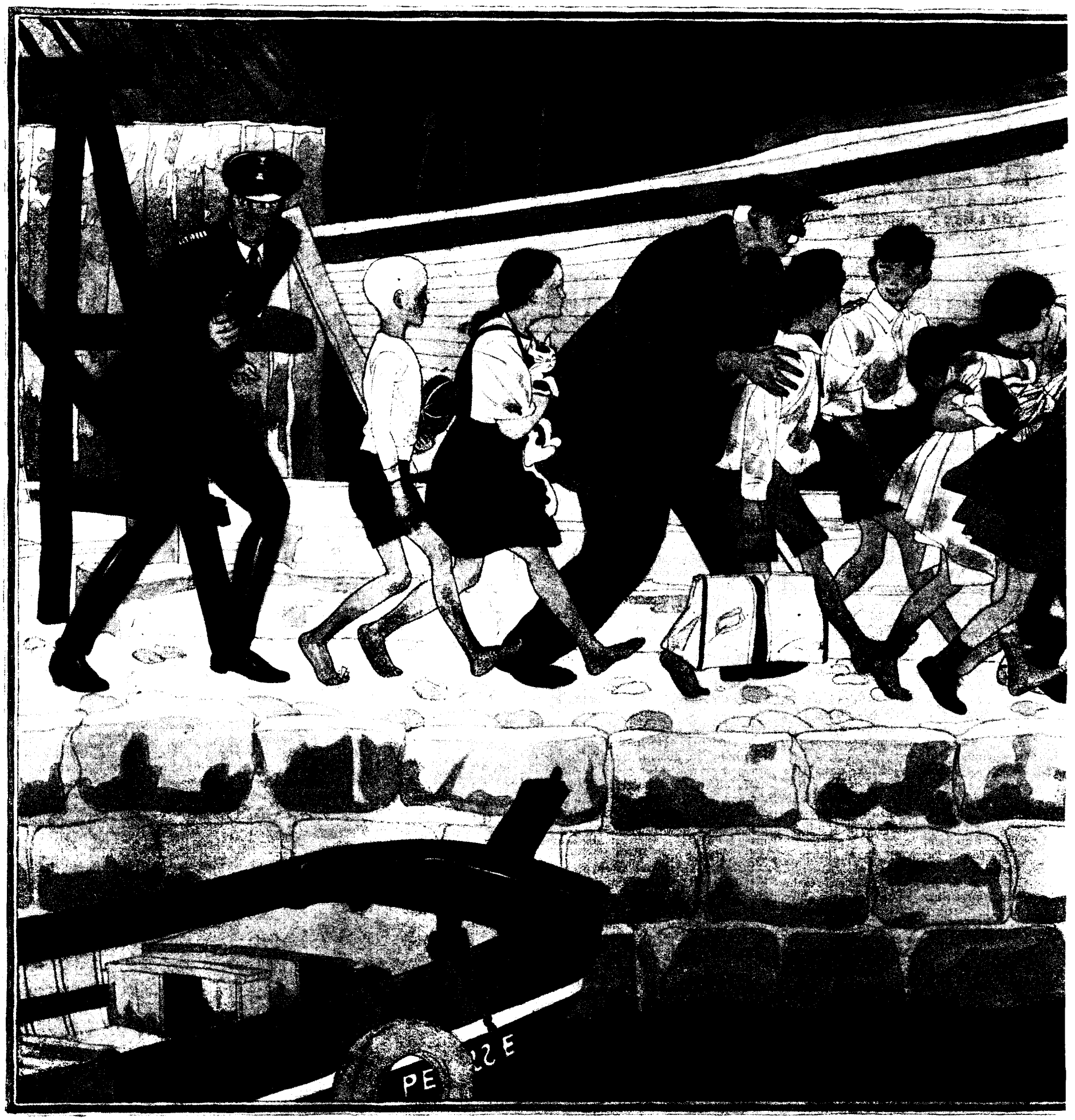

The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING the death of his only son—killed while flying with the Royal Air Force—John Sidney Howard, an old retired Englishman, strives to find a modicum at least of peace, forgetfulness, in the placid French village of Cidoton.

When, at last, he begins the return journey to his homeland, he is accompanied by two English children, entrusted to his care by their parents. Later (because he is a kindhearted man who cannot bear to see anyone suffer) he picks up a number of other young people—helpless waifs.

With the greatest difficulty, the old man works his way toward the Channel. Leading his charges through a country filled with Germans, he finally succeeds in reaching Chartres. There, in need of a friend, he finds one: Nicole Rougeron, an attractive French girl whom he and his son had met in Cidoton, before the war.

Nicole listens to his story. She thinks of John, Howard's son, *whom she had loved and who had loved her* (as she presently confesses to the old man). Then, at the risk of her life, she enlists the help of various loyal Frenchmen and by devious ways leads the little party to the Channel, where a boat lies waiting to take the old man and his small friends to England.

But the Gestapo has not been sleeping. The entire party is arrested, imprisoned. Wondering what is to happen, Howard soon learns. A Gestapo agent—Major Diessen—informs him that "Charenton," a young English spy, has been caught and will be shot in the morning; he says that he *knows* Howard and Charenton have been working together; he says that the old man can save his life if—*and only if*—he will confess.

The old man tells the truth, says that he has never even heard of Charenton. After which, he is escorted to Charenton's prison room, left alone with the spy. There, after the two men have exchanged a few quick words the young Englishman—certain that Diessen is listening at a *microphone*—talks in such a way as to make it clear that the old man is innocent.

Early the next morning, Howard is escorted to a room overlooking a garden. Diessen is there. Through a window, the two men watch as a firing squad appears to shoot a man. The man is Charenton.

Diessen turns to the old man. "Have you nothing to say to save his life?" he asks quietly. The old man stares at him, shakes his head.

(This story is being told by old Howard to an acquaintance in a London club. As Howard has been talking, bombs—from German planes—have been falling in the city.)

Conclusion

IN THE garden the officer glanced up to their window, Diessen lifted his hand and dropped it. The officer turned, drew himself up, and gave a sharp word of command. An irregular volley rang out. The old man saw the body by the plum tree crumple and fall, twitch for a little, and lie still.

He turned away, sick. Diessen moved over to the middle of the room. The sentry still stood impassive at the door.

"I do not know whether I should believe your story or not," the Gestapo agent said heavily at last. "If you are

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In the dim light Major Diessen went striding softly down the quay. Howard and Nicole follow him silently with the children

The Pied Piper

By Nevil Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

a spy, you are at least a clever one."

Howard said, "I am not a spy."

The German crossed the room, and sat down at a table. "This story of yours about sending these children to America," he said. "I do not believe a word of it."

The old man was very, very tired. He said indifferently, "I can't help that. That is what I meant to do with them."

"You still say that you would have sent them to your married daughter?"

"Yes."

"Where does she live in America?"

"At a place called Coates Harbor, on Long Island."

"Long Island. That is where the wealthy live. Is your daughter very wealthy?"

The old man said, "She is married to an American businessman. Yes, they are quite well off."

The German said incredulously, "You still wish me to believe that a wealthy woman such as that would make a home in her own house for all these dirty little children that you have picked up?"

Howard said, "She will do that." He paused, and then he said, "You do not understand. Over there, they want to help us. If they make a home for children, refugees from Europe, they feel that they are doing something worth while. And they are."

The German glanced at him curiously. "You have traveled in America?"

"A little."

"Do you know a town called White Falls?"

Howard shook his head. "That sounds like quite a common name, but I don't recollect it. What state is it in?"

"In Minnesota. Is that far from Long Island?"

"It's right in the middle. I should think it's about a thousand miles." This conversation was becoming very odd, the old man thought.

The German said, "Now about Mademoiselle. Were you going to send her to America also? Is she one of your children, may I ask?"

The old man shook his head. "I would like her to go there," he replied. "But she will not leave France. Her father is a prisoner in your hands; her mother is alone in Chartres. I have tried to persuade her to come with us to England, but she will not do so. You have nothing against her."

The other shrugged his shoulders. "That is a matter of opinion. She has been helping you in your work."

The old man said wearily, "I tell you over and over again, I have no secret work. I know that you do not believe me." He paused. "The only work that I have had for the last fortnight has been to get these children into safety."

There was a little silence.

"Let them go through to England," he said quietly. "Let the young man Focquet sail with them for Plymouth in his boat, and let Mademoiselle Rougeron go with them to take them to America. If you let them go, like that, I will confess to anything you like."

The Gestapo man stared at him. "I do not know what to make of you," he said at last. "I think that you must be a very brave man, to talk as you have done."

Howard smiled faintly. "Not a brave man," he said. "Only a very old one. Nothing you can do can take much from me, because I've had it all."

The German did not answer him. He spoke in his own language to the sentry, and they took Howard back to the prison room.

NICOLE greeted him with relief. She had spent an hour of unbearable anxiety, tortured by the thought of what might be happening to him, pestered by the children. She said, "What happened?"

He said wearily, "The young man, Charenton, was shot. Then they questioned me a lot more."

She said gently, "Sit down, and rest. They will bring us coffee before very long. You will feel better after that."

He sat down on his rolled-up mattress. "Nicole," he said. "I believe there is a chance that they might let the children go to England without me. If so, would you take them?"

She said, "Me? To go alone to England with the children? I do not think that that would be a good thing, Monsieur Howard."

"I would like you to go, if it were possible."

She came and sat by him. "Is it for the children that you want this, or for me?" she asked.

He could not answer that. "For both," he said at last.

With clear logic she said, "In England there will be many people, friends of yours and the relations of the English children, who will care for them. You have only to write a letter, and send it with them if they have to go without you. But for me, I have told you, I have no business in England—now. My country is this country, and my parents are here, and in trouble. It is here that I must stay."

He nodded ruefully. "I was afraid that you would feel like that."

Half an hour later the door of their room was thrust open and two German privates appeared outside. They were carrying a table. With some difficulty they got it through the door and set it up in the middle of the room. Then they brought in eight chairs, set them with mathematical exactitude around the table, and withdrew. Presently the door opened again, and in walked a little French waiter balancing a tray, evidently from some neighboring café. A German soldier followed him and stood over him in menacing silence. The man, evidently frightened, spread a cloth upon the table and set out cups and saucers, a large pot of hot coffee and a jug of hot milk, new rolls, butter, sugar, jam, and a plate of cut rounds of sausage. Then he withdrew quickly, in evident relief. Impassively the German soldier shut the door on them again.

THE children crowded round the table, eager. Howard and Nicole helped them into their chairs and set to work to feed them. The girl glanced at the old man.

"This is a great change," she said quietly. "I do not understand why they are doing this."

He shook his head. He did not understand it either.

The children cleared the table of all that was on it, and got down, satisfied. A quarter of an hour later the little waiter reappeared, still under guard; he gathered up the cloth and cleared the table, and retired again in silence. But the door did not close.

One of the sentries came to it and said, "*Sie können im Garten gehen.*" With difficulty Howard understood this to mean that they might go into the garden.

There was a small garden behind the house, completely surrounded by a high brick wall. The children rushed out into it with a carillon of shrill cries; a day of close confinement had been a grave trial to them. Howard followed with Nicole, wondering.

It was another brilliant, sunlit day, already growing hot. Presently two German soldiers appeared carrying armchairs. These two chairs they set with mathematical exactitude precisely in the middle of a patch of shade beneath a tree. "*Setzen sie sich!*" they said.

Nicole and Howard sat down side by side, self-consciously, in silence. The soldiers withdrew, and a sentry with a rifle and a fixed bayonet appeared at the only exit from the garden. There he grounded his rifle and stood at ease, motionless and expressionless.

Nicole said, "Why are they doing this for us, monsieur? What do they hope to gain by it?"

He said, "I do not know. Once, this morning, I thought perhaps that they were going to let us go—or at any rate, let the children go to England. But even that would be no reason for giving us armchairs in the shade."

She said quietly, "It is a trap. They want something from us; therefore they try to please us."

He nodded. "Still," he said, "it is more pleasant here than in that room."

They spent the whole day in the garden, only going back into their prison room for meals. Lunch and dinner were served in the same way by the same silent little waiter under guard—good, plentiful meals well cooked and attractively served. After dinner the

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OUR NEW ARMY

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF

Co-operating with the Army, and with Marine pilots at the controls, three U.S. Navy Grumman F4F-3 "Wildcat" fighters fly in formation 10,000 feet above Columbia, S. C., during maneuvers. This is the type of ship now in actual Pacific service, operating from airplane carriers against the Japanese

MASSACHUSETTS

26TH DIV.

CAMP EDWARDS, Falmouth. Here is the way it was: Through thirty-five straight hours of rain, 23,000 men, huddled in Army trucks and trying to keep warm in rain-soaked comforts and blankets, came back at last—on December 6th—from two months of mock warfare in the Carolinas, to their camp on Cape Cod. They were getting back to what seemed to them to be a civilian sort of life, comparatively speaking; to warm barracks, familiar scenes, mess halls, hot water. They were a little peeved by word that they would have to spend a week in camp getting settled before they could visit their homes; some were a little sorer when they found that the Army had asked relatives and friends not to visit them that first week end. Next day—December 7th—was frigid, with a raw wind that cut to the bone. Shivering, disheartened draftees were just going through the motions of getting settled when something happened to warm them up. Sweethearts, relatives, friends—5,000 of them—poured into camp ignoring the official Army request to stay away. Discipline went by the board. Soldiers climbed into their parents' cars and began long dissertations on their experiences in the South.

Then, suddenly, from the loud speakers of car radios came the flash that transformed everything from a game to a deadly serious job. Sons deserted their parents and rushed into barracks to spread the news: Pearl Harbor had been bombed by the Japanese.

From that minute on, Edwards was no longer a sluggish, discipline-relaxed, post-maneuver camp of young Americans quibbling over turns at the hot water or arguing about length of service in the Army. Instead, they were making typically American and entirely unprintable remarks about their new and very real enemy and speculating on how long it would be before they could be singing the Yanks Are Coming. And long before Congress and the President got around to declaring war, live ammunition was being issued to all sentries and guards. They had shed their roles as members of the country's first peacetime draft army, which they had never enjoyed, and had become an Army at war.

TEXAS

KELLY FIELD REPLACEMENT CENTER. When the fighting began, many of the 2,000 cadets at this preflight training center were Sundaying in San Antonio. Upon checking in back at the field, cadets who had forgotten to wear their "dog tags" found that the uniform was not sufficient identification for readmittance. One tagless cadet, challenged by a gate guard, whipped off his cap and exhibited his Cadet Special haircut. "Look, buddy," said he to the guard, "where else could I be from except Kelly Field?" He got in.

RANDOLPH FIELD. At most camps, orders from Washington advised that Christmas furloughs were to proceed as originally planned—subject to countermanding at the last minute—but 700 Randolph cadets got up an informal petition asking that their projected December-23d-to-28th holiday be cancelled so they could keep on working and finish their training that much sooner.

WASHINGTON

PAINE FIELD, Everett. Commercial pilots are responsible for this, the best-located air base in the foggy Pacific Northwest coastal region. It was

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A Brace of Ducks

By D. D. Beauchamp

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

Stirring developments in a Western feud that hadn't anything to do with cattle wars. You'll laugh, but it wasn't at all funny to the participants

I found some old fence posts and my father threw a riprap against the sides of the ditch

THERE were two things happened that kept my father from liking Mr. Pegdon. The first thing was when Mr. Pegdon refused my father's offer of assistance. I don't think Mr. Pegdon meant to be rude about it. It was simply that he was new to our country, and he didn't understand the way we homesteaders helped one another. It was an easy mistake to make.

My father took it as a personal affront, though. He was an important man in Phillips County, and when there was any sort of trouble people would come from a long way to ask his advice. It didn't make any difference if it was some legal matter or a sick horse, they would come to him about it. As a result it hurt his pride to have his help refused by what he referred to as "a damned dude."

I remember the morning it happened. My mother was excited at the prospect of new people moving into the community, especially as the Pegdons' house site was only three quarters of a mile away from us. It was easy to understand why she was pleased, because the Petersons, our nearest neighbors up to that time, lived four miles north, and you couldn't see their house because of the hill in back of us. You would be able to see the Pegdons' house very clearly, and, being only three quarters of a mile away, it made them practically next-door neighbors.

That morning the lumber wagons started coming out from town at about nine o'clock, and at ten my father came in from the fields. He took off his overalls and put on his high-heeled boots and a clean flannel shirt, and we knew he was going over to give Mr. Pegdon some advice. That was a formula of his. He would never transact any business or give advice while he had his overalls on. I suppose the boots and shirt made him feel more like a rancher than a dry-land farmer, and they probably added to his sense of importance, although he would never have admitted a thing like that.

He said, "Davie, you go saddle up old Rusty for me." He turned to my mother: "I thought I might ride over and see if I couldn't help those people get started with their building."

"I was hoping you'd do that, Lon," mother said. "I know how hard it is for people to get settled in a new place."

She was beating something up in a mixing bowl at the kitchen table, and I knew it would turn out to be a pie or cake to take over to Mrs. Pegdon the next day as a sort of gesture of friendliness. It had been a long time since mother had had a neighbor.

I went out and saddled old Rusty. I was giving him a few last licks with the currycomb and brush when father came out. He had his boots shined and his new hat on, so I decided Mr. Pegdon was probably somebody important, because father would not put his new hat on for just anybody.

I was so excited I couldn't stand still. Montana was a lonesome country in 1914. I was twelve years old, and for three years I had been playing Indian and cowboy all by myself. It wasn't much fun. From the reports we'd heard, the Pegdons had a boy about my age.

I handed the reins to my father and said, "I could saddle up old Chub and come along with you."

"Not this time, Davie," father said. "Maybe you can be some help later on."

He put his foot in the stirrup and mounted. He was a big man, but he had been a cowboy once on a ranch over by Big Sandy and he looked fine on a horse. I was disappointed at not being allowed to go, but in spite of that I stood there feeling very proud of the fine figure my father made and watched him ride away.

HE WAS back inside of an hour, and it was easy to see he was mad about something. He didn't say anything when he handed me the reins, and God gave me sense enough not to say anything either. I knew it was bad though, and I was curious. I rode old Rusty down to the stable at a fast trot with my feet dangling a foot above the stirrups. He was all sweaty from running, but I turned him loose in the corral without rubbing him down and came loping back to the house.

All that took time though, and even with hurrying I missed some of it. All I could gather was that my father had offered to help Mr. Pegdon and had been refused. Very politely, I suppose. But refused just the same.

"An Eastern dude," he was saying when I came in. "Thinks he knows it all. Well, let him get along in his own way."

My mother walked over to look out the window. "I've been looking forward to having a neighbor," she said.

Father grunted.

I said, "I wanted to play with that kid, too."

My father was very quiet about it. All he said was, "Let me catch you over there just once and I'll wear out a board on you."

It disappointed him greatly that Mr. Pegdon got along in his own way, in the building of his house. He finished it in two weeks and from what we could see it was just as good as any other house in the county.

In a manner of speaking my father

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ALDER GULCH

Ives was now sharply speaking to the passengers lined up beside the coach. "Stand tight. It's too cold to be fooling," he cautioned them

The Story Thus Far:

ACCOMPANIED by Jeff Pierce—a young Civil War veteran, whom she meets shortly after he has killed a bullying sea captain, in self-defense, in Portland, Oregon—Diana Castle runs away from her father (who is trying to force her to marry a man she does not love) and goes to the new mining settlement known as Virginia City. There, to make a living, she starts a little bakery; and Pierce stakes out a claim, which he works with some success.

While on his way from Virginia City, Barney Morris, a prospector, is killed by bandits led by the sheriff — a man named Plummer — and George Ives, whom Pierce thoroughly dislikes and beats up. Furious, when they search the man they have killed and find that some gold he was supposed to carry with him has been taken to the near-by town of Bannack by Pierce, and deposited at the stage office there, Plummer and his henchmen soon plan another robbery. This time—having learned that "Cap" Boyd is leaving Virginia City, by stage, in the morning, and that he will carry with him twenty-five hundred dollars in "dust"—they plan to hold up the stage.

The day before the stage is to start, A. J. Oliver, one of the owners of the line, tells Pierce that the man who was to do the driving is ill; he tells Pierce about Cap Boyd and his gold; he asks Pierce if he will take the sick man's place. Pierce agrees to drive the stage, on the understanding that, when he reaches Bannack, he will be given a horse (secretly) on which he can take Barney Morris' gold to a freight outfit that is already well on its way to Salt Lake —and safe from marauders.

Unfortunately, Cap Boyd, while drinking, talks about Oliver's plans; and Jack Gallegher —a deputy sheriff who, with Rube Ketchum, Dutch John Wagner, Bob Zachary and others, takes orders from Plummer and Ives—tells Ives all about it. Ives issues his orders at once. Whereupon, Ollie Rounds (who has been forced to join the gang against his will, and who likes Pierce) tells Diana Castle of the plot, and Diana tells Ben Scoggins, one of Pierce's friends, who at once makes certain plans of his own, whereby he may, he thinks, save Pierce.

Early the following morning, the stage starts. Pierce is in the driver's seat. After a time, Zachary (who, obedient to orders, is among the passengers) takes Boyd's place, next to Pierce. "What would you do," he asks, "if this thing was held up? You wouldn't tough it out, would you?" "Depends," Pierce replies, "on how the play came up. I've done it before." Zachary turns to him. "Don't do it," he says. "You're up here broad as a barn. So am I."

VI

THEY came to the rim of Beaverhead Valley, at the bottom of which the silvered ribbon of river made its lazy loops. Pierce took the stage down in a rocketing run and stopped before Copeland's, halfway between Virginia City and Bannack. This being nooning place he threw the reins to the hostler, went in to eat and came out to squat under the sun while the hostler brought up fresh horses. He rested with his eyes half shut. Zachary came out and walked to the hostler. "Any trouble around here lately?"

"Guess not," said the hostler.

"Glad when I get to Bannack," said Zachary.

Pierce pulled his lids nearer together against the bright sun. Scoggins strolled along the yard, using his shotgun like a crutch. He stopped in the center of the yard and teetered on his heels and cast a short glance at Pierce. Pierce said, "If we're on a grade when you let go with that gun the horses will jump right over the rim."

"Won't be on a grade," said Ben. "Just somewhere between here and Bunton's." Then he added an afterthought, "Simply want to make a big noise."

Pierce lighted a cigar and bit his teeth into it. The long-legged passenger came from Copeland's house and moved to the stage. He stood by the door and he looked at Zachary until the latter shook his head and climbed to the top seat. Pierce dragged a deep draught of smoke into his lungs and expelled it. He said, "All in," and moved to the coach. Climbing up, he kicked off the brake and moved away from Copeland's, following the east bank of the Beaverhead.

Twelve miles onward the road took a gravel ford over the river, left the valley and pointed west for Bannack across a dry and broken area. Suddenly Ben Scoggins' shotgun sent its hard noise into the hot day.

THE horses sprang to a full run. Pierce wrestled them back to a trot, saying nothing, but Zachary let go with a genuine display of anger. "What's that damn' fool doing?"

"Trying out his gun," said Pierce. Zachary was again crowded against him; he straightened his shoulders and gave Zachary a boost that almost flung the man off the coach. "Dammit, stay on your own side." He turned his head as he said it and caught the full flare of a temper that belonged in no timid man's system. Zachary at once turned his head away. "All right," he said. "I'm just nervous, I guess."

"Sure," agreed Pierce. He had a gun in his holster and he had a carbine lying along the footboards; and he watched the broken land before him with a constant attention. They slammed into coulees, labored out of them, ran on and dropped again. Bunton's Ranch, sixty miles from Virginia City and ten out of Bannack, lay somewhere to the front, and the afternoon was well on; the sun streamed from the low west against his eyes, making it difficult to sweep the distance. At this point he reached down, put the carbine between his knees, and spoke to Zachary.

"If we're jumped," he said, "I'll throw the reins to you. You keep those horses at a dead run."

"You're a damned fool if you do," said Zachary. "You want to live, don't you? So do I. You play peaceable and we won't lose anything but money. Look here, friend—"

"Keep those horses at a run or I'll lay you out with the barrel of this gun."

He saw, then, something for which he had long looked. Off to the right a pair of hat peaks showed from a deep coulee; and dust lifted from the coulee in signal of horses coming on the gallop. Ben Scoggins had also seen it, for the shotgun began to issue its spanging echoes into the hot and dusty air. Zachary yelled, "We're jumped! Pull in—pull in!" And at the same time he drove his shoulders hard into Pierce's flank and grabbed the reins.

The sound of the gun had bolted the horses again. Pierce surrendered the reins to Zachary and then he reached out with his hand and slapped Zachary twice across the face. He knocked off Zachary's hat and he brought the muzzle of the gun around. "Keep going or I'll kill you!"

The hat peaks rose up from the coulee and a pair of riders rushed headlong at the coach. Scoggins' gun flung its full charge at them and Pierce pulled up his gun, took aim from the pitching deck of the coach, and began to spot his shots. He saw dust fly from the strike of the lead. Along the sights of the gun he made out the two men, both dark-dressed and with neckpieces lifted. One of the men had a hat with a brim that broke down in the rear; he noticed that as he fired.

Both men wheeled wide and pounded slantingly back toward the coulee. One shot reached them, his or Scoggins', and a horse floundered to its knees and sent its rider out of the saddle. The man struck the ground, rolled on and on and disappeared beneath the coulee's rim. The second rider reached the coulee and vanished in it; and afterward his gun began to speak back at the coach. But his revolver was a poor weapon at the distance and the coach rushed ahead at full speed and in a little while got beyond range. The firing quit.

PIERCE put down the gun and took the reins from Zachary. Zachary said in a short voice, "Might have gotten us killed."

That was all, but Pierce now had his man spotted. And he also knew that Scoggins had been forewarned of the holdup. He coaxed the team out of its run and, at a steadier trot, brought them into Bunton's for the last change of horses. It was six, with the sun ready

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to slide behind the Bitterroots. Bunton stood before his corral, no relief horses ready.

"Trouble?" he asked.

"No," said Pierce. "No trouble."

"We got jumped," said Zachary, "but we outran 'em." He descended and stared at Bunton a moment and shrugged his shoulders. The inside passengers got out. "Where's the horses?" asked Pierce.

"Didn't expect you so soon," said Bunton.

"What did you think might hold us back?" Pierce wanted to know.

Bunton turned to the corral without answering. Coming down from the seat, Pierce unhitched and slapped the weary horses away and waited for Bunton to harness up the new pairs. "You sure have made it tough on other drivers," Bunton commented. "Those road agents will knock 'em out of the box from now on."

"That's too bad," said Pierce.

"Yeah," said Bunton. "I'm workin' for Oliver's line and I hate to see anybody hurt."

Pierce said, "All in," and climbed to the seat, waiting for his passengers to get aboard. The long-legged man had disappeared into Bunton's shanty and Zachary shook his head. "I've had enough. I'll make it through after dark." Ben Scoggins suddenly got out of the coach and took place beside Pierce. He grinned down at Zachary. "Hard life, friend."

Pierce slapped the horses forward. Sunlight dropped beneath the Bitterroots and the sky turned red and twilight began to run over the flats. "You knew this holdup was coming," said Pierce.

"I knew it," admitted Scoggins, chuckling.

"Not saying where you heard it?" Pierce asked.

"No, not saying. That Zachary was planted on you. So was Long John Franck."

"Who's Long John Franck."

"The greasy one that stayed back at Bunton's with Zachary." Scoggins began to laugh. "Cap Boyd was feeling low until the fun started. This Long John began to yell for us not to fight back. He pushed up my arm and spoiled my aim. Cap Boyd quit being sick then and got Long John around the throat and damned near choked him to death."

IN FULL dark Pierce drove the stage before Bannack's hotel, tossed down the reins and stepped to the walk. Cap Boyd came out of the stage. "Come on," he said. "The drinks are on me. We'll have some fun—"

A cool voice said, "Trouble?" and Henry Plummer moved forward from the shadows of the hotel, slight and unimpressive and neat.

"No," said Pierce, "no trouble."

Cap Boyd said, "We were jumped but we got the drop on those fellows. They never got inside shootin' distance. We drove 'em right back to the Gulch and we knocked one of the fellows off his horse."

Plummer's pleasant and courteous voice was only half interested: "That so? You're lucky. I have been expecting trouble. Been a lot of talk going around. These road agents are getting pretty cocky. How big a bunch tackled you?"

"Two," said Boyd. "And I think—"

Pierce said, "Let's get that drink," and jiggled Cap's elbow.

Henry Plummer said, "Any of them look familiar to you, Cap? Maybe I could get some idea. I'll have to break that stuff up."

"One was George Ives," said Cap positively. "I'd know him, mask or no mask."

"George Ives?" said Henry Plummer with surprise. "I wouldn't have thought it of George. Are you sure?" He came nearer Cap and his mild face remained unchanged. Still, his eyes were large and round on Cap

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ATLANTA BELLE

BY KATE HOLLIDAY

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL

Here's a gal who got a Hollywood contract not because she could act, or because she was more beautiful than anyone, but because she didn't wear any nail polish. Introducing Miss Evelyn Keyes

FOUR years ago, a blond dame with a Southern drawl stepped off a train in Los Angeles, dodged someone else's welcoming committee, and took a taxi to the Hollywood Studio Club. No one knew or cared.

You've probably seen that same lady as a lovely ingénue in *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*, and a love-struck Cockney maid in Ladies in Retirement.

Her name is Evelyn Keyes.

She's a beauteous gal and she can act. Four years ago she couldn't.

It was the most gigantic display of nerve since Annie Oakley or pure, unadulterated ignorance that caused Keyes to come to Hollywood. By all rights she should have been an ignoble flop. Why she wasn't is one of the lesser mysteries of the age.

The picture business is vastly complicated. You have to know people. More important, you have to know angles. You must be aware that Joe Doakes is the best friend of Johnny Jerque, and treat Johnny accordingly. You have to steer clear of feuds. In short, you have to be a pretty good minor diplomat.

Besides people and angles, you also have to know a certain amount about acting. That may come as a surprise to you, the veteran of many a double bill, but it happens to be true. The statement implies that you have had some experience, either in a barn someplace or in a glittering Broadway production.

So we get back to Keyes. For nothing in the above two paragraphs applied to her when she got off that westbound train.

Evelyn came from Atlanta, which later came in handy when she was cast in Gone with the Wind. She was brought up in a nice house, knew nice people, and was a nice girl. She studied piano, practiced until the neighbors nearly went nuts, and attended a proper school. She spoke as gentlewomen spoke: softly and with an absence of the letter "r."

She became rather beautiful and some of her equally soft-spoken beaux told her about it in the moonlight. At first, Evelyn thought they were spoofing. But she finally saw it herself.

She had fine blond hair, straight and silky about her shoulders. Her nose was deliciously cut and her eyes were like almonds: long and brown. Her mouth was lovely too, and her teeth were good.

Where All Beautiful Girls Go

Just as her Georgia forebears had judged horses, Evelyn made a list of her good points. She was a fine specimen. What should she do about it? (She was just nineteen at the time.) She flagged the next train and headed for the moom pitchers.

Her family made some mild protests, of course, but they too could see that she was rather on the sharp side physically. And her mother remembered when she had also wanted to be an actress. (She had recited poetry at church socials when she was six.)

Evelyn came to Hollywood. She knew nothing about the picture business. She knew only that she was beautiful.

While she was still seeing the sights she met The Agent. He told her she should have her Southern accent fixed. At that point it suddenly dawned on her that Northerners have a kind of patois they consider English. They thought *she* was amusing!

But The Agent probably knew best. So Evelyn set about undoing all the languid "you-all's" that had made her the stag line's choice in Atlanta. She came out sounding like a cross between Bond Street and San Francisco. She was ready to take the world by storm.

The Agent had had the foresight to sign her to a contract before she went into the voice department. And, after she was a talking fool, he began to make the rounds with her.

He marched her—and her armload of still pictures—into the office of Jeanie MacPherson, a writer at Paramount. Jeanie looked *(Continued on page 40)*

Book-balancing young lady is Miss Evelyn Keyes, and the impromptu act is a gag on the long and arduous training period that made her an actress

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Kid Stuff

By Hurd Barrett

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

"Remember what I told you?" Skip asked Johnny. "Sure," said the boy. "It's a cinch"

Demonstration of the oft-denied fact that a good little man is frequently superior to one larger and equally as good

HANNIBAL SCIPIO SMITH—better known to his fellow toilers at the Western Aircraft Company as the Efficiency Kid—paused outside the polished mahogany door that said "Tony Marlin, Vice-President in Charge of Manufacturing" and sighed. He had a certain trepidation on his homely face; and his hand, when he reached out to open the door, was reluctant.

Inside the spacious outer office—it was a new one, in the company's big, defense-expanded, Western City plant—Miss Wayne, Tony Marlin's secretary, looked up at him severely, said, "Mr. Marlin's waiting for you, Mr. Smith," and pointed toward the door marked "Private."

Skip rubbed his shock of red hair, worriedly. He had a talent for getting into trouble—usually, because of his tendency to do things swiftly, radically, and if necessary, without authority—and his conscience, hence, was never entirely clear. On this particular morning, he could think of at least three things that might have led Tony Marlin to call him on the carpet; and he was even more uneasy than usual.

"Look," he asked Miss Wayne, "is he sore?"

"Not yet," said Miss Wayne, observing him anxiously. She was fortyish, and a spinster; and ten years' association with Tony Marlin and the airplane industry had made her a worrier. "But please, Mr. Smith, don't get into an argument with him. He has a lot on his mind, these days; and he gets—ah—upset very easily."

Skip thanked her, sighed, and cautiously pushed open the door of the inner office. . . . Tony was seated behind his big desk, chewing at his unlighted cigar. "Oh, it's *you*," he growled. "Sit down."

Skip sat. And waited. Until Tony's promotion, he had been Tony's assistant production manager, and he had learned through long experience not to interrupt Tony's silences. . . . After perhaps a minute, though, he commenced unconsciously to twiddle with the little model airplane on Tony's ash tray. "Quit that!" snapped Tony. He picked up a blue factory communication form from the stack of papers on his desk, and thrust it at Skip. "Read this."

THE communication was signed by Ryerson, the factory superintendent, and was addressed to Jim Armour, the chief tool designer. It said:

"I tried to explain to you yesterday just why I want those YP-481 tail booms progressively assembled in six small sections, instead of in four large ones, as we are building them now. Apparently, I haven't made myself clear. So far, we've been holding these boom sections together with dural screws, turned into stationary nut plates which are fastened to the inside of the frames. Now, for reasons best known to themselves, Stress has insisted that these screws be replaced with 5/16″ rivets.

"The boom, as anyone who could read a blueprint can see, is barely fourteen inches in diameter at its tail end; and it is, therefore, impossible to get a mechanic inside it to buck such rivets. As even you must know, it takes a man on the outside of the ship, with an air gun, driving up against a steel bucking bar placed firmly on the inside of the ship, against the foot of the rivet, and held by a second man, to drive a plating rivet successfully. Therefore, your brilliant suggestion that we use bucking bars with seven-foot extension handles, and lights and mirrors on them, won't work. If you yourself had ever bucked a 5/16″ rivet, you would know that using such a bar under the conditions I've outlined would be like trying to pick a gnat's teeth with a trout rod, in a high wind, with your head jammed into a stovepipe. Doubtless, some of your pinheaded tool designers could do this, but my mechanics can't.

"I hope I've made this matter quite clear to you, and that you decide in the near future to design jigs to build these booms in six sections, as I asked you to do two weeks ago."

Skip looked up from the communication. "I heard something about this," he admitted cautiously. "I was talking to Armour this morning, and—"

"That's the trouble with you!" Tony interrupted him. "You're always talking to somebody. When are you going to quit sticking your nose in other people's business? I told you last week we had to build those booms like Ryerson wants to, and told you why. So what do you do? You go down and make this screwy suggestion to Armour, and he falls for it. . . . He must be nuts. If *I'd* try to tell Armour you could buck rivets with a—a fishing pole, he'd have said I was crazy. But from *you*, he takes it."

"That's because I've got a good reputation for figuring out things," said Skip modestly. "Not that *you* don't figure out a lot of things yourself, of course," he added hastily.

"Thanks for the compliment!" said Tony dryly.

"BESIDES," added Skip, "we used to buck the spar-attachment rivets in the old transport wing that way, and it worked swell. I don't see why—"

"The transport was different," said Tony. "There were only eight rivets we couldn't get at; and it was cheaper to spend an hour on each one, if we had to, than to redesign the wing. But in the YP, we've got two hundred rivets in each boom, two booms to a ship, and a thousand airplanes to build. Figure it out for yourself. . . ."

"But where does that leave me?" protested Skip desperately. "I've got eight assembly lines on that darn' ship, and you're throwing me four extra jig stations on each one. That means sixty-four extra positions I have to keep parts flowing to. And handle changes on. And run down shortages for. And generally mess around with. All so Ryerson can drive two hundred rivets without pain. You used to be production manager, sir. What would *you* do in my place?"

Tony gave a weary sigh. "Probably just what you're doing. But it wouldn't make any difference. There's no way out of it. Now, quit beefing and get out of here. I've got work to do. And," he

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Our New Army

Continued from page 18

discovered several years ago when fliers on routine mail-passenger jobs from Seattle to Vancouver found that when all else was fogbound one spot of ground almost always remained in view. Pilots dropped flour sacks and red flags over the spot, then sent ground crews searching for the markers. On an inaccessible plateau of stump land and thick underbrush eight miles from Everett they found the sacks and flags and laid out an airport. Today bumpy dirt roads lead to the field, but now that the Air Corps has taken it over for the speedy pursuit ships of the Interceptor Command the only way to get onto the field without a pass is from the sky. Whenever Seattle's Boeing Field is fogbound, commercial planes land on the fog-free Army field that the commercial pilots themselves discovered, and passengers take taxicabs twenty miles into Seattle.

The grief at Paine Field can be told in two words: shortages and mud. The 1,500 men who have occupied the place since last March have to work with some fifteen planes—of six different types. A couple are ordinary primary trainers, one is an advanced trainer, about half a dozen are fairly recent P-40's. The pilots have a standing argument with their brothers at near-by McChord as to whether it's better to see the equipment you're missing or just be kept excommunicado from same. McChord is a whistle stop for bombers built in Boeing's Seattle plant and en route to England, Africa, maybe Russia, so McChord pilots at least get a look at new equipment even though they don't get their share; but the guys at Paine Field never get even a glimpse of the snappy pursuits they're supposed to have.

As to mud, there is no shortage. Engineers sliced down hills and filled in a bog on the mile-square plateau, ending up with a fairly flat field endowed with a multitude of mire. Workmen are now completing the only navigable road on the entire field—the runway, with its alternate black and white stripes. The white stripes are of pressed oyster shells, which pilots believe have great visibility from the air. Automobiles as well as airplanes use the runway, so it has to be traffic-copped by four WPA workers with red flags. The way it is, you're bowling along a nice broad roadway when all of a sudden a red flag waves you down at an intersection and—Zoom!—a pursuit ship whizzes across your radiator cap and takes off.

OREGON

FORT STEVENS. Twenty-eight-year-old Pvt. Robert Flynn, while still very much part of the Army, read a piece in a morning paper to the effect that he had been discharged. "Is this," he asked his commanding officer, "an exaggeration, or what?" The C. O. checked with the public-relations officer, who double-checked with the personnel officer, who took it up with the battery clerk, who peered into his filing cabinet. Sure enough, there it was—Flynn's discharge filled out, signed and pigeonholed along with the company mascot's dog license. Flynn is out now, a confirmed newspaper reader.

CALIFORNIA

SACRAMENTO AIR DEPOT, McClellan Field. The provost marshal is looking for a selectee-contortionist who will be able to obey post No. 5's special orders while on guard duty. Previous orders called for two men to walk the post. When the number was reduced to one, somebody just crossed out the word two and substituted "one." The orders now read: "This post shall have one sentry walking in opposite directions simultaneously."

MINNESOTA

FORT SNELLING. With 3,500 soldiers scheduled to remain in camp over Thanksgiving, officers encouraged newspaper columnists to report that some of the homesick boys would probably like to be invited to local homes for a holiday dinner. Result was 375 bids from St. Paul and Minneapolis residents, for which the men were asked to register. Five of the 3,500 Snelling boys noted themselves as being anxious to accept a dinner invitation; later, two of the five came back and scratched their names from the list. The other 3,497 said they liked the looks of the camp's Thanksgiving menu and intended to stick around. Well, the officers had quite a time sending abject apologies and regrets, but there was one compensation for the very red-faced situation in which they found themselves. "That's morale," they said, "and a tribute to Army chow."

"Look out, men! He's got a gun!" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

FLORIDA

CAMP BLANDING, Starke. "Exactly how much does your rifle weigh?" Top Kick Alvin Hall, Hq. Detachment, 3d Btn., 167th Inf., asked Pvt. James Gunn during the course of some schooling. "What difference does it make?" Gunn asked. "They make me carry it anyway."

FEW selectees have stumped the men issuing uniforms at the Reception Center, but Pvt. James B. Sanders, of Smyrna, Tennessee, really got them down. Only two inches short of six feet in height, Sanders weighs 272 pounds; of the thousands of pieces of wearing apparel in the stock room the only things that would fit him, without alterations, were handkerchiefs and neckties. Fellow selectees gaze upon Sanders in awe. "What-a-man's Army," they murmur.

BLANDING now has one of the country's few tank-killing ranges, designed to sharpen the men's marksmanship. The gigantic gadget consists of a 12,000-yard circular railroad around which an automatically operated gasoline putt-putt pulls a target car at varying speeds.

GEORGIA

NAVAL AIR BASE, Atlanta. Cadets at this primary training base have seized upon the surrounding heavy wire fence as a source of somewhat dreadful humor. It started some time ago when a cadet, who didn't like the looks of a tough sentry, took off most of his clothes, waited until the sentry got to the far end of his beat, then climbed halfway up the high fence and startled civilian passers-by with a shouted: "Let me out! Let me out of here!" After many repetitions of this gag, the guy was finally snagged and placed in the cooler for thirty days, but his pals carried on the good work until it became a tradition. Now, as each new contingent of cadets arrives, they are treated to the awesome spectacle of some men climbing the fence and yelling: "Let me out—I'm too young to die!"

Aside from this the boys observe the usual customs, one of them being to dunk each cadet after his first solo. For this, there being no lake or stream convenient to the school, the lads use a 100-gallon barrel of water, into which they recently and enthusiastically shoved a new solo success who had ideas of his own. When the dunkee didn't come up, the cadets began to look at one another. When he still didn't come up, they rushed to the edge of the barrel to see what was what. Timing things nicely the dunkee bobbed from the bottom, preceded by enough indiscriminately sprayed water to drench the dunkers.

MISSISSIPPI

CAMP SHELBY, Hattiesburg. This little story is too screwy even for Hollywood, but don't let that worry you. Seems that after a prospective selectee—an orphan who had been adopted when he was a mere infant—got together his birth certificate and other papers he had never seen, he was informed that when his parents died, a sister had been adopted by another family in the same city. Following his induction into the 145th Infantry, the soldier began to look for his long-lost sister. Eventually he found her. Turned out she was his fiancée.

NORTH CAROLINA

FORT BRAGG. The ways of the heathen Chinese may be strange, but they can't beat those of Headquarters Detachment, Second Btn., 47th Infantry. On field problems the detachment's intelligence section found it could get a laugh out of tuning in on the enemy's wave length with a walkie-talkie (field radio) and giving him fake orders. Then it occurred to the brass hats that the enemy could pull the same stunt on them. So what? So they grabbed a couple of Chinese lads—Harry Fong and Gee Pon—from Co. G, and the detachment's intelligence messages are now spoken in rich Fong and Pon laundry-shop code, than which there is probably no more confusing.

GENERAL

WHAT some of the Army is trying to prove is that umpires are the same the world over, whether their judgment has to do with baseball or Army field problems. Arguing with an Army umpire, though, has become pretty unpopular during maneuvers because your umpire is fully equipped with wound tags which he can pin on a guy without regard for time or place, and the allegedly wounded man must perforce lie or sit in the dust, mud, heat or cold until the first-aid men arrive and lug him away. Umpires deny it with great vigor, but many officers insist that, following arguments of a violent nature, they have shortly thereafter been "wounded" and made to lie in a choice bit of mud or dust for a considerable spell. Discussions seldom get beyond the cool stage now.

ANOTHER thing that has been slowed down is the actual training of Army units, the reason being the heavy replacements made necessary by the discharge of overage selectees and formation of training cadres for new outfits. Examples are the Fourth Cavalry at Fort Meade, South Dakota, many of the units at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, and the 701st M.P. and Third Infantry Btns.' at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. The 701st claims it has been set back three months in its training owing to the discharge of 200 of its 500 men and the lifting out of a 95-man cadre to form a new battalion. It all means, though, that the Army is catching its second wind.

A SHOE machinery company in Boston is doing all right, these days. With one hand they're turning out 37-mm. guns for use in tanks; with the other, they're whipping together guns mounted on carriages for use against tanks.

WONDER if one hand knows what the other's doing? G. W.

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Lucky Strike means fine Tobacco!

"I'VE WATCHED Luckies buy tobacco at more auctions than I could count," says Alf Webster, tobacco warehouse owner of Durham, N. C. "They go right after the milder, better-tasting leaf, pay what it costs and take it away.

"To me, Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. *Sure* I smoke Luckies!"

Smokers . . . in tobacco, as in most things, quality counts. The finer, lighter leaf just naturally costs more—but Luckies pay the price to get it!

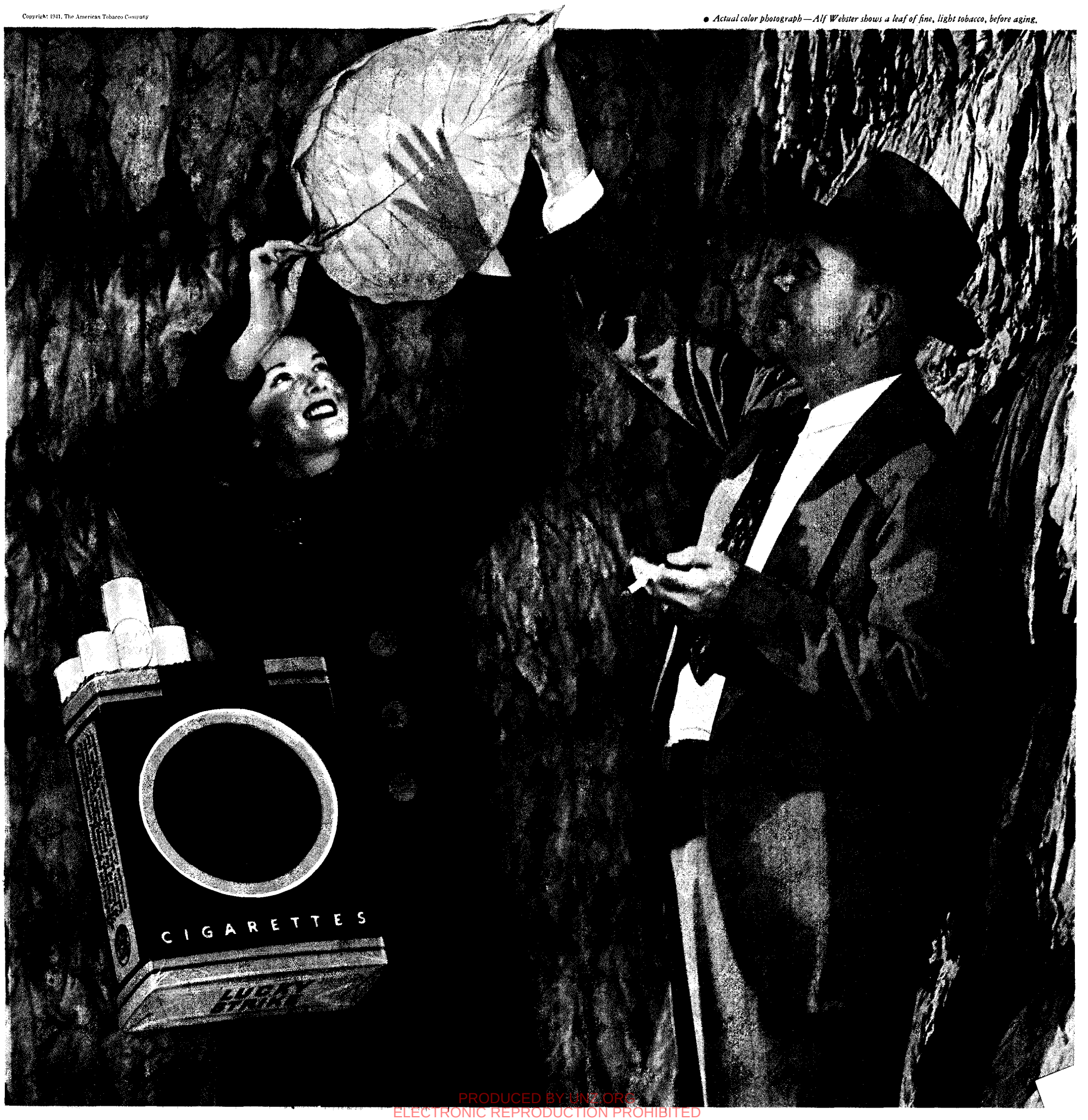
Among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies are far and away the favorite.

Why not enjoy this milder, better-tasting tobacco in your *own* cigarette?

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Copyright 1941, The American Tobacco Company

• *Actual color photograph—Alf Webster shows a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.*



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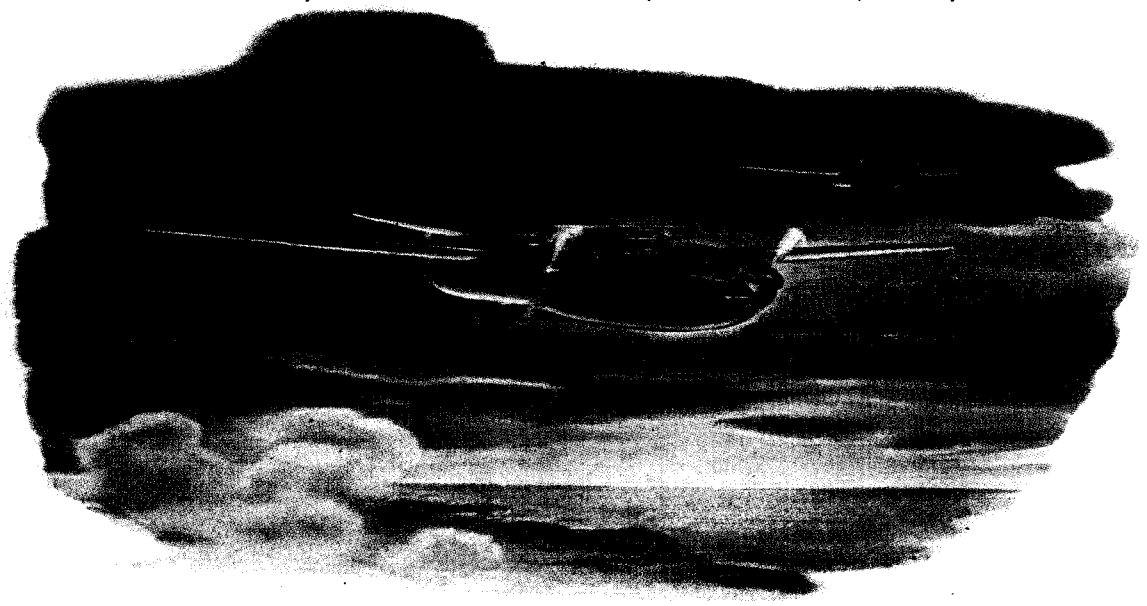
COASTAL COMMAND

To protect incoming convoys from enemy raiders, airplanes of Coastal Command must cover thousands of miles of open ocean on escort duty and patrol. On these long range assignments, Consolidated Catalinas, of Bismarck fame, and Lockheed Hudsons are performing brilliantly. The ability of the Catalinas to stay on patrol for a 24-hour stretch and the all-around performance of the Hudsons have spelled the difference between safety and disaster to many a convoy.

in



FIGHTER COMMAND

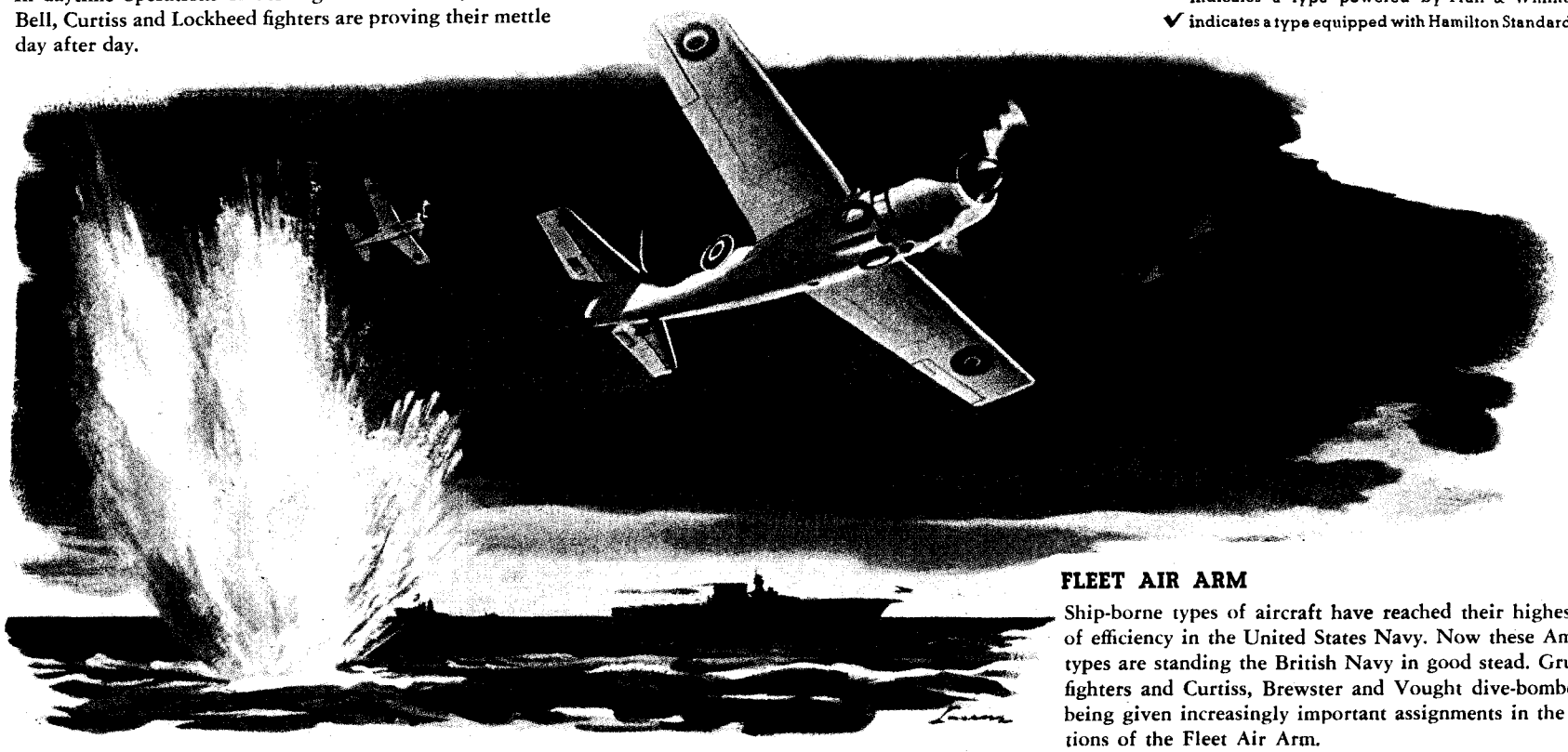
Britain has met the menace of night bombing with specialized night fighting airplanes. These must have the equipment to locate the enemy, the speed to catch him, and the fire-power to deal with him. In the Douglas Havoc the R.A.F. has just such an airplane. It has emerged as one of the most effective weapons of the war, the mainstay of night fighting tactics.

In daytime operations of the Fighter Command, the new Bell, Curtiss and Lockheed fighters are proving their mettle day after day.

Following is a list of various types of American airplanes actually in service with the British:

Training planes:		✓	Cessna . . . . *Crane*
	✓	✓	North American . *Harvard*
		✓	North American . *Yale*
Reconnaissance:	✓	✓	Grumman . . . *Goose*
		✓	Stinson . . . . *Reliant*
Fighters:			Bell . . . . *Airacobra*
		✓	Brewster . . . *Buffalo*
			Curtiss . . . *Kittyhawk*
	✓		Curtiss . . . *Mohawk*
			Curtiss . . . *Tomahawk*
	✓	✓	Douglas . . . . *Havoc*
	✓	✓	Grumman . . *Martlet*
			Lockheed . . *Lightning*
Bombers:		✓	Boeing . *Flying Fortress*
			Brewster . . *Bermuda*
	✓	✓	Consolidated . *Catalina*
	✓	✓	Consolidated . *Liberator*
		✓	Curtiss . . . *Cleveland*
	✓	✓	Douglas . . . *Boston*
		✓	Douglas . . . . *Digby*
	✓	✓	Douglas . . . *Nomad*
	✓	✓	Lockheed . . . *Hudson*
		✓	Martin . . . *Baltimore*
	✓		Martin . . . *Maryland*
	✓	✓	Vega . . . . *Ventura*
	✓	✓	Vought . . *Chesapeake*

✓ indicates a type powered by Pratt & Whitney engines.
✓ indicates a type equipped with Hamilton Standard propellers.



FLEET AIR ARM

Ship-borne types of aircraft have reached their highest state of efficiency in the United States Navy. Now these American types are standing the British Navy in good stead. Grumman fighters and Curtiss, Brewster and Vought dive-bombers are being given increasingly important assignments in the operations of the Fleet Air Arm.

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Action

AMERICAN AIRCRAFT IN THE R.A.F.

How are American airplanes, engines and propellers meeting the supreme test of actual combat?

To help answer this vital question, United Aircraft sent an observer abroad to visit Royal Air Force squadrons operating with American equipment. He flew with R.A.F. pilots, listened to their combat reports, joined in their mess table discussions. He has returned with most reassuring reports.

America's first-line airplanes—the airplanes with which it may have to fight—are now in daily service in every Command of the R.A.F. In combat performance—power, speed, climb, ceiling, range, maneuverability and fire-power—they are successfully meeting the challenge of the best that Europe has to offer. In addition, their typically American reliability is keeping them on the job—in the air—day after day.

With America's aircraft industry accomplishing "the impossible" in production, it is gratifying to know that it is discharging equally well its responsibility for the combat performance of its products.

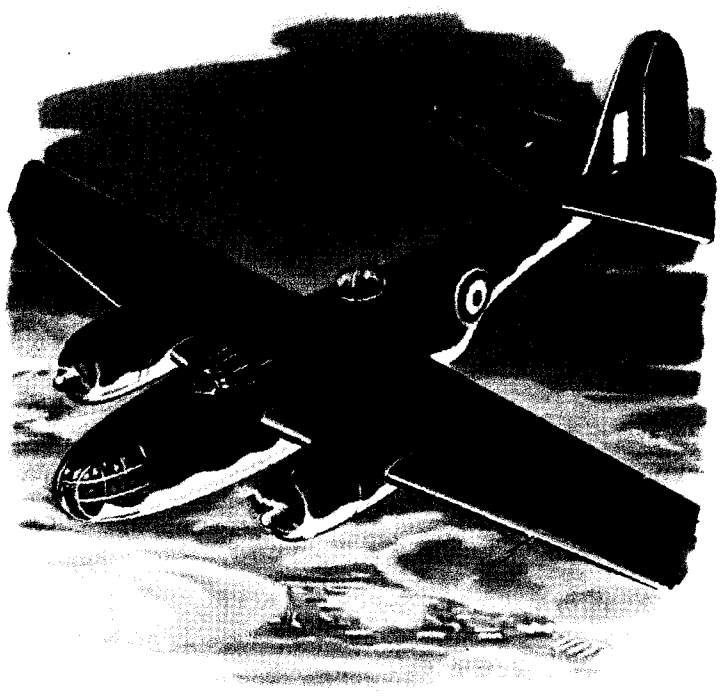
UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

EAST HARTFORD · CONNECTICUT

Pratt & Whitney Engines

Vought-Sikorsky Airplanes

Hamilton Standard Propellers



BOMBER COMMAND

In long range bombardment and ability to fly at high altitudes, American bombers have no equal. With big four-engined Consolidated Liberators and Boeing Flying Fortresses, R.A.F. pilots are now striking deeper and deeper into enemy territory; while the fast Douglas, Lockheed and Martin bombers continue to hit hard at the targets closer at hand.

MIDDLE EASTERN COMMAND

The blistering heat and blasting sands of Africa and Mediterranean areas call for aircraft equipment of the utmost stamina and reliability. Under the severe conditions of frontier service, such famous American airplanes as the Martin Maryland bomber and the Curtiss Mohawk and Tomahawk fighters are doing yeoman service.

TRAINING COMMAND

As every pilot knows, training airplanes and their engines must take a real beating hour after hour, day after day. At training stations all over the Empire, R.A.F. cadets are paying almost affectionate tribute to the sturdy North American trainers on which they are earning their wings.

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Alder Gulch

Continued from page 21

Boyd—they were luminously intent.

"Let's get that drink," said Pierce.

"You're damned right it was Ives," said Cap positively.

Plummer nodded. "You're lucky, Cap. Be careful where you walk. They might be sore and hunt you up. Going to Salt Lake?"

"In the morning," said Cap. Then caution came to him for the first time and he lowered his voice: "Say nothing about that, Henry."

"No," agreed Plummer, "I won't say a word," and strolled easy-footed into the dark.

Cap Boyd said, "Well, let's get at our drinkin'." But he caught the expression on Pierce's face and he drew himself together and said, "What's wrong, Jeff?" Then doubt came to him, and a sense of fear damped his jolly spirits. "I guess I talk too much."

"Yes," said Pierce. "Ives will hear what you said."

"Plummer won't mention it."

"Ives will hear of it," repeated Pierce. "You'll have to get out of town, Cap."

The three of them entered the saloon and got their bottle and glasses and moved to the free lunch. Cap Boyd had lost his appetite entirely; he took three whiskies straight. "I have got to get a horse," said Cap. "But if I show up at a livery stable they'll catch on. Jeff, get me a horse."

"Who'll catch on?" asked Scoggins. "Who's in town you're afraid of, Cap?"

CAP shook his head. Pierce paid for the drinks and murmured, "Follow me," and walked to the hotel. He signed for a room and went up the stairs with the two men still following. They threaded a hall to its end and entered a back room. Pierce lighted a lamp and stepped to the room's open window and looked through it thoughtfully. He turned back. "Ben, go back to the saloon. Buy a bottle of whisky, a deck of cards and get some poker chips. Just drop the remark we're booked for an all-night game up here."

Scoggins didn't understand but he went down the hall. Cap Boyd said, "Jeff, we're wasting time. Get me a horse. I'll start for Salt Lake tonight."

"Sure," said Pierce. He opened the room's door and scanned the hall; he stepped across the hall to the opposite room, and knocked softly on its door, receiving no answer. He opened the door, fading into the black. He was still inside this other room when Scoggins returned with the whisky and cards and poker chips. Scoggins said, "What's up?" Cap Boyd shook his head, and both men stood in the hall waiting.

Pierce came back. Cap said, "Open that bottle. I need a drink."

Scoggins said, "Give me an idea what this is all about, Jeff."

Pierce turned up the lampwick and pulled down the window shade. He murmured, "Easy now," and led them into the second room. At the window he said, "Here we go," climbed through, and dropped from sight.

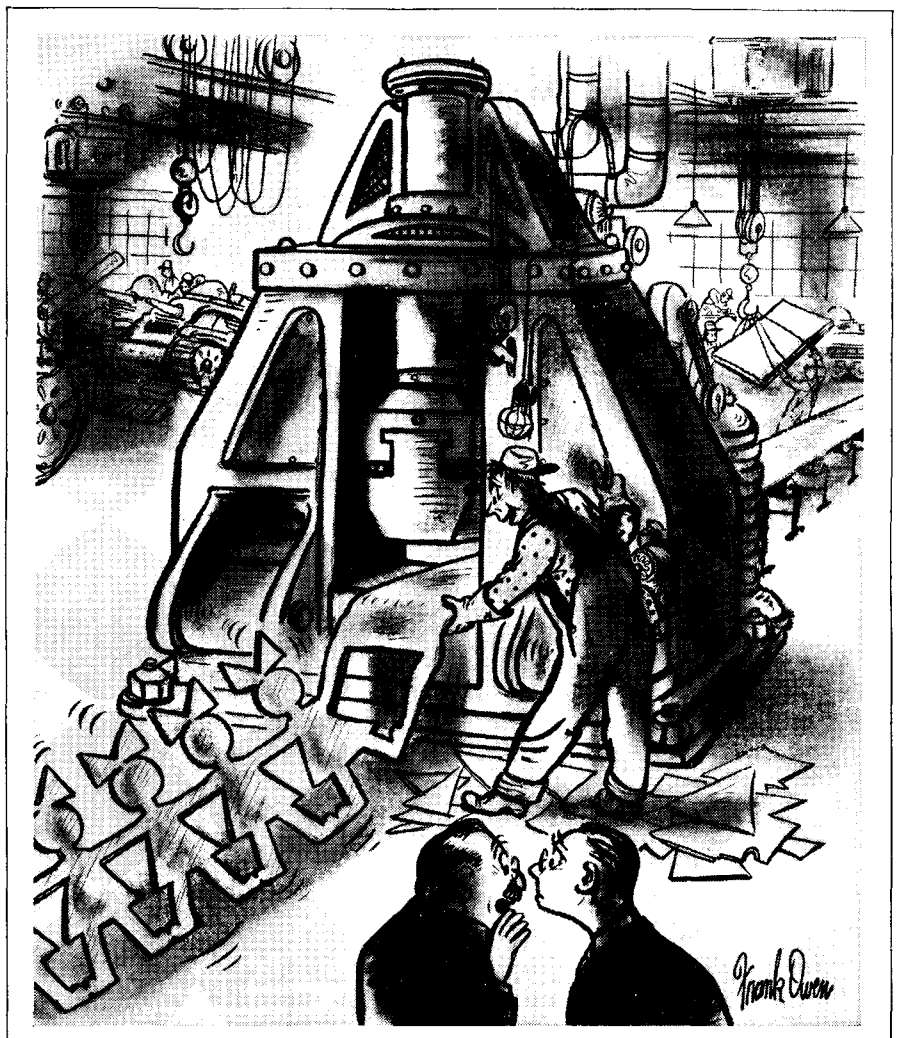
Scoggins and Cap Boyd came after him, made a twelve-foot drop through darkness and found themselves in a narrow black passageway between the hotel wall and an adjoining empty building.

"The horse idea is out," Pierce said. "No way of going to a stable without being spotted. If we stole a horse and got caught it would be a legitimate hanging."

The sound of rapid-traveling riders moved in from the edge of town. Pierce led the way through back alleys, skirted several houses, crossed a dark rear road and at last came out upon the empty land south of Bannack. The three paused here. A dog crept through the shadows and began a steady barking. Pierce said, "Start walking for Salt Lake, Cap. Walk by night and hole up by day until you strike a freight outfit. You'll maybe starve for a couple days but don't drop into any of the relay stations until you're fifty miles from this place. Ben, you light out for Alder and don't show yourself until you reach your horse at Daly's."

"WHERE you going?" asked Scoggins.

"Something else." He trusted these men, yet his sense of solitariness and his faith in himself would not let him share his plans. He put out his arm and took Cap's hand. "Good luck, Cap."



"I suggest a month off with pay—I think we've overworked him lately!"

FRANK OWEN

Starlight threw its frost-gleam down upon the blackness of the land. Cap Boyd's shape was small in the dark and his shoulders were round. He stood entirely silent a long while, thinking ahead and finding no pleasure in his thoughts. He said, "Always liked to have people around me—always liked to hear the boys laughin' with me. This is goin' to be all alone, Jeff."

"Sure," said Pierce, and his voice touched a note of sympathy and understanding that Ben Scoggins had not thought lived in this hard man. "You're thinking of a lot of campfires you sat around, with a lot of men to share the heat. You're thinking of the Senate and the crowd. But you're always alone when you take the road. Every man is. And every man, sooner or later, has to take it. Your friends fall away and the sun goes down and there's nothing but a black trail moving through a damned brutal world." He fell momentarily silent, and when he again spoke it was to share with Cap some of his own bitter rebellion, some of his keen hatred of the world's injustice. "Don't buckle up. To hell with anything that tries to stop you. You fight back. You duck and dodge and hide and you push on. When you get to Salt Lake you can laugh because you beat the game that tried to beat you. So long, Cap."

"So long," said Cap. For an instant he stood irresolutely before Pierce and Scoggins. Then he turned and moved west and disappeared in the dark.

Scoggins said, "Jeff, you really believe that? Ain't there anything hopeful in your scheme of things?"

"Hope?" said Pierce. "Hope and warmth and a happy end for us all? Is that what you're talking about? A place where we can fall asleep and have no trouble? A place for music, and women laughing, and sunlight always coming over the hill?" He drew his long breath, and he said, "No, I guess not. I'll see you later, Ben. Be careful."

"SURE," said Scoggins, and then, unmindful of their touchy position, he laughed aloud. The stray dog kept up its steady barking; and somebody came to the door of the nearest house, a hundred yards away, and called at it. "I am a peaceful man," said Scoggins, "and here I am up to my ears in trouble and likin' it." Still chuckling, he moved away and was lost.

Pierce turned west on the heels of the vanished Cap Boyd. He circled the main bulk of Bannack, aiming toward the end of the main street as it straggled into the open lots and sheds at the margin of town. From this position he had a decent view of Bannack's heart and saw the crowd drifting in and out of the stores and the saloons. A rider came from the west, passing him. He skirted a barn and aimed at the shadow of a shed—the last one on this road—and moved to it. He went around the four sides, located the door and stepped in. He heard the fiddling steps of a horse before him and he murmured, "Easy—easy," and struck a match. The horse was a long-legged bay, saddled and standing on dropped reins. He spotted the two-by-four stringers and the planks loosely thrown across them. The light went out. In the succeeding darkness he moved his hand along the planks, found the cantina which contained Barney Morris' gold and brought it down. Five minutes later he left the barn and took to the road, pointed west.

IVES and Marshland rode into Bannack a half-hour after the stage arrived. It was Marshland's horse which had been shot in the holdup, whereupon he had ridden double with Ives as far as Bunton's, there picking up a fresh animal. Now, bruised by the fall, he made for the saloon for a drink and something to eat while Ives located Henry Plummer. Plummer stood in front of a store, in deep conversation with Sidney Edgerton, federal judge of the territory, and never looked at Ives as the latter passed by. It was Edgerton, a very resolute citizen, who gave Ives the benefit of his sharp glance. Ives moved on into the back part of town and placed himself beside a shed. It was a good ten minutes before Plummer came along.

"What went wrong?" asked Plummer.

"Something leaked out. They had the bulge on us."

Plummer said, "Pierce and Cap Boyd and that other fellow are at the hotel in a poker game. Cap Boyd named you to me on the street."

"Did he?" said Ives, and fell into a soft and wicked cursing. "Well, I'll stop Cap's mouth." He turned back instantly, found Marshland in the saloon and drew him out. These two moved up the hotel stairs and crept soft-footed along the hall toward the strip of light flushing beneath the room's doorway. There was no sound from the room. Ives, the cooler and the tougher of the two, stepped against the door and drew his gun and flung himself into the empty room. A bottle, a pack of cards and a case of chips stood unused on the table. Ives whipped about at once. "We've been sold, Steve. Come on."

Plummer was then moving along the main street's walk. He saw Ives and Marshland reach their horses and trot out of town; and with instant perception he crossed the street, got behind the south row of buildings and ran to the rear end of the stable wherein he kept his horse. He went out the back way and circled town, coming upon Ives and Marshland half a mile along the road.

"They slipped out on us," said Ives.

"They had no horses," said Plummer. "Where would they go afoot?"

"They knew they had to get out on the quiet," said Ives. "That would be Pierce's idea."

"Cap wouldn't go back to the Gulch. My bet is he's on his way toward Salt Lake."

"Means nothing," said Ives.

Marshland said, "I keep smelling dust ahead of us."

"I didn't see anybody leave town

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within the last half-hour," said Plummer.

"Listen," said Marshland.

Marshland and Ives immediately retreated from the road. Plummer seized the bridle of his horse and backed away. Down the road, in the direction of Bannack, was a small, ragged tattoo of sound, stopping and starting, and at last becoming the echo of a man on the run. The man's labored breathing came forward and presently the man's shadow appeared. When it arrived abreast of Plummer the sheriff called, "Who's that?"

The man stopped and his frightened wind lunged out. He turned as though to run away, and then he said in a disgusted voice, "Oh, hell," and turned again. "You on the way to Horse Prairie?"

"Yes," said Plummer.

"Give me a leg on your horse," said the man. "I'm damned weary of walkin'."

"What makes you walk?" asked the sheriff, and reached for his matches.

"Lost mine in the brush. Threw me and ran."

Plummer scratched his sulphur and held it out; and by it he saw the weary, owl-like face of Cap Boyd. At the same time Cap Boyd saw him and a loosening wave of relief went over his face. He drew in his breath. "Sheriff, I'm glad to see you. I—"

"All right, George," said Henry Plummer.

Cap Boyd turned his head, for the first time noticing Ives and Marshland. Both men had their guns on him, and then Cap Boyd knew that he was dead. Knowing it, he turned his face on Plummer, at last aware of Plummer's evil and condemning him with a single terrible glance in which fright and courage and hatred struggled. Ives and Marshland fired together, their bullets shaking Cap Boyd off his feet and tearing through him. He fell with a small sound and was dead.

It was Plummer who stepped forward and knelt over Boyd. The match went out but he didn't take time to light another. He said, "Four pouches in his belt."

Marshland said, "Still wonder who's ahead of us."

Plummer went to his horse and climbed to the saddle. The three men remained silent until at last the sheriff said: "It was Pierce who brought Barney Morris' money to Bannack in the first place. You suppose he could have got it tonight and gone on toward Salt Lake?"

"Let's follow."

"No," said Plummer. "I want to go back to Bannack and find out if the money's still in Oliver's safe."

PIERCE caught up with the wagon team fifty miles out from Bannack, turned Barney Morris' money over to the wagon master and started back for Alder Gulch by a roundabout route through the hills. He arrived at Junction four days after his departure from the Gulch; and at this place met a miner who told him of Cap Boyd's death. When he reached Virginia City he looked up Oliver. Oliver told him something else:

"That freight outfit was held up night before last. They killed the wagon master and they got Barney's dust."

"A clean sweep," said Pierce, and said nothing more. He stood before Oliver and let no expression, no emotion out of him.

"One other thing," said Oliver. "The toughs have made it a point to get you."

ON THURSDAY afternoon, as was his invariable custom, Temperton called at the bakery for his daughter and took her on an idle walk through town. Sometimes they explored the Gulch, pausing to watch the rockers and long toms at work; and sometimes he hired a rig and drove Lily Beth down to Junction and back. At six they usually ate at the Virginia Hotel, after which he would return her to Diana, gravely lift his hat to them and depart for his evening at Tanner's.

They were a sober, silent pair. Now and then Temperton started a politely casual conversation and at these times Lily Beth would dutifully listen and add her brief word when the occasion called for it. Once in a while he would take

"Then you think, Sir Hubert, that so far we in America have not felt the full brunt of the war?" GARDNER REA

How I learned Zambini's neatest trick

1. Zambini, the famous magician, was plain Harry Carpenter when we were roommates in college. Even then, he made my neckties disappear. The other night, we had supper after his show. Everything was lovely until coffee was served.

2. "Take it away!" I snapped. "Don't you like it?" Zambini asked. "I love it," I explained, "but the caffein keeps me awake." He grinned. "Watch The Great Zambini! *Presto*—the caffein is *out!* Drink it and sleep!"

3. I drank two cups of the finest coffee I ever had—but I slept like a baby that night! I don't believe in magic—but the next day I told him: "Professional ethics or not, show me that coffee trick—*or else!*"

4. Zambini chuckled. "You force me to give away a good trick. That was Sanka Coffee—*real* coffee, but 97% of the caffein has been removed. Compared to *that*, making an elephant disappear is child's play!"

5. "I like Sanka Coffee because of its flavor," he continued. "In fact, I drink it with every meal. Sanka Coffee is *real* coffee . . . *all* coffee . . . a delightful blend of fine Central and South American coffees!"

6. It was deep gratitude made me send him an electric stove, a coffee-maker, and some Sanka for his dressing room. I plan to pay him more visits, too. Maybe I can find out something else as wonderful as that Sanka business—but I doubt it!

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE...DRINK IT AND SLEEP

Make Sanka Coffee *strong*. Use a *heaping* tablespoon per cup. If percolator is used, "perk" Sanka Coffee a little longer.

TUNE IN . . . . . two great radio shows are now on the air for Sanka Coffee: *Tuesday night:* **"We, the People"** • *Sunday afternoon:* News by **William L. Shirer,** the famous author of "Berlin Diary." See your local newspaper for times and stations.

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her hand and they would swing along this way; but sooner or later, under some reasonable pretext or other, she would withdraw her arm. He never appeared to notice this; yet always at that point the talk would stop for an interval and he would walk with his eyes affixed to some object before him.

On this particular Thursday he took her to his room at the hotel. He said, "I have a small present for you," and got a small white pasteboard box from the bureau. She took it and thanked him but didn't open it until he suggested doing so. The inside of the box had a satin cover and nested against the satin was a rope of jade beads with a jade pendant.

"I sent to San Francisco for it," he said. "The green should go well with your new dress."

"Yes," she said. "It will look very nice. Thank you."

He looked at her intently. "Everything's all right here?" he wanted to know.

"Yes. I'm fine."

"Is there anything you wish me to do for you or for Miss Castle?"

"No," Lily Beth said quietly, "we're both fine."

The expression of defeat made its brief appearance on his face and quickly went away. He moved to the window, long watching the street below him; and he waited there a considerable while, hoping that his daughter might offer some straightforward and natural bit of talk that would break the wall between them. It had to come from her, for he had no way of dropping his own reserve, he had no knowledge at all of the mind or the heart of Lily Beth. But she was, as always, silently waiting for him; and so he turned and said, "I suppose we should go eat. It's getting on."

"Yes," said Lily Beth.

They ate at the Virginia Hotel and returned to the bakery. He stood a moment, noting that Lily Beth smiled when she was with Diana, and smiled at no other time, and presently he lifted his hat to them and said, "Good evening," and left the shop.

Diana had watched him and she had watched Lily Beth, and she knew the afternoon had gone no better than before. "Were you kind to your father, Lily Beth?" she asked.

"I remembered that you said I should talk to him," said Lily Beth, "and I tried. But there wasn't anything to say."

OVERNIGHT winter laid its whiteness on hill slope and bar. Miners spent more time in the saloons and at the card tables and tempers heated and sudden quarrels raged up and the hill cemetery showed its fresh mounds of dirt. Each day the toughs grew bolder and a feeling of terror spread like a smell up and down the Gulch.

Ollie Rounds left Tanner's in the twilight of one afternoon and stopped at the bakeshop to pass the time with Diana. He wore a heavy buffalo coat with a fur collar, which drew Diana's admiration. "Where'd you get it, Ollie?"

"Bought it from a fellow down on his luck."

"You're warm—and he's cold," she said.

"Don't be so kind." He was well fed and momentarily at peace with himself and in this mood could be as attractive as any man. "If everybody in this world started out warm, with money and food and jobs, half of the world would be cold again inside of a year. Some are foolish, some lazy, some blind. And some are unlucky." He helped himself to one of her doughnuts. "Which is why I've never permitted ambition to eat out my heart. Wanting little, I've never been much disappointed."

"Edgar was so eager to come" CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

She gave him a sober and critical study. "You have a good deal of talent. None of it you use. Is it because you're afraid of failure that you never have tried to get on?"

"I don't like to be cold, I don't like to fail and I don't like to be hurt."

"So," she murmured, "you'd rather not try anything." Then she grew angry with him. "Men were not meant to be like that. Men were meant to fight."

"But for what?" he asked, and ceased to smile.

"To remain men with pride and self-respect. To work, because we must all work. To do something about the cruelty and meanness around us."

"Like Jeff," he idly commented. "He fights. Look what it has done to him."

"What," she asked swiftly, "has it done to him?"

"Made him unhappy. Made him a man surrounded by toughs who mean to kill him."

He regained his cheerful manner. "Let him take my share of the struggle. I'd still rather be warm." He passed out of the bakery into the steady sweep of cold wind. Darkness lay on the land and lights sparkled through Virginia City's windowpanes. He turned up Wallace Street and for a few minutes visited with Scoggins. After that he returned to a stable, got his horse and galloped down the Gulch. At Daly's roadhouse he ate supper and stood at the bar, drinking steadily and alone, and went to bed. Rising at five, he moved on toward Bannack. A few miles beyond the Beaverhead he dipped into a coulee and found Ives and Buck Stinson and Rube Ketchum waiting.

This day was bitter cold. Ketchum nursed his sullen temper and Stinson was irritable.

The four men turned their neckpieces up around their eyes. Ives said, "Buck and I will head in the horses. Rube will roust 'em out of the coach. Ollie, you take the other side of the coach. After everybody gets out you go inside and see that nothing's been hidden under the seats. Look into the luggage too."

"Anybody in particular coming through?" asked Stinson.

"Fellow by the name of Jack Hilton. Clubfoot George says he's got a couple thousand in dust." He put his bare head over the Gulch rim and brought it back. "Buck and I'll go out first. You two stay back a few seconds, in case there's trouble. If so, you open up from here." He got on his horse and signaled Stinson. "All right," he said. The two rushed along the Gulch toward the road and suddenly flung themselves at the coach. The rattle and slam of the coach was a clear sound; and over this sound lifted Ives' abrupt shout: "Pull up!"

THE coach halted at once. There was no echo of trouble, whereupon Rounds and Ketchum rode from the Gulch and galloped forward, Ketchum taking the coach's near side. Rounds circled to the off side. The driver sat still, holding tight reins on his horses and showing more irritation than fear. Ives said: "Everybody out. Get down from the box, Bill."

"What the hell," grumbled the driver. "You want these horses to run away?"

Ives moved to the off leader and took grip on the rein. "Get down. No foolishness, either."

The driver jumped to the ground and the passengers stepped from the coach one by one, prompted by Ketchum. Ollie Rounds came forward and now entered the coach to inspect it. He heard Ives say: "Get back up, Billy, and throw down the box and the luggage." The driver threw down the bags and rejoined the passengers. Rounds left the coach and kicked open the blanket rolls and the suitcases; he found one filled poke in a bedding roll. Ives was now sharply speaking to the passengers lined up beside the coach. "Stand tight. It's too cold to be fooling," he cautioned them. Then Ollie Rounds had his first sight of the six passengers standing with their hands lifted. One of them was Ben Scoggins.

He whirled at once and stepped behind the coach so that he would be out of sight. But Scoggins' glance had caught him. He stood fast, now hearing Ketchum growl: "Hilton, whut'd you do with it?"

"What?" said Hilton.

"Cut that out," said Ketchum. "You're salted with dust. Where is it?"

"Think I'd bring dust on the stage?" said Hilton. "I'm no damned fool."

"Ain't you?" asked Ketchum. There was, suddenly, some sort of scuffle. Rounds stepped ahead so that he might see it and as he came around the horses he caught sight of Ketchum pacing backward from the row of passengers. Ketchum aimed deliberately at Hilton and fired twice, tearing life out of the man before he fell.

Ives shouted in a gritty voice, "Stop that, Rube! All right—get aboard!"

HILTON lay curled on the hard ground, dead. The passengers, shocked silent, walked around Hilton and climbed inside the coach. But Scoggins remained where he had been, looking down at the dead man; and presently his glance rose to Ives, and moved to Ketchum, to Stinson, and at last to Rounds. There wasn't much on his face, Rounds thought. But Scoggins' eyes were a pale, squeezed-out color, and feeling violently came from them. Ben was giving himself away, Ollie thought; there was so much fury and hatred in the look that Ives or Stinson or Ketchum, seeing it, might shoot him down. He turned immediately, speaking to Ives: "Let's get out of here."

Scoggins was the last man in the coach. The driver had returned to his seat and called down, "I'm reaching for my tobacco," and slowly dug a hand into his pocket. He took a massive bite on the plug and settled himself.

"All right," said Ives. "Go on."

The driver released the brake. The coach rolled on, its panels clattering and its big wheels bumping the ruts. The driver shouted the horses into a steady run.

"Rube," said Ives, "what'd you do that for?"

Rube said in his surly monotone, "He didn't bring his money."

"Let's get out of here," repeated Rounds; and at his word the four men trotted eastward. Wind pushed steadily at them. Around noon they arrived at Daly's. Ives and Stinson and Ketchum stopped here but Rounds pushed up the Gulch. Somewhere beyond Daly's, cold as it was, he removed his buffalo coat and tossed it into the brush. When he reached Virginia City, chilled to the marrow, he went directly to Dance and Stuart's, there purchasing a new cloth coat. "Some son of a gun held me up last night," he said to W. B. Dance, "took my money and my watch and my coat."

He went to his room in the Planter's Hotel, ordered a jug of hot water and shaved. As he shaved he met his own eyes in the mirror and he saw the signs of weakness at the corners of his mouth, so that at last the face in the mirror disgusted him. He finished his shave and lighted a cigar, and he began a steady pacing around the room, remembering how intently Ben Scoggins had watched him. He remembered, too, the sound of Hilton's broken wind and the deadness on Hilton's face as he fell. Rounds stopped his pacing and stood still. It would be better for him if he left the Gulch at once. There was always

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a time when a man's errors caught up, when some sign or signal gave him away. That warning came to him now as a premonition; and as he walked back to Tanner's the idea of escape was strongly in his mind. But after he drank three whiskies in a row the old carelessness and the old sense of futility took possession again and he shrugged his fears away. He moved to Temperton's table and joined the game.

HILTON was a man well known in Virginia City and the news of his death caused a strong reaction in the Gulch. Somebody, in the heart of night, put a sign on Tanner's which read: "The men who killed Jack Hilton probably hang out here. Maybe, before long, they will hang out somewhere else."

There were rumors as to the road agents. None of them were definitely known, yet the Gulch had its guesses concerning the fancy idleness of Virginia City's men who toiled not and did no spinning; it had its evidence of careless words dropped by some of the toughs, and it had its suspicions. Twelve thousand men, all watching, reached a certain community thought regarding the identity of some of the toughs. And so it was that Gallegher fell under the cloud and knew it and grew defiant and contemptuous of it; and George Ives was suspected, and Rube Ketchum definitely pegged. But the toughs grew bolder and words were openly passed in Tanner's.

There was an undercurrent running, though, unknown to the toughs or to the bulk of the men in the Gulch. Parris Pfouts came up the Gulch and stopped one night to speak to Pierce. "A little rough," he said. "If we could just get a few good men together—"

"No," said Pierce. "Not yet."

"How long are we to stand around and watch this?"

"Till the Gulch forgets to cry for sinners," said Pierce.

"Some of us," said Pfouts, "are beyond crying. Seems to me you'd be glad to throw in. They're after you."

"I'll take care of that," said Pierce. "I wouldn't ask a committee to do it."

"You're not doing anything yet," pointed out Pfouts.

"No," said Pierce, "not yet." He gave Pfouts a long look. "You believe in being your neighbor's keeper?"

"Of course," said Pfouts. "Don't you?"

"No," said Pierce bluntly. "I am my own keeper. Nobody cries for me, and I will cry for no other man."

Pfouts smiled a very gentle smile. "My boy, you are too hard. You do not

"Herby just got a dollar out of an uncle's will on account of me"

BEN ROTH

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know about weakness. Some men are strong. Some see the truth, some do not. The strong must lend their strength to the weak or there will be no justice, and those that see the truth must make the blind ones see it or there will be no truth."

He went down the Gulch toward Virginia City, disappearing soon in the shadows. Two days later, the hard and sharp wind remaining steady through the Gulch, Jim Williams came before Jeff's cabin. Weather had whipped his dark face red and increased the expression of melancholy on it.

"Scoggins said one of that road-agent outfit wore a buffalo coat."

"Lot of buffalo coats around," Pierce suggested.

"That's right." He was about to add something, but studied Pierce a while and apparently forebore. Then he said: "From the description, though, I think I know two of those fellows. It's Ives that wears a hat with a brim flopped down in back. The other one was Ketchum. No mask could cover his dog growl."

"Why didn't Ives think to change his hat?" said Pierce. "I guess they're getting pretty bold. They don't care much."

"No," said Jim Williams, "they don't care much."

This was supper hour again and fires burned along the Gulch floor, whipped bright by an unrelenting wind. Williams watched this sight. "Funny thing. They know—all those boys—what's wrong. And they know how to fix what's wrong."

"They're not ready yet," said Pierce.

"No," agreed Williams, "they're not ready yet." He gave Pierce his rather gentle smile, behind which the coolest kind of a temper lay. There was steel in him, there was wildness in him, covered by his softly melancholy manner. This was the quality that drew Pierce to the man; and in turn it was that quality that drew Williams to Pierce. They were both alike. Williams said, "So long," and drifted away.

PIERCE cooked his supper and did up his dishes. He stoked the cabin stove and drew a burlap curtain across the window. The wind had risen and the cabin corners were shrilly singing. Somebody pounded on the door and Archie Caples announced himself and came in with George Noon and Mack Sturgis who had adjoining claims. Sturgis brought a bottle of Valley Tan, whereupon Pierce got out his tin cup. They had a drink, after which Caples said, "I'm bound for town. Got to pick up a hundred pounds of spuds." He pulled the collar of his coat around his ears and settled his hat solidly on his head. "We're going to be snowed in fast one of these days. You fellows better be forehanded and lay in plenty of grub, like me." He opened the door, slid quickly through, and slammed it behind him.

Noon said, "How about a poker game?"

Pierce dragged an army blanket off his bunk and spread it over the cabin's small table. He brought out a deck of cards and a pile of chips. Wash McMurtry knocked and came in. "Cold outside," he said, and opened his heavy coat.

Noon said, "Have a drink, Wash," and pushed the bottle at him. There was only one chair in the cabin so that when they settled around the table Pierce sat on the bunk, Noon used the chair while McMurtry and Mack Sturgis used stovewood for seats. They fell to the game, idly talking.

Noon said, "Hard winter coming. Leaves dropped early, antelope came out of the high hills sooner than usual." Noon was an old-time mountain man who had trapped his beaver with Bridger and Carson and Sublette. He was here now, digging for gold, making the last stand of an aging man who had never known anything but the plains and hills and never wanted to know anything else. He had a long beard and untrimmed hair falling to his shoulders; he had a set of restless eyes and a hawk nose and he wore old-fashioned fringed buckskin still. "Have a drink, Jeff," he said. "Whut's life fer if not to have some fun?"

McMurtry said, "You'll get your fun. Camp's turning rotten."

"All camps," said George Noon, "get rotten. You crowd men together and they spoil. Natural way of man is to be alone a long time, then to come to settlement just to git the sulphur and hell outen him, then to go back and be alone again."

McMurtry looked at his cards and said, "Can't open. That's all right for a hermit like you. But I'm a town man. So're most of the rest of the Gulch folks. Not right to see crooks flourish and good men die off."

NOON gave him the benefit of an old Indian fighter's eyes—sharp and sun-faded and showing the ice and iron of a complete individualist. "Dyin's natural too. You make too much fuss over it. Whut difference does it make how a man dies? You fellers are all too tender."

McMurtry said, "Jeff's not tender."

"Why now," said Noon, "I wouldn't mind havin' him at my elbow in case we was jumped by twenty 'Rapahoes. But he's a town man, too. Ain't no town man really tough. In towns you got to live next to somebody. Then you got to think of that feller's rights. When you get to thinkin' of the other fellow's rights you're tender. I don't think of nobody but me. My skin and my meat. Jeff looks tough, but in a pinch he'd risk his skin to get somebody else out of a hole. That ain't bein' tough. I have seen him get mad at somethin' somebody did to somebody else. If he was tough he wouldn't give a damn."

Pierce grinned. "You talk too much, George."

"That's whut camp does to a feller. I ought to be in the hills lookin' fer sign and listenin' to the owl hoot. When you hear an owl hoot in the hills chances are it ain't an owl but a Ute givin' signal. Sure I talk too much. I'm gittin' old and mighty soft. I should be dead."

HE OPENED his mouth to continue speaking, and closed it. One sharp, short sound whipped along the wind. George Noon lifted his head, an old horse smelling fire. The sound came again, flatting through the rumble and racket of the night's rising storm. Pierce put down his cards. He reached out and dimmed the lamp's light and took his gun and belt from the bed. The other men had risen. Noon was at the door. "Not far off." A third shot broke on the heels of his words.

George Noon had opened the door. Pierce, moving rapidly over the room, went through it with the other men following. Cabin lights sparkled through the black and windy night and cabin doors came open to show their yellow squares. Men were calling and lanterns began to bob up and down. There was a light still burning in Archie Caples' cabin. Since Caples was a thrifty man and now had gone to Virginia City, this struck Pierce as odd. Ahead of him another man stirred, quite near Caples' cabin. Pierce called, "Archie—that you?"

There was no answer. The man faded into the dark and then Pierce caught the sudden crush of his boots against the frozen creek gravel. Pierce had been at a walk. Now he broke into a run, rounded Caples' cabin and saw the door open. He put both hands on the door's frame and looked in. What he saw made him turn about so swiftly that he struck the following George Noon head on. He pushed Noon aside and rushed downgrade, still hearing the scut-scut of the fleeing man ahead. Cabins stood all the way along the creek so that he had sight of the running man from time to time in the light beams, but dared not fire. He reached the creek's edge, hearing the splash of water ahead. The fugitive had crossed over, whereupon Pierce forded the creek and ran against the pitted, gravel-strewn edge of the Gulch. He heard the man fall and let out a yell a hundred feet before him. This was near another cabin; and now the owner of the cabin opened his door and came out and flung a call at Pierce.

"Hold up there!" he shouted. "Hold up or I'll blaze away!"

Pierce pulled in. "You damned fool!"

"Pierce? I thought somebody was fooling with my sluice."

The fugitive was now lost. Pierce swung and walked back to Caples' cabin and pushed through the gathering crowd of miners, into the small room. Archie Caples lay face down on the floor, dead in his own blood, both hands thrown ahead of him and both hands tight-clenched. George Noon and McMurtry were kneeling over Caples and McMurtry said, "He's got a shoelace in his left hand. Must've grabbed at the other fellow's foot as he dropped."

"Been a hell of a fight around here."

Everything in the cabin had been ripped loose or broken or torn apart. The stove stood undisturbed but its chimney had been knocked down, so that smoke rolled up through the place and made the crowding miners weep. Caples' blankets were on the floor and his bed tick had been opened and its straw scattered. The flour barrel had been emptied, the wood box tipped over. Somebody had made a rapid search for Caples' hidden dust.

There was a voice outside, saying, "Let me in there, boys."

Over in one corner lay a black dirty hat. Pierce, moving through the small room, saw it and was arrested by it. He stood over it, knowing that it was not Archie Caples' hat. He bent down and picked it up; and turned to see Jack Gallegher shouldering through the door. Gallegher stared at the dead Caples. "Another shootin'?"

George Noon said, "Damned-fool question."

"Looks like a holdup," said Gallegher. "Anybody see the fellow?"

EIGHT men crowded in this small ten-by-twelve room and half a dozen more looked in at the doorway, and a hundred men stood out in the dark. But nobody answered Gallegher. Everybody looked at Gallegher, distrusting him and offering him no information. Gallegher shrugged his shoulders. "Hell of a note," he said, and then noticed the hat in Pierce's hand. "You find that here?"

"That's right."

"Caples'?"

"Not Caples' hat."

"Then," said Gallegher, "I'll take it," and moved his arm confidently forward. "Maybe I can get an idea."

"I'll keep this hat," said Pierce.

He saw—and all of them saw—the streaky hardening of muscles on Gallegher's jaw. He flung up his head and he stared at Pierce with his black and insolent and close-guarded eyes. Trouble went through the place like a bad smell, rank and stifling. Pierce met it better than halfway.

"I can find this fellow as quick as you can, Jack. Maybe quicker."

Gallegher shrugged his shoulders. "I don't care," he said, and left the cabin.

Noon said, "The hell he don't care. Know whose hat that is, Jeff?"

"No," said Pierce, "but I can find out."

George Noon grumbled. "It ain't none of your business."

"I liked Archie Caples."

Noon turned to McMurtry and Sturgis. "You see? He's tender. If he wasn't he wouldn't be puttin' his neck in the sling."

(To be continued next week)

"Which is DiMaggio?" PERRY BARLOW

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The Prize

Continued from page 7

consider himself in the war any more for these three days. He neglected first to look the plane over carefully. He simply gave way to an impulse to see if there was anyone who might be saved. But entirely without his help, one, two, three, four men climbed out of the craft, pale faces dwarfed by the huge fur collars of heavy leather jackets.

The soldier stood watching and wondering what would happen next. And for a while the four airmen, too, stood speechless and surprised. Then one of them drew a revolver from his holster and pointed it at the soldier.

The soldier felt his knees sag. Only now did he realize the enormity of his blunder. He had not reckoned with the possibility that these men might be enemies. It was so far behind the lines and he had never given a thought to forced landings. Now they were training a gun on him and delaying his journey heaven only knew how long, with every hour of his leave counting.

THE man who held the revolver was the flight officer. He addressed the soldier sharply, though haltingly. He knew little of the soldier's language. "How many hours to the frontier?" he asked.

"The shortest way from here? Half a day."

The flight officer cursed and briefly conferred with his companions. Then he turned on the soldier again: "What's in that shack?"

"I don't know."

"Were you not on your way to it?"

"No. I was going down to the village."

"You know nothing about that shack?"

"No."

"Let's go up and have a look at it. You go ahead."

They threaded their way to the shack, the soldier in the lead. They forced the door open and entered a stuffy, sooty room with little furniture except a table, a stove and a bunk. The single dusty window admitted a gray daylight.

After a quick glance around, the four airmen began arguing in their own language.

"Nothing in here for us. Looks like some abandoned shepherd's hut."

"We could have done with some food. Tramping some twelve or fifteen miles through the snow, and with nothing in your belly to keep your spirits up!"

"Look, what's that?"

In a corner, covered with a piece of dusty oilcloth, was a thick, high bundle. They unwrapped it and out came several pairs of skis, all good skis of various woods and sizes.

"You see?" the flight officer said triumphantly. "This is the answer. This is worth to us more than food. With these we won't need any food. We can be down the valley in an hour or so, if you haven't altogether forgotten how to stand on a pair of boards."

"All right. But what about the soldier?"

"He comes with us. You think he can't ski? Sure he can. He's from a village near by, I believe. . . . Can you ski, soldier?"

The soldier said he could not.

"Those peasants are stupid. Most of them can't ski, although they live in the snow half the year."

"He looks after sheep, he says," the flight officer explained. "Sheep don't use skis, he says, so he never thought of using them either."

"I thought every child in the mountains could ski."

"You thought wrong. Or maybe every child can ski, but not all adults can. These mountain people turn quite stupid when they grow up."

The navigator, a little, lively young fellow, had time only for constructive talk. "Wouldn't it be better," he addressed the flight officer, "to leave this spot as fast as we can without dragging this lump of a fellow along? On skis we could really make it in no time."

"That's right," another said. "I don't see that there can be any good in bringing back this lummox as a prize."

The flight officer was reflecting. Then he spoke:

"We'd be faster on skis all right, but we can't try the border before it's dark anyhow, and we'd have to wait here for several hours. We must wait for the night to cross in safety. So instead of wasting all those hours in waiting, we'd better leave now on foot, play safe, and take along this man who knows the lay of the land, which we don't. Or do we? You," he told his navigator, "might be able to locate any speck that I point out to you on the map when you're surrounded by your instruments, but I doubt whether you can find your way around a tree without a drift sight. I'm not going to take any chances. Besides, it looks a lot better if we return with a prize."

"That's true," another man said. "Looks like quite a feat, doesn't it, to smash up behind the enemy lines and then escape with a prisoner. It may even get us some kind of a reward, some decoration or a furlough or something."

"Even if it's only a big lummox like this one?"

"Sure. A prize lummox, you see?"

"All right, then." The flight officer turned to the prisoner: "You will lead us to the frontier." Again he unlimbered the revolver he had replaced in his holster. "Understand?"

The soldier understood only too well, judging from the look of dismay that appeared on his face. He was crushed. He understood that it was not merely a matter of not seeing Helena today nor for many days to come, but that things were taking a far worse course. He cursed his leave and the officer who had granted it. Later on they might even court-martial him, the soldier who had left on a three days' leave and never returned. Tears of anger filled his eyes.

They set out on their way.

THE descent down the mountainside, where there were no woods, was slow and laborious because the snow was deep and a cold wind was blowing.

"Are you sure this is the shortest way?" the officer asked after a while.

The soldier stopped. "It's not the shortest way," he said in his slow way. "If I go the shortest way, we'll hit our lines. I'm going farther north, to the far edge of the frontier. There are hardly any troops there."

"Is he telling the truth?" one airman asked.

"I believe so," the officer said. "We've noticed often enough from the air that there was no action in that lost corner of the frontier except for a few patrols. It's too mountainous, and near the neutral country, and large-scale operations are impossible from either side anyway." Then he turned on the soldier: "Go on. Choose the way you want. You know what's best for you now." Again he toyed with his revolver for emphasis.

This time the soldier's tears did not show. They burned inside. He swallowed hard. Swallowing was all he could do. It put hatred into his heart, a hatred

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such as he had never felt before. And hatred gave him warmth and strength. He marched on.

"Step lively now!" the officer ordered.

The soldier quickened his pace, and as he did so his back began to straighten and his eyes lost the haunted look of a trapped animal, a look composed of bewilderment and dismay.

LATE at night they had not yet crossed the border although the soldier had not slackened his pace. On the contrary the flight officer had had to summon him repeatedly to slow down or wait because the line was stretching too much, and he did not want the soldier to be too far ahead of him in the darkness. First one of the airmen, then another, then a third had asked to rest a while. The officer was just as tired, but his position was a strong incentive. He had insisted that they go on.

Finally, the officer stopped. He had a haggard look as he addressed his guide: "We can't tramp about all night without food and sleep. And we can't risk falling asleep unless we are in some sort of a warm shelter, or we might never get up again. And if we can't you can't. As soon as we cross the border, we'll have what we want, and you too, plenty of food and warm clothes. And you'll be even better off than we, because for you the war will be over, and nothing to worry about. You have nothing to lose. So better make it straight, and make it fast."

"You don't want to meet a patrol, do you? Then follow me. I lead, you follow. I don't want to meet a patrol either. I do my best to avoid them, but that's difficult. I must be very careful."

The airmen began arguing among themselves. Lack of food and sleep and nervous and physical exhaustion were affecting their tempers. Their voices sounded clipped and irritable.

"I told you so," the navigator was bitterly reproaching. "We shouldn't have dragged this ballast along with us. We should have tried to make a dash for it on skis. This man is just giving us the run-around."

"I don't think so. What good would that do him? He's just plain dumb. Those mountain people! He can't even stand on skis, this one! I rather think he's lost the way, and doesn't dare tell us for fear we might shoot him. He's dumb as hell, that's the trouble."

"Perhaps he's not so dumb," the navigator suggested. "Perhaps he's lost the way on purpose. Maybe he's as smart as a whip and it's we who are dumb."

"That would be smart, wouldn't it?" the officer scoffed. "What good would that do him, will you tell me?" He turned angrily on the soldier: "Say, perhaps you don't believe that we mean business. . . ." He struck him a short, hard blow on the forehead with the butt of his revolver. The soldier covered his face with both hands and slowly went down on his knees, then he came up again, a thin streak of blood running down his face, a big bruise beginning to swell on his forehead.

"I know you mean it," he said in a dead voice, without looking at the officer. "I swear to you that I know that you mean it."

"Then you know what's good for your health. Get going."

They resumed their march.

The night was clear and frosty. The five men were plowing their way through the snow, and with every mile their backs stooped a little more and their hunger increased a little and their hearts worked with a little more difficulty—for their strength was rapidly burning out with nothing to replace the lost energy except the reserves of their minds, their will power and determination and their moral tenacity.

The airmen were accustomed to cold and snow. Freezing temperatures prevailed in their cabin when they flew at twenty thousand feet; they were inured to snow, for they belonged to an outdoor people trained in skiing and all other winter sports. They were well set up and healthy, because only the very flower of youth was good enough for their job. But now they were without food, and they were not accustomed to that; they suffered from want of sleep.

Sleep was, at the present moment, the gravest of dangers, graver than hunger, because it acted more quickly than hunger; and lack of food made them an easier prey to sleep. Every now and then they would flail their arms to fight off the sleepiness and the gripping cold. The temptation to sit down and rest

"Oh, stop that silly chuckling! Try to think of something decent for a change!" BARBARA SHERMUND

for just a little while was strong; but the instinct of self-preservation was still stronger, and they continued on their way. Sometimes they munched a handful of snow that tasted of iron and ran down their throats and empty stomachs like an icy thread, or they chewed pine needles whose bitterness contracted their gums.

As to the soldier, no one knew how he felt. No one asked, nor cared. That was the first mistake the airmen made.

And in war, the first mistake is likely to be the last.

DAYLIGHT came late, because it was winter, and when it came, the four airmen were almost unrecognizable. Their faces were drawn, and they had grown visibly gaunt in the short span of time. Their lips were split, their eyes small and bloodshot, with lashes rimmed with rime. They stumbled frequently because their knees were weak and unsteady, and whenever they regained their feet, their hearts beat fast and made breathing difficult. By now they hated their prize, in whom they saw the cause of all their troubles.

"I think we've been marching in circles all night long," the navigator said. "This landscape looks familiar to me."

"Pray to God that we won't find our own tracks in the snow again," the soldier was told. "It will be the last time your boots leave any. What excuse have you now? Know where we are?"

"All mountains look alike," the soldier said with a vague gesture. "A range of mountains is like a flock of sheep. It's hard to tell one from the other. See that hill? Let's go up there. From there I'm sure I can find some landmarks that will guide us."

THE officer paled. "You mean to say that actually you've lost your way? That you don't know where we are?"

"The countryside looks different at night, and more different still when there's snow on the ground. I haven't been up here for a long time. But I will find the right way from the top of that hill; I know that."

There was nothing for the airmen to do but curse and give in. They could not let the man go alone nor did they want to separate on enemy ground. The ascent proved harder than expected. Sometimes they happened upon concealed gullies so filled with snow that they sank in to their hips. At other times, for no apparent reason, the snow was shallow and they stepped unexpectedly on hard ground or on stones, forcing them to tread carefully lest they turn their ankles. It was a treacherous ground.

They trudged along with extreme difficulty, laboriously crunching the snow, tottering as they marched, advancing so slowly that they spent the whole day in the climb of what had seemed but a hill. The top had always seemed near, but what had seemed the top turned out to be only a shoulder, and once the shoulder was reached, another crest appeared to be the top. When the top was finally reached, night had fallen again, for the sun had set early. The summit was dreary and wind-swept and there was nothing to see but darkness, for the sky was now overcast.

The airmen could have lighted a big fire and warmed themselves, and it would have been all to the good if by so doing they had attracted somebody's, anybody's, attention. Then they would have been done with their hardships, even if it did mean spending the rest of their war days behind barbed wire. But they belonged, as we saw, to the flower of youth, and were proud and ambitious. On several occasions they had seen that the most desperate situations could be saved by just sticking it out, by clenching one's teeth and setting one's jaw. This they did.

But because they suffered acute pain of body and mind, their hatred of their inept guide grew, grew so intense that they could have killed him in cold blood had they been accustomed to kill otherwise than from the air. The war was still too young and the men were not sufficiently hardened. Their killing had always been done scientifically and never at close quarters. But their hatred was bitter enough to engender the wish to kill, the wish to be able to kill. They pounded their guide in the stomach a few times for good measure and to refresh his memory.

THE soldier stood erect with the wind driving in his face, looking out at the landscape below as a fresh day rose tardily, looking at the mountains with eyes that betrayed no emotion, or recognition, or even interest—like eyes that look at a flock of sheep. The mountains looked like a gigantic flock of sheep, each one different yet all alike to the unknowing eye.

The airmen stood beside him, faces in dejection, faces in sorrow, faces in anger, driven witless by their impotent rage.

"See anything?" the officer demanded.

"Yes." The soldier extended an arm. "See that mountain? When we get on the other side of it, you will be able to see the border."

The officer glanced at the rising sun.

"That means changing direction again," he said.

"Sure. We had to go a bit to the north in order to climb this hill," the soldier explained.

One man sat down in the snow, resting his head on his hands, and his eyelids drooped like lead.

"Get up!" the officer cried. "Get up, and on our way!"

They plodded on, floundering in the snow, often falling, reeling down the slopes, the snow coming up to their belts, melting with the warmth of their bodies and soaking them. The airmen were lucky to have their heavy leather jackets, but their boots were inadequate—light aviators' boots, neither watertight nor made for rough ground.

The soldier was even worse off, but he did not seem to mind, he did not seem to labor, he plowed his way onward relentlessly, with a sort of savage pleasure. He had to stop repeatedly so that the others could catch up. Then he would give a quick glance over his shoulders at the men who were trailing behind him in sour silence, surly and morose. They had even stopped flailing their arms. They were as though stunned by fatigue and exhaustion.

It was in the early afternoon that one man failed to get up from a fall. The officer, who was closest to the guide, noticed it after a while and ordered the man to get up, receiving no answer. Cursing, he retraced his steps and tried to shake the man back to his feet.

"Let me rest for just an hour," the man implored. There was nothing bold in his tone of voice now. "Just for half an hour! I'll be all right again."

"Nothing doing," the officer said, shaking him by the shoulders, as the others stood in their tracks silent and motionless in an attitude of weariness and indifference that dismayed him.

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The man did not get up. The officer began to be scared. To him this lethargy and the other men's apathy seemed like a clear foreboding of doom. Even their instinct of self-preservation seemed to be frozen still. The day before, the airmen had looked upon their trek as just another incident in their logbook, another adventure. Now they saw it from a different angle. Every sporting chance was fading quickly; the question was no more whether they would succeed in re-entering their own territory, or whether they would be captured. Now it had become a question of survival, no longer of achievement.

The officer had to call his men repeatedly before they pulled themselves together and stumbled toward him. They lifted the prone man to his feet. Then, catching sight of their prisoner who was slowly approaching to help, they loosed their wrath on him. They beat him with their fists savagely and desperately. It was the fact that they knew they must go on that exasperated them. Now they were ripe for murder. Only their deeper instincts still dimly told them that the soldier was their biggest, their only hope.

"Listen, man," the officer breathed angrily. "You're not going to see your people again as long as this war lasts. Your only chance to see them again at all in this world is to guide us to our people as soon as you can. Or do you want us all to die? You can't be as dumb as all that!"

The soldier answered in a voice that sounded calm, "March with me. Have patience." And without waiting for an answer, he marched on.

The airmen followed, their heads whirling, their knees trembling, reeling, swaying, hardly noticing where they stepped, nor aware any more of their own pains and discomfort, hardly noticing that darkness was slowly closing in again, that the air was growing stiller, drier, colder than ever before. They were entering the regions beyond care and sensation.

The mountains, like a colossal embodiment of silence, were patiently watching.

THE officer in charge was at his desk when the soldier reported for duty.

"How was the wedding?" he asked cheerily. "You look as if you had a thousand Arabian nights behind you!"

"There was no wedding," the soldier said sourly.

The officer became curious, and by dint of asking he wormed the whole story out of the soldier.

"Do you know what you're saying?" he asked, half astonished, half incredulous. "They just fell asleep, you say? And you left them? We must find them! Why didn't you report that at once? We can't leave enemy soldiers rambling about at large in our territory! Are you crazy?"

"Oh, they're not rambling . . . They won't bother us any more."

"But they're alive?"

"They must still be alive."

Judging from the officer's excitement, the soldier felt that he was in for trouble again. And he had worked so hard to be back before his leave expired! If he had only managed it so that the story of those enemy soldiers hadn't been brought up . . .

"Where are those men?"

"About two hours from here."

A patrol was ordered to leave with the soldier at once. The soldier devoured incredible amounts of beef stew and hot coffee while the patrol was being picked, and soon his face lost its look of weariness. He tramped off lustily, answering the harassing questions of the patrol sergeant, who seemed greatly interested in what had happened.

When they arrived at the spot, they found the four airmen huddled together against a tree, their bodies curled up in motionless sleep, their fur collars turned up over their colorless faces. They did not stir when their revolvers were taken from them, nor was it possible to shake them back to their feet. They had to be carried away on the soldiers' backs and remained in stiff lethargy all the way.

THE following morning the soldier set out on his leave for the second time. This time the pass he carried in his tunic was good for a fortnight's furlough, and his heart was swelled with pride because of the words of praise that had been spoken to him. He had not quite understood wherein lay the alleged greatness of his feat. He had simply come back in time, that was all. But he had been told that it was indeed a feat to bring in singlehanded so handsome a prize as a crew of highly trained airmen. But he hadn't captured them, he had argued. However, if they insisted on putting it that way, it was all right with him, especially if that made it possible for him to get to Helena at last.

He felt the strain of the past days in his bones, but he marched briskly just the same, for the setbacks of his first expedition had only increased his desire for the girl. As he approached the shack again, he caught himself scanning the sky for a plane about to land—and he burst into hearty laughter. He knew he had grown in wisdom since that last time: if the same thing were to happen again, he would quietly hide in the bushes until all danger was over. But he saw no plane.

He entered the shack with soaring spirits, and all slowness and awkwardness disappeared from his movements amid the familiar surroundings.

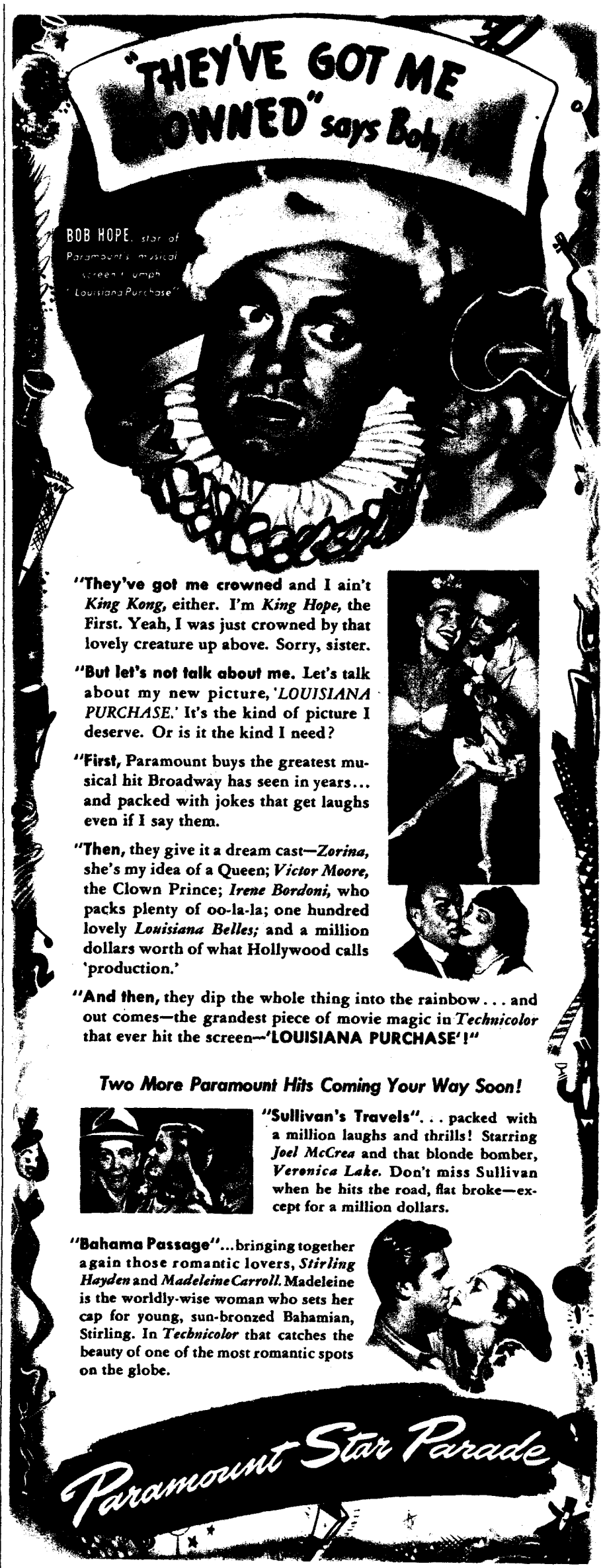
He grasped a pair of skis from the bundle that the airmen had left open, stroked the hard palm of his hand over the wax under the runners until it warmed and smoothed, and left the shack, shutting the entrance as best he could.

Then, the skis on his shoulder, he tramped over the top until the valley beyond opened up before his eyes. Down there was the little village, an agglomeration of cottages huddled together in the snow as if to seek one another's warmth, all gathered around the little church with its pointed steeple that gleamed in the sun.

The soldier adjusted the toe irons on the skis tightly to his boots, making sure that each boot remained solidly in line without the slightest side play. Then he fitted each heel spring snugly around the heel, swiftly and expertly slipping the cable into the farthest hitch; this assured him the strongest downhill pull, for a fast, straight run down. Then he gripped the poles firmly through the loops. He was ready now.

He stood erect and motionless, gazing at the dazzling sun-bathed valley below and at the surrounding mountains, scornful in their majestic silence. He thrust both poles into the snow and, arching his body, pulled away. The skis slid over the snow and pointed downhill, close to each other, exactly parallel, one slightly advanced. As he picked up speed, the soldier pressed his knees forward, elastic and supple. His body, tense and balanced and pitched forward, began to maneuver and swing up and down according to the terrain, the shoulders smoothly starting the turns, the knees safely absorbing the shocks.

He grinned broadly. He felt good. He hardly remembered what had happened. He felt young. He was strong again. He knew this would be the fastest run he had ever made from his shack down to Helena.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Paramount Star Parade

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A Brace of Ducks

Continued from page 19

had helped build it, because every evening he would sit out on the front steps with a pair of field glasses supervising each detail of construction. It made him unhappy to see Mr. Pegdon getting on so well.

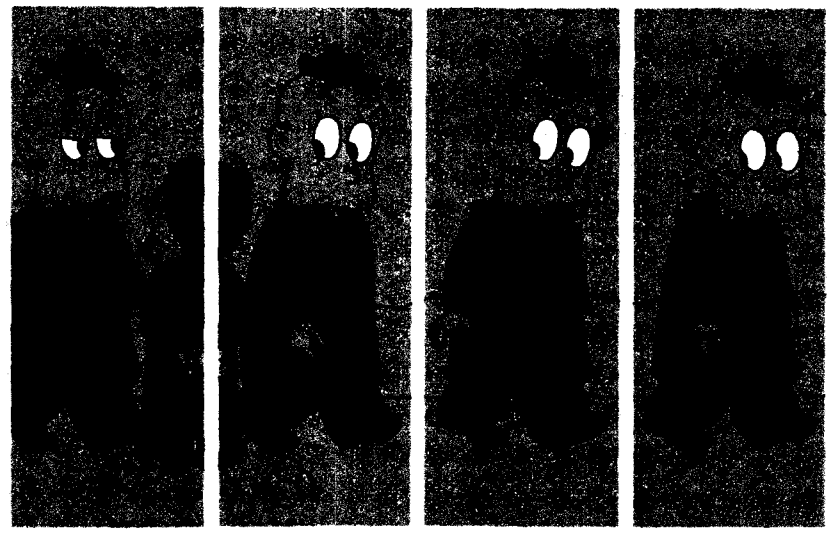
But it was obvious all along that my father still wanted to make friends with the Pegdons, and that his hurt pride was the only thing that kept him from it. My mother and I hoped that sooner or later he would get over it. He probably would have too, if it hadn't been for the second thing. The second thing happened in midsummer.

I was helping put in postholes along the south boundary of our land the day the ducks lit on Mr. Pegdon's reservoir. We saw them coming in from the north, eight of them, flying in wedge formation and flying high, but when they saw the water they banked and circled, and came in for the landing with their wings beating across the surface of the pond.

My father stood there watching them, shading his eyes with one hand against the sun. "Starting south early this year," he said. He pitched the posthole digger into the back end of the wagon. "How'd you like roast duck for supper, Davie?"

I said I'd like it. Any time you could get fresh meat it was fine. We lived fourteen miles out of town, and it was a dawn-till-dark trip there and back in a buckboard. We only made it about once a month. Whenever we went to town we had fresh meat for a few days. You could hang it down the cistern in a bucket and it would keep fairly cool. The rest of the time we ate bacon and ham, smoked meats that would keep without refrigeration.

"I've eaten so darned much pork," my father said, "you could feed me out of a trough. I've always been very partial to roast duck. With dressing."



Boy with Snowballs CROCKETT JOHNSON

IT WAS closed season, of course. The hunting season didn't open until October, but my father said that in that godforsaken country anything that came on your land was an act of benevolence on the part of the Lord, and that a man was entitled to it. Strictly speaking, the ducks weren't on our land, but they had passed over it, and that was approximately the same thing.

We drove home in a hurry and left the team standing in the front yard. My father got his double-barreled shotgun. I got my .22.

We drove to within two or three hundred yards of the reservoir and hitched the team to a fence post, and climbed through the wire. My father walked ahead, and I followed him at about two paces, walking carefully so as not to make any noise.

We came over the brow of the coulee about thirty-five yards from the water. The ducks were swimming around placidly, quacking and dipping their heads under the water occasionally after something to eat. They hadn't seen us.

"No gentleman," my father said, "would shoot at a setting duck. You scare them up, Davie."

I was apparently not a gentleman because I tried hard enough. Shooting at something to eat, though, wasn't the same thing as shooting at gophers, and I was nervous. I missed by a good two feet, and you could hear the drumming of their wings when they got up. The shotgun went off twice, close to my ear, and then the ducks were flying low and fast.

Two of them didn't fly though. They had dropped, clean-killed, and within easy reaching distance of the shore. I walked across the dam to pick them up.

They were fine fat mallard, and my father was very pleased, as much with his marksmanship as with the ducks, but his pleasure didn't stop him from pointing out something that Mr. Pegdon had finally done wrong. He was standing in the middle of the dam when I came back.

"It just goes to show, Davie," he said, "what mistakes a man can make when he's too proud to ask advice of people who know."

He was talking about the dam.

"No sluiceways," my father said. "We'll get a gully washer some day and it'll take his dam clear to Texas."

He seemed mildly pleased at the prospect, and what he said was true enough. It didn't rain often in that country, but when it did rain it rained plenty. We built our dams usually with a floodgate and a flume arrangement that could take off the overflow and relieve the pressure on the dam during a hard rain, and Mr. Pegdon hadn't done that. His was a plain earth fill scooped out and piled up with a team and a fresno, and it would wash out if water ever started running over the top. I knew all that, but my father explained it to me anyway. We stood there for maybe ten or fifteen minutes while he talked, and that was what caused the trouble.

IF WE had got out right away it wouldn't have happened. As it was we were only about halfway back to the wagon when we saw a man coming toward us through the dusk. It was Mr. Pegdon.

My father said, "Give me the ducks, Davie, and don't say anything. You can never tell about a man like that."

Being a newcomer, Mr. Pegdon would probably not know about the ducks being an act of benevolence on the part of the Lord. I gave them to my father and he crammed them down the bib of his overalls. They bulged a little, but he was a big man, and he was wearing a jumper, and in the bad light they didn't show too much. I was scared though. I stood there with my teeth chattering and looked at Mr. Pegdon. He had come within talking distance by that time.

"I thought I heard a couple of shots a while ago."

My father waved his arm. "Saw a coyote over in my field and followed him over here thinking I might get a chance at him."

Mr. Pegdon said, "Oh."

THE way he said it sounded like a question, and it was easy to see that he didn't believe what my father had said. I didn't blame him. My father was a poor liar, and it was a poor story. If I'd said it I would have made it a rabbit instead of a coyote, because in that flat country nobody would go after a coyote with a shotgun, and if he did he would never get close enough to use it. That was apparently what Mr. Pegdon was thinking because he kept looking at the gun. My father shuffled his feet uneasily, and then it happened.

I heard the plop, and I was afraid to look down, and my father was suddenly as stiff as though he were a memorial statue in a park. He didn't look down either.

Mr. Pegdon did though. He looked down at what had slipped out through the leg of my father's overalls. "I suppose the ducks died of fright," he said. Then he turned around and walked away.

My father didn't eat much that night at supper. We had the ducks, with apple stuffing, and mashed potatoes and gravy, and canned peas, and he hardly touched anything. It surprised my mother.

"I thought you wanted duck," she said.

Father put his fork down. "It's like eating gold," he said. He pushed his plate away. "Twenty-five dollars fine for each bird and you expect me to enjoy it." Then he told her what had happened that afternoon.

My mother's eyes were worried when he had finished, and it was something to worry about all right. It had been a hot, dry summer and the wheat was poor, and fifty dollars cash would have seen us through part of the winter.

"Maybe he won't say anything," she said.

My father shrugged his shoulders. "What can you expect from a dude like that."

Mother said, "Maybe if you went over and explained to Mr. Pegdon . . ."

My father banged his fist on the table so hard that the dishes jumped. "And have him think I'm trying to make friends with him on account of a dead duck," he said. "I'll be darned if I will. I'd rather go to jail."

I had a fine picture of it in my mind—my father behind bars and wearing one of the striped suits that convicts always wore in pictures. It was pretty awful.

I waited two weeks for it to happen, and nothing happened. And then, one evening, *it happened*.

It got dark early that evening and the clouds were a solid black in the northwest where they'd been gathering since noon. My father and I went out to tie things down. When we came back to the house the air was heavy and oppressive, and you could hear the far-off roll of thunder.

At nine o'clock I climbed the ladder to the half loft over the living room where I slept, and it hadn't started raining yet, but when I woke up at midnight there was a long, steady roaring on the roof, and you could almost read a paper by the lightning flashes.

I got out of bed. The house was shaking from the beat of the rain, and the sound of the thunder was sharp and crackling. There was lamplight shining on the rafters from the living room, and I got down on my stomach and hooked my chin over the edge of the loft, looking down. My father was sitting at the table with his nightshirt tucked into a pair of pants and rolling a cigarette.

"I don't mind going over there," he said. "I don't mind getting half drowned or struck by lightning. But what I do mind is what he's going to think. I go over there and he'll think I thought I had to do it on account of those ducks, and it makes me look like a hypocrite."

"I know, Lon," my mother said. She was standing beside him. She had her hair down her back and a wrapper over her nightgown. "Think of his stock, though," she said. "He won't have any water for them if his dam goes out."

"All right," my father said. "All right." He raised his voice. "Davie."

I said, "Yessir."

He looked up to where I was drooping over the edge of the loft floor. "You'll fall out of there on your face some day," he said. "Get your clothes on. I'm going to need all the help I can get."

He had the lantern lighted, and two shovels and a pick leaning against the door when I got downstairs.

It was a solid black outside, with only the bobbing light of the lantern ahead of me except when the lightning flashed. When it did flash you couldn't see anything on account of the rain.

WE CLIMBED through the wire at our south boundary, and a hundred yards farther on we saw a speck of light ahead of and below us. My fathed yelled over the sound of the rain, "Pegdon's there already. I didn't give him credit for having sense enough to think of it."

We went on down. There were a thousand separate streams running down the sides of the coulee, and the lantern light glinted on the surface of the water in the reservoir. It was brown-looking and foamy. Sticks and tumbleweeds and sagebrush were moving around in little whirlpools. The water was already lapping at the top of the dam.

We didn't waste any time. My father said, "If you feel it going, Davie, run for high ground," and started digging.

There were two things we had to do, and the second thing was the hardest. We had to ditch it first, and then we had to keep the outrushing water from widening and deepening the ditch and cutting into the dam, and that was the hard part. We dug our drain in the solid ground of the coulee bank, and

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when we opened it up the water came through like the midnight mail. I felt the earth giving way beneath my feet, and my father stuck his shovel in the ditch against the flow. I could hear him yelling above the sound of the water and the rain.

"Get some rocks, Davie. Get anything you can find."

I took Mr. Pegdon's lantern and carried rocks. I found some old fence posts and a few pieces of plank, and my father was up to his knees in the water throwing a riprap against the sides of the ditch.

I lugged rocks until my legs ached. The rain had stopped after an hour, but that coulee drained ten miles of country and the flow of water kept coming. It almost got away from us a few times, but finally, with the rocks and the fence posts and the planks we had managed a rough sort of flume that carried the water without cutting into the earth, and the level in back of the dam started dropping.

It was getting daylight by that time. My father stood by the side of the ditch watching the water flowing through. He was an awful-looking sight. The nightshirt was hanging out of his pants and it was the same color as the pants were, and he had lost his hat somewhere. He even had mud in his hair. He was very proud of having saved the dam, though.

He said, "I guess it'll take care of itself now. Come on, Davie."

He hadn't spoken to Mr. Pegdon all night, and he didn't speak to him now. He wanted to make it perfectly clear that he would have done the same thing for anybody and that there had been no feeling of obligation connected with it as far as he was concerned. He made it clear all right. He made it so clear that it was almost an insult. It was a very eloquent silence. Mr. Pegdon had opened his mouth to say something once, and my father turned his back on him. He gathered up his lantern and his tools. After we went away he didn't look back. I didn't look back either.

A HALF-HOUR later I was sitting in the kitchen with my feet in a tub of hot water. I had been scrubbed with a coarse towel until I had a tingly feeling all over, and I had a comforter around my shoulders. My father was sitting across the table. He had on a bathrobe and he had washed the mud off his face. My mother was making hot lemonade and she had brought the whisky bottle from the cupboard.

"I expect Mr. Pegdon was grateful for your help," she said.

My father said, "I don't know. I didn't wait long enough to find out."

He took a big drink of whisky out of a glass, and my mother measured a tablespoonful into the hot lemonade for me. I could see the look of disappointment on her face, and I knew she had hoped the same way I had, that after he had helped Mr. Pegdon my father would change his mind. It is usually hard to stay mad at anybody you have done a favor for, but it was obvious that my father would never be friends with Mr. Pegdon as long as he remembered the ducks, and that would unquestionably be for a very long time.

My mother had come to the end of her patience though. She had waited long enough for father to get over his anger, and when he didn't show any signs of getting over it she took matters in her own hands.

It took a week for the roads to dry up. When they were solid again my father took the big wagon into town for a load of coal, and that day my mother asked me to saddle old Rusty for her. It was unusual enough to arouse my curiosity, but I didn't ask questions. My mother was looking secretive and mysterious.

I saddled the horse and brought him up from the barn, and when mother came out of the house I knew it was a special occasion. She had on the long black riding skirt, and the black coat that was something like a man's coat, and a white stock with a pin in it, and the hat like a man's derby. It made her look young and very pretty. Before she had married my father she had lived in Kentucky and rode horses a lot, but the riding habit had been packed away in a trunk ever since I could remember. She rode sidesaddle. I helped her mount.

"I'm going over to the Pegdons'," she said. "But don't tell your father. This foolishness has gone on long enough."

I agreed with her, but I had no idea of what she meant to do about it. It was very hard to change my father's ideas once he had his mind made up.

"You won't tell him, Davie?"

"No," I said. "Do you think I can maybe play with that boy over there, Mamma?"

"Honey," she said, "you can play with anybody you want to after I get back."

I stood there and watched her ride away over the flat, and tried to be hopeful about it, but I still didn't know what she could do.

I found out what she had done a few days later. It was the first of September by then, and the weather was raw and cold. We had our coal stored in the shed, and our house banked with earth against the coming winter. The sky had been heavy and overcast for two or three days with a thin, chilly rain falling.

IT WAS late in the afternoon when Mr. Pegdon drove into our yard. I was looking out the window, and I saw the wagon coming a half mile away. I could hear the creak of the wheels when it got closer, and the rattle and bounce when it came across the fireguard. It stopped in front of our door. Mr. Pegdon was sitting hunched up on the seat with the collar of a sheepskin coat turned up high around his neck. He didn't get down.

My mother went to the door. Mr. Pegdon lifted his hat and I could hear him talking:

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Mitchell. Is your husband at home?"

"I'll call him," my mother said.

My father didn't want to go to the door, but he went, finally. He didn't ask Mr. Pegdon to come in. He nodded his head and stood there on the steps not saying anything.

Mr. Pegdon said, "Mitchell, I've got a horse that's pulled up lame. I'd appreciate it very much if you could find time to come over and take a look at him."

My father was going to refuse. It always made him feel good when people asked him for advice or help, and he had never refused to give it, but he was going to refuse this time. You could tell it just by looking at him. He had his jaw out, and he was going to settle things once and for all. He was going to tell Mr. Pegdon that he didn't feel obliged in any way to do any favors for him, and he would appreciate it if he would get his flea-bitten horses, and his wagon, and his sheepskin coat and himself off my father's property as soon as possible.

He had his mouth all open to say it when Mr. Pegdon turned around on the wagon seat, and something fell out of his coat pocket.

It made a gentle thud when it hit the ground, and my father looked down. It was a duck. It was a canvas-back, and not a mallard, and it was only one instead of two, but it was still a duck, and it was still three weeks until hunting season opened.

Nobody said anything for a minute. Mr. Pegdon was trying to act as though he hadn't noticed anything. My father closed his mouth and stood there for a minute looking down, thinking.

IT WAS the duck that finally decided him. It removed whatever obligation he may have felt, and it put him and Mr. Pegdon back on an equal footing, so that Mr. Pegdon's asking for advice was just like anybody else asking.

My father bent down and picked the duck up, and put it in the back of the wagon and covered it up with a gunny sack.

"You have to be careful of those things," he said. "I expect you had to kill it in self-defense, but some of the people around here might get some sort of a mistaken idea. . . . If you'll wait just a minute I'll ride along over and take a look at that horse you mentioned."

He turned back into the house, and after a while he came out of the bedroom. He had his high-heeled boots, and the flannel shirt, and his new hat on. He got up on the seat beside Mr. Pegdon and they drove away.

When he came back he was driving Mr. Pegdon's team hitched to a buckboard. He left them standing in the yard and came into the house. He didn't say anything at first. He went out into the kitchen and got a chair to stand on so he could look up on top of the cupboard.

"I had some horse liniment up here some place," he said. He moved the bottles around and after a while he found what he wanted. "Just a sprain," he said. "Be all right in a few days, but cold weather like this a little liniment won't do any harm."

He put the chair back in the corner, and stood there looking at the bottle, a little embarrassed by what he was going to say next. Finally he said, "Pegdon got four of those ducks, and Mrs. Pegdon said that they couldn't eat them all by themselves. She wanted to know if we'd come over there to supper tonight."

My mother said very soberly, "All right, Lon. If you'd like it."

My father was very relieved at the way she took it. He stopped looking at the bottle and got businesslike. "Davie can drive you over later," he said. "I'll go back and take care of that horse."

My mother said, "That'll be fine, Lon. It will give me time to change my dress."

She didn't start smiling until my father had gone outside again.

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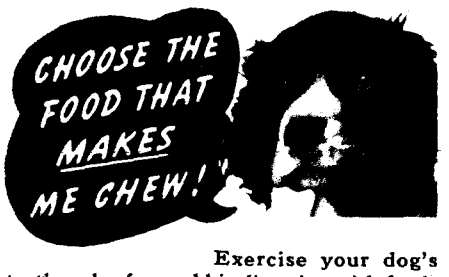

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This Babe, Ruth

Continued from page 11

Once she even got herself mixed up in a baseball game with the Homestead Grays, and knocked out a double and a single out of three trips to the plate.

About the only thing she hasn't done so far has been to get married. This is probably the aftereffect of an experience which she went through when she was on tour in 1937. All at one time the Associated Press had her secretly married to Vicki Barna, the male champion; the United Press had her secretly married to Sandor Glancz, her partner; International News Service had her secretly married to Michele Glichman, the Russian champion; and in every European town, the adoring citizenry greeted her with much winking of the eyes and throwing of bridal wreaths.

What makes Ruthie click? Once she trained for every match like a prize-fighter prepared for a fight—with training rules, road work and everything else thrown in. Today she doesn't train a lick and obtains the same results. Sandor Glancz, her partner, says, "Ruth plays table tennis like two men."

It is the consensus of the experts that Ruth possesses the hardest forehand the game has ever seen. As the ball approaches, her lithe body coils up like a spring. The spring uncoils with a swoosh of rushing air. Her feet leave the ground. And the ball rockets onto the table and off again into the far reaches of the neighboring atmosphere. With this forehand she has defeated every male champion extant, in exhibition matches. Sol Schiff, a former national champion, once said: "When Ruth winds up her forehand drive, I greatly lament the fact that I am not assisted by a shortstop, a second baseman, and Joe DiMaggio!"

Good—and Graceful

In addition to possessing the most devastating attack in captivity, Ruth also plays a defensive game that is amazing. She can retrieve any shot within thirty-five feet of the table. Frequently she has ended up in the orchestra pit or the front-row boxes, after making impossible returns. In Bucharest in 1937, she kept a ball in play for one hour and thirty-five minutes—in the process of which she exhibited so much grace that she was approached with ecstatic offers by the manager of the Rumanian Ballet.

She can put enough backspin into a shot to cause any return to end up at the exact spot from which it was served. She can administer enough topspin to cause the ball merely to dribble stupidly off her opponent's paddle. After two hours of this in the 1936 International Championships in Prague, Maria Kettnerova, the Czechoslovakian star, threw up her hands, wept bitterly and suffered a nervous breakdown in full view of the amazed crowd of 9,000 people.

For three years table tennis took Ruth all over the world, especially to central Europe, which was then the hotbed of table-tennis fanaticism.

In 1936 she was playing an exhibition against Astrid Krebsbach before a choice audience of Nazi dignitaries at Baden, Austria. As usual, Ruth was having a wonderful time, smashing shots from all angles, and performing tricks with the ball that had Fräulein Krebsbach's tongue hanging out after the second game. After each of the German girl's shots, the audience would rise to its feet and chant, "Heil Hitler!"

Ruth smiled appreciatively at this childish display, and happily blasted a few more shots past the helpless Krebsbach. Finally she drove the winning point home. Dead silence blanketed the room. Nobody moved.

Suddenly Ruth dropped her paddle and walked directly up to a distinguished-looking gentleman in the first row. "Do you play table tennis, *mein Herr?*" she asked with a ravishing smile. The gentleman puffed up noticeably. "Oh, yes," he beamed, "I pride myself in being one of the finest players in Vienna."

"Then play with me," said Ruth very audibly. And she turned and walked back to the table.

The distinguished-looking gentleman grew red. He sputtered and perspired. He looked about in helpless bewilderment. Then he climbed to his feet and followed Ruth obediently to the center of the floor. The final score was 21 to 0. The final shot bounced gaily off the distinguished gentleman's pince-nez, knocking his toupee askew in passage.

The distinguished-looking gentleman was Dr. Arthur Seyss-Inquart, little fuehrer of the about-to-be-Nazified Austria.

That same year, when she first arrived in London to appear before a record crowd in world-famous Wembley Stadium, the girls were still playing in ugly tennis skirts. This was all Ruth needed. The next day she stepped onto the floor of the stadium, clad in her most clinging, contour-revealing, scarlet and blue slacks. The dowagers gasped, as only English dowagers can. The police made ready to close the establishment for indecency. Ruth was yanked off the floor, and deposited on the carpet before the International Table Tennis Association. The officials thundered, they pleaded, they wept. But Ruth refused to take off the slacks.

Finally the officials yielded and allowed play to resume. Before the end of that tournament, there wasn't a skirt to be seen on the floor of Wembley Stadium. Every girl in the place was wearing slacks! And more than 15,000 people had crowded into the arena for the finals, mainly to observe Ruth in her scarlet-and-blue splendor.

It so happens that Ruth comes by this flair for the dramatic honestly. She was born into an extremely theatrical family back in 1919, just about between the second and third acts of Dear Brutus. Her father was Alfred E. Aarons, producer, song writer and theater manager of the early Sam Harris era. Her mother was Leila Hughes, one of the great musical-comedy stars of the prewar days. Consequently, Ruth's early years were spent in an atmosphere resembling backstage at a Marx Brothers' production.

When she was about three years old, Ruth suddenly blossomed forth with a sweep of the right hand that was terrific. This was useful in eating, and in repelling attacks by other three-year-olds in near-by Central Park. Her father, however, interpreted it in a somewhat different manner. "Just look at the finesse of that arm movement," he said fondly to his wife. "Already I can see her playing the Ophelia mad scene in Hamlet."

By the time she was twelve, however, the sweep of the right arm had become a deadly forehand drive on the tennis court atop the roof of the Aarons' apartment house. Still Mr. Aarons did not give up hope. "It's all right," he explained to his wife, "she's just practicing to play Esmeralda in The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

"I'm at Fort McClellan. Just ask for Tom"

But when at the age of fourteen, Ruth turned to table tennis and wandered in one day with no less than the National Championship in her pocket, her father shrugged his shoulders and said, "Well, maybe some day she'll be an acrobat in vaudeville."

Ruth's rise to tennis fame was meteoric. Three months after she first held a table-tennis paddle in her hand, this infant of fourteen won her first championship! At an age when most female athletes were putting away their dolls and conducting their first experiments with lipstick and boy friends, the skinny blond kid from New York was standing the best table-tennis wizards of Europe on their ears.

It all came about in a very peculiar manner. Ruth was playing her favorite game of tennis up on the apartment roof one day, when a sudden squall of rain drove her inside. Just to pass the time, she began to play table tennis with a youngster named Butch, who prided himself on being the champion of the neighborhood. After Butch had disengaged himself from the aforementioned sweep of the Aarons right arm, he was champion no longer. Ruth had deposited his highness on the seat of his pants, to the tune of 21 to 3!

After that, just out of adolescent curiosity, little 90-pound Ruth entered other tournaments. She won them all. By playing hooky from school, she got herself sent to the national championships in Cleveland. There, with shameful disdain for reputation, she proceeded to beat Jessie Purves in straight games. Miss Purves had just been voted the outstanding woman athlete of America!

A Shock for Mr. Terentieff

At Stamford, Connecticut, in 1935, Vladimir Terentieff, the former Cornell tennis coach, happened to notice her knocking the cover off a tennis ball at the local courts.

"Gadzooks!" exclaimed Mr. Terentieff. And from that moment on, he devoted himself exclusively to the cause of making Ruth the world's greatest tennis player.

Ruth protested feebly for a few days and then succumbed to Terentieff's coaching. Terentieff was already dreaming sweet dreams of Queen Ruth at Newport, Rye and Forest Hills, when his alleged protégée came up and spoke to him. "Goodby," she said, "I'm going back to New York."

A tremendous shudder shook Terentieff's frame. "What for?" he thundered.

"To play table tennis in a night club for five hundred dollars a week," said Ruth.

It wasn't until she started playing in night clubs that Ruth's glamor began to shine through to the outer world. Her debut came in 1936, when her brother Alex (now a Hollywood producer) arranged an audition for her at the Rainbow Room.

Ruth was really hot that day. She scooped shots out of soup plates. She made returns from the brass section of the orchestra. All she could evoke from the cold cocktail crowd, however, was a mild lifting of the eyebrows. "Oh, oh," said Ruth, "I'm in the wrong pew."

On the way out, she noticed a man jumping up and down in excitement.

"You were terrific!" said the man.

"I agree with you," said Ruth, "but what's our opinion against the rest of the world?"

"Nothing," said the man, "except that *we* count. I'm John Roy, the manager. At my auditions, I pay people to come in and *not* applaud. I've got a contract here ready for you to sign."

Ruth signed for one week—and stayed for ten. The second night out, a few bored males wandered in, observed Miss Aarons in all her tawny glory, and then departed with mouths agape. The next night the place was jammed!

Then Ruth wowed them at the Waldorf-Astoria and at the Palmer House in Chicago. After that she cut a wide swath through the swank circuit from coast to coast.

Today, Ruth lives in a sumptuous apartment in New York. From the windows of this apartment there has been issuing lately a weird conglomeration of sounds. In rapid succession, Ruth has been heard practicing voice, writing songs and rehearsing the Ophelia mad scene from Hamlet with a sweeping stroke of the right arm.

No less an authority than Franchot Tone has proclaimed her a potentially better actress than a table-tennis player. No less an authority than Elsie Hunter has proclaimed her capable of being another Hildegarde among night-club singers. Only her song writing is slightly on the malodorous side.

Personally, we hope she sticks to table tennis.

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He Who Got Slapped

Continued from page 12

Some foreign observers again got excited at a subsequent Communist party conference when it was announced that Litvinoff was no longer a member of the Communist Party Central Committee. I discounted this myself because I knew that he'd never played party politics and had only been elected to the Central Committee because he was Foreign Commissar and that when he ceased to be Commissar it was natural enough that he withdraw from the Central Committee.

As a matter of fact Litvinoff found this period of "retirement" the first real vacation in thirty most strenuous years. He spent two or three months in the Caucasian resort of Kislovodsk instead of the two or three weeks he had formerly managed to snatch each year in Germany. He browsed around in the Lenin Institute with its magnificent library, watched his daughter's dancing classes and son's aviation course. And he told friends how pleased he was to rest after all these years. But in truth he was utterly bored. I was told he began to play chess again, which he'd given up twenty years ago—I mean as a serious game—because it distracted his mind from more important things. It was a time of eclipse and Litvinoff must have known it, but not a time of disgrace. Then the wheel of history turned and the blow that Stalin foresaw, against which he'd tried to use Litvinoff if only the West had listened, that blow — German invasion — came crashing down upon Russia. As I said, Stalin trusted Litvinoff and, now that the issue was clear, he summoned Litvinoff back to what perhaps is the most important diplomatic post in the world of today.

The Man Who Wouldn't Talk

I first met Litvinoff in October, 1919, in the old university town of Dorpat in Estonia, where he came to negotiate peace with the Estonian government. This was the first official contact since the peace of Brest-Litovsk between the Bolsheviks and the Western World outside the Soviet Union. He was then a short, thickset man in his early forties, who spoke English fluently with a guttural accent. He had spent several years in exile in London, where he had married an English wife, Ivy Low, a daughter of the well-known publicist, Morris Low, whose brother, Sir Sidney, was at one time Lord Mayor of London.

In the summer of 1918, the British agent in Moscow, Bruce Lockhart, was arrested on charge of complicity in the attempted murder of Lenin. Litvinoff was arrested and ultimately exchanged for Mr. Lockhart. It was perhaps significant that he was met at the Estonian border by the British high commissioner, Col. Tallents, whose influence was extremely great in Latvia and Estonia. Litvinoff refused to talk to him and was equally reserved with foreign correspondents, including six or seven representatives of American newspapers. He not only declined to talk with us but said it was useless to forward to Moscow the request of "bourgeois reporters" to enter the Soviet Union.

A fortunate accident enabled me to learn his plans. On the boat from Finland to Estonia I had met a Dutchman, former consul in Estonia, who greatly coveted a flashy coat I was wearing, which he wished to exchange for a more valuable but less showy fur-lined coat of his own. In order to persuade me, he related a most interesting conversation he had had with Litvinoff in Dorpat. He spoke Russian fluently and although the purpose of his interview was to obtain the release of some Dutch citizens detained in Russia, he found that Litvinoff was willing to talk freely of his plans and had even asked the Dutchman's advice about the journey to Stockholm and other points farther west.

Litvinoff's First Triumph

There was nothing particularly confidential in all this, but it was certainly news, and not only gave me a good story for my paper but was most welcome information to Col. Tallents, an old friend of mine, who was so pleased that he drove me down in his car to Riga and invited me to stay with his mission. I may add that the Soviet-Estonian negotiations were successful —Litvinoff's first diplomatic triumph— and that when they were finished a month or so later he did move onward to Stockholm and points west.

Litvinoff has little time for hobbies or amusements, as he rarely works less than fourteen hours a day. For several years after appointment as Foreign Commissar, he occupied a modest little apartment in what formerly had been the steward's office of the great mansion in Spiridonovka Street, Moscow, which was used as a guest house for distinguished visitors and for big Foreign Office receptions. Here he lived in four small rooms with his wife and son and daughter. Madame Litvinoff has written several books in English and Russian, notably a Russian novel about the "homeless children," which was translated and, I think, made the subject of a motion picture. More recently, she has devoted most of her time to the teaching of "basic English," a system invented by a Cambridge professor by which pupils learn a thousand essential words, mostly nouns and adjectives, and are able to speak passably in less than three months.

The former correspondent for the Manchester Guardian in Russia, Arthur Ransome, who knew Litvinoff very well, once informed me that the heart trouble from which he suffers was caused by the strain of a most daring adventure during the first abortive revolution. Litvinoff, it seems, was engaged in smuggling arms into Russia and found himself in a train one bitter winter night approaching the Russo-German frontier with a consignment of small automatic pistols concealed in the lining of his fur coat. Almost at the last minute, he was warned that the Czarist police were awaiting him, and as the train slowed down he leaped off into the snow with his precious but deadly contraband. He rolled over into the ditch, but the deep snow saved him from injury. He made his way through a neighboring wood unnoticed and for the next two nights tramped the forest in zero weather, hiding by daytime in an empty hut, without food or warmth. At last he reached a village on Russian soil where a group of revolutionaries found him more dead than alive from cold and hunger.

Ransome told me Litvinoff was one of the greediest men he had ever met—the only one, he said, who could outeat the famous singer Chaliapin at a sitting. Of course, that was twenty years ago, or more, and Ransome added: "You see, Maxim Maximovich used to get so buried in work that he'd forget all about food for twenty-four hours or more, and then come forth like a lion yelling for nourishment. His favorite food was gefuellte fish and wiener schnitzel but unlike Chaliapin he was most abstemious toward alcohol and I never saw him take more than a single nip of vodka and a glass of beer or wine. I asked him once whether the idea of kosher food affected him any more. For a moment he looked indignant then smiled and said, 'Arthur, you know I'm a Bolshevik but, nevertheless, I still prefer Jewish cooking to anything Paris can offer.' He also devoured quantities of pickled cucumbers but didn't much like blinis (pancakes) with caviar and sour cream, which Chaliapin adored, like all Russians."

I didn't know Litvinoff well until much later when perhaps he was on a diet for heart trouble. Anyway, I wondered how he remained so chubby, considering how little he ate, although his wife once told me that part of his regime was to take several small meals or snacks throughout the day instead of one or two heavy meals, which perhaps is the answer. To the best of my knowledge I have never seen him drink alcohol, and guests at Soviet official receptions often remarked that he only touched the champagne glass to his lips when drinking formal toasts.

Perhaps owing to his long stay in England, Litvinoff was one of the first veteran Bolsheviks to abandon the Russian blouse or collarless shirt with breeches and high boots, which in the early days of the revolution was almost conventional dress for Bolshevik leaders and which Stalin still retains. Litvinoff prefers an ordinary business suit with white collar and dark tie and, to tell the honest truth, looks very much like a New York businessman in the fur or garment trade. Not dressy nor flossy, but neat.

Litvinoff was born in the Jewish middle-bourgeois class and received a good education, which he completed by studies in Germany and England. He speaks German, English and French as well as Russian, but in all four his guttural accent is evident. He is a sound but not inspiring speaker, makes few gestures, has no oratorical tricks, and refers frequently to notes. He is logical and tenacious, but is apt to rouse antagonism by a certain brusqueness of manner. He does not, I think, like reporters; at least, he showed no great signs of such affection in Moscow, although my colleagues in Geneva and other European centers have declared that he was often willing to receive them when he had something of interest to say and always said it clearly and to the point. With me, he sometimes agreed to talk "off the record," but he never told me much and was very skillful in evading awkward questions.

That "Recognition" Frost

Litvinoff was given a cordial reception in Washington in 1933 when he came to negotiate terms of America's recognition of Russia, but the success of his negotiations was somewhat jeopardized by an incautious remark he had made in Paris that "all outstanding points at issue between the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. could be settled in half an hour's conversation." The American Administration had no such facile theories, and there followed ten or twelve days of as shrewd and stubborn a horse trade as history can record.

A point of especial difficulty was the exact status of the Comintern (Communist International) and its relation (a) to the Kremlin and Soviet government, (b) to Communist parties abroad. It was easy for Litvinoff to say with a wave of the hand that the Comintern had nothing whatever to do with the Soviet government, but the authorities in Washington were not slow to reply that

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the Communist or Bolshevik party of the U.S.S.R. appeared to be in full control of both Soviet government and Comintern, and that, therefore, the two latter organizations were like the right and left arms of one body, directed by a single head.

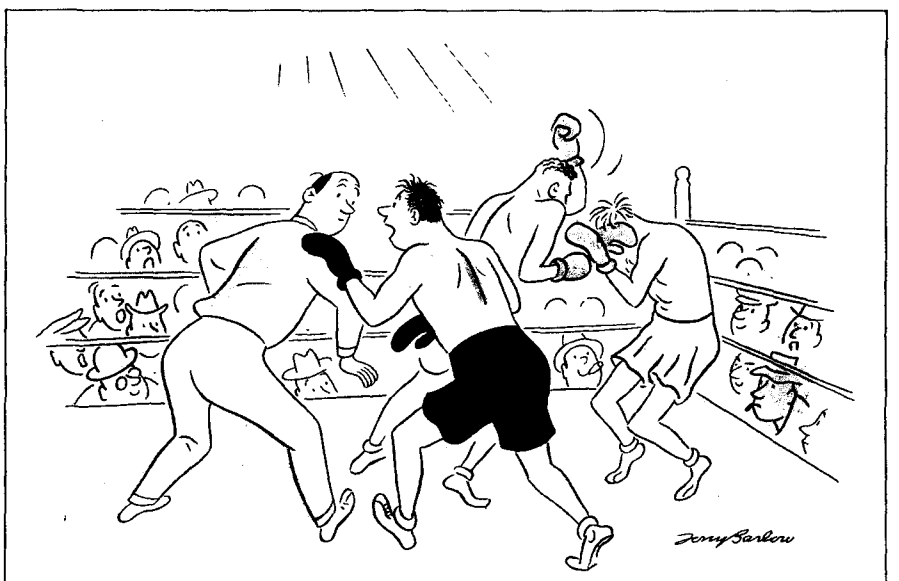
Reluctantly, Litvinoff gave pledges on this point, which later were not fully kept, in the opinion of the Washington Administration, which issued more than one sharp protest on the subject in the summer of 1935 and on other occasions. This factor contributed no little to the coolness which subsequently ensued between Washington and Moscow, although there were other reasons.

One of them, I think, was the reckless way in which certain senators and others who had advocated recognition of the U.S.S.R. and Soviet-American rapprochement generally talked about credits which the United States might be willing to advance for trade with U.S.S.R. In one case particularly the fantastic figure of $500,000,000 was mentioned as an immediate possibility. I am sure that the Russians thus were led to entertain most exaggerated hopes and their disappointment, when they discovered that business must be done on more practical and cautious lines, did much to mar the prospects of friendly association and collaboration between the two countries.

Afterward, the treason trials and the "purge" alienated American opinion still further, even in circles which had hitherto been favorable to the U.S.S.R. It has also been suggested in some quarters that Litvinoff made a mistake in leaving Washington almost immediately after the signature of the Russo-American agreement in December, 1933, because he wanted, people declared, to capitalize his diplomatic success elsewhere, and would have been wiser to stay and discuss fully and in detail various minor points, especially in regard to trade and credits.

Nine months later, the Soviet Union entered the League of Nations, and for several years to come Litvinoff fought an uphill fight against the statesmen of western Europe on behalf of collective security against the danger of Fascism. Once or twice his efforts seemed crowned with success, but always the League, led by Britain and France, gave little more than lip service to action against the aggressors.

The failure of sanctions against Italy in the Abyssinian campaign and the farce of "nonintervention" in Spain showed how the cards were stacked. Nevertheless, Litvinoff won a steadily growing reputation as a clear and resolute debater and as a shrewd and competent statesman. Whenever he spoke the assembly hall was crowded and his words very widely reported. Perhaps his greatest speech at Geneva was a fruitless attempt to convince the French and British delegates that Russia would adhere with all its influence, and force of arms if need be, to its pledge to aid Czechoslovakia. Litvinoff spoke in vain and the Munich betrayal followed.



"MacLean substituting for Maguire" TONY BARLOW

The Soviet Union won't forget the humiliation of Munich, when it was ignored and not even consulted while the French diplomats spread for weeks slimy stories about the Soviet Union's unwillingness to fight, with the insinuation that France, as Russia's virtual ally, had inside knowledge on the subject.

Nor will Litvinoff forget that climax of a long series of slights and intrigues at Geneva and its effect on his personal fortunes. He remembers the disarmament-conference swindle and what Simon did to the League's attempt to check Japan in Manchuria; how Hoare and Laval sold Abyssinia down the river with Chamberlain's approval; how the latter pronounced Abyssinia's epitaph—in short, the whole sorry tale of appeasement that led to war.

Here, I think, is perhaps the most important side of Litvinoff's appointment to Washington—he will have no truck with any who still may dream of "reasonable peace" with Hitler. Like a wise old hound he can scent their "red herrings" and foxy ways, and has never shown himself backward in saying bluntly what he knows.

The recent reception at the Soviet embassy, November 7th, anniversary of the Soviet National Birthday, gave ample proof of American sympathy for Russia's stubborn resistance. Litvinoff will appreciate that sympathy and is capable of understanding American sentiment and of smoothing out difficulties in the path of mutual co-operation. He has grown and mellowed with experience, and his profound knowledge of men and events in prewar Europe should be of utmost value not only during the war, but in framing the peace.

Atlanta Belle

Continued from page 22

at the pictures and Miss Keyes, and said: "Mr. DeMille should see you!"

Evelyn smiled, beautifully.

Her own personal guardian angel took things in hand. When the great DeMille was confronted with the blond innocence and obvious good breeding of The Pride of Atlanta, he beamed, motioned her to a chair, and gazed at her for some five minutes. He inquired about her background, and took her statement that she had had no acting experience all in his stride.

While answering a question Keyes used one of her lovely hands to demonstrate a point. Waving a flipper in the California air, she naturally exposed the fact that she wore nothing, neither pale pink nor violent red, on her nails. Mr. DeMille blanched, looked for a halo above Evelyn's head, and reached into his right-hand top drawer for a contract.

Evelyn became the first person The Master had signed personally for almost a decade. Not because she could act. Not because she had beauty. But because she didn't wear nail polish!

The Overlooked Detail

But, there was a little item that had been overlooked. A movie star has to act. And she couldn't. Furthermore, she couldn't walk properly, or wear clothes properly, or use her hands, or smile Hollywood smiles. She didn't know what a camera looked like, much less what to do in front of one.

She was just a sweet, simple, rather lovely person of nineteen.

The little nonacting item was soon forcibly brought to her attention. She discovered there is a long and arduous routine, guaranteed to make an actress out of anyone with a mentality over that of a six-year-old. It takes about a year and includes dancing, speech, dramatic and posing lessons.

Keyes discovered that being a star isn't all champagne and silver fox. There were things a person had to know, like reading lines and such, which had to be learned by hard labor. That wasn't what she had planned. She was just about as enthusiastic as a man with a hang-over riding a locomotive. She already knew what she would do in the presence of thousands of adoring fans, of course, but nobody seemed to care.

These mental gyrations were coupled with the studio's handing her a script and telling her to be on the set at seven-thirty the next day. She felt her first twinge of fear. "Be on the set," they'd said. That implied she had to act. But she couldn't. Around her would be people who could. Everyone else would know his business. The other players, the script girl, the electricians, and the rest of them. Only she wouldn't. Because of her miraculous contract, too, they would all be watching her.

The result was that she froze completely. Her first pictures were frightful. But you probably didn't see them. Hollywood makes some B productions that even the double-feature men hide.

Off the set, Evelyn wasn't showing much sense either.

Mr. DeMille had hired her because she was unspoiled, beautiful, feminine and sweet. Then Evelyn discovered slacks. They were comfortable so she wore them, plus a tweed jacket. What was worse, she sported this outfit in front of her boss. When she came into his office, she looked about as feminine as Primo Carnera.

They tried to tell her, the men in the DeMille unit. Slowly, in words of one syllable, they gave her the priceless information that producers cast pictures from memory and that her clothes were leaving an extremely bad portrait in the mind of The Master. But Evelyn couldn't get the angle. She was comfortable. She wore slacks.

That first year, she was probably the most baffled creature in Hollywood. Life was an almost endless succession of lessons. The Routine was in full swing, and her brain was a madhouse. Added to all the names she had to keep straight and her terror whenever she stepped on a set, there were appointments to keep (and no one ever keeps an appointment in Atlanta!), and things to learn, far into the night.

She was rescued from complete insanity and cinema suicide by being borrowed for Gone with the Wind. She played Scarlett's sister, Suellen, and for the first time she began to see what the score was. Out on the Selznick lot, she wasn't DeMille's motion-picture darling. She was only a pretty girl who had a few lines in an important story. The producers had other worries besides Evelyn Keyes' performance. There was a gal named Leigh and a guy named Gable and a production which was running into millions.

Because nothing was expected of her that any normally intelligent female couldn't do, she began to look about and get her bearings. She was smart enough to watch the shooting. She took mental notes of the acting tricks the stars used, and practiced them when she got home at night. She listened to the director and finally saw *why* he did what he did. She noticed that restraint carries much more weight in the picture business than any amount of scenery chewing. Evelyn Keyes began to learn her trade.

She became aware how the really big shots behave. There wasn't any prima donna, and "star," about Vivien Leigh, for example. She was natural and worked like a dog. And Gable was "one of the boys."

A great light broke. Evelyn at last saw that she had to learn a great deal about acting, and that she could be herself, admit that she knew very little about pictures, and gentlemen would still stand up when she came into a room.

And Then It Was Easy

Evelyn not only became a good actress by studying like a young fool for three years, but threw away the fear-inspired pretense and started being herself.

Since then, she's made some of the most painful pictures to come out of Hollywood. She knew they were painful when they were shown in the projection room. But, as she continued to study, she could see a scene or two that were good. That was enough.

Finally she was given a real break. She was signed by Columbia and cast as the young sister in The Lady in Question. She almost danced that part, and she was very good.

Since then, she has held her own with the best. With Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and Edward Everett Horton in Here Comes Mr. Jordan, and with Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, and Elsa Lanchester in Ladies in Retirement. Right now she is in Martin Eden, with Glenn Ford.

But even with these credits, she's much less the "star" than she was four years ago. She's a good gal. And this is really only the beginning!

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Kid Stuff

Continued from page 23

added significantly, "I want you to leave Ryerson and Armour alone. That's orders. You're supposed to be running the production department. That's all. And if you keep on messing up my organization, there's going to be trouble. I've been nice this morning, because I know how you feel. But next time anything like this happens, I'll climb your frame! Get it?. . ."

Skip was staring dreamily at the carpet. Tony looked at him sharply. "I asked you if you got what I said?" he repeated, sharply.

"Huh?" said Skip coming quickly back. "Oh, yes, sir."

Tony looked at him dubiously. "Well, see that you remember it!"

BE IT said for Skip that what happened was not his fault. He did not intentionally disobey Tony's orders. It was just that he was constitutionally unable to drop a problem, once it was firmly fixed in his mind. And this one was in there to stay. The idea of those sixty-four extra assembly stations was too horrible to accept with equanimity; and he proposed to do something about it. And if whoever had set the bulldog up as a symbol for tenacity had seen Skip first, the poor hound wouldn't have stood a chance! . . . So Skip continued to mull over the rivets all that day, diligently searching for an out. . . .

TONY MARLIN and Van Weigan, the personnel manager, were leaving by plane for an inspection trip to Western's big new bomber plant in Indiana, that evening; so, after work, Skip drove Tony's daughter, Henrietta Marlin, to the airport to see them off. After they'd waved the plane away, and were headed back to town from the airport, Henrietta suggested a show, and Skip moodily agreed to take her. They went into the theater at seven, and sat through eight reels of a Western, a cartoon and a newsreel. It was a hot summer evening; and Skip, having put in a hard day's work at the plant, was half asleep by the end of the horse opera. And as he entered the second feature—an opus having to do with the villainies of a gang of sinister English crooks, photographed almost entirely in an impenetrable fog and the chimney-potted atmosphere of 19th-century London—he was brooding on the thanklessness of being a production man, and creating pictures in his mind of the inside of the YP's tail boom, and the offendingly inaccessible rivets.

The next thing he remembered was the tail boom turning into a twelve-foot length of stovepipe, in one end of which he'd managed to get his head stuck. He had a long fishpole in his hand, and with it he was trying to stab a very large and belligerent gnat, whose face was that of Ken Ryerson, the factory super. . . . About that time, Henrietta jabbed him violently with her elbow, whispering, "Skip! Wake up! You're making funny noises! . . ." And he sat up suddenly and blinked at the screen. . . . And there—large and for all the world to see—was the solution to his difficulties. . . .

One of the crooks, a large and villainous-looking man in 19th-century English costume, was engaged in stuffing a small and very miserable little boy—apparently his stooge in crime—into the top of a 19th-century chimney! . . .

Skip sat up straight. "Ha!" he said triumphantly. "Ha!"

"What's the matter?" asked Henrietta.

"Nothing," said Skip. "I just wonder, sometimes, why I'm the only guy around that mill with any imagination."

Skip spent the next morning away from the plant. His whereabouts were a mystery until, during the noon lunch hour, he turned up at the main gate with one Johnny Kines, the twelve-year-old son of a neighbor of his, and asked the head watchman, Jake Keeley, for a factory pass.

"What for?" growled Jake, observing Johnny critically.

"Young friend of mine," said Skip reassuringly. "He wants to see the plant. Perfectly okay, Jake. I'll vouch for him."

Jake said later that he didn't understand just why he let them in. Visitors to the plant are not admitted to Western without authority from the front office. But, for some reason or another—it was probably Skip's hypnotic eye—he gave them a pass, and Skip and the boy walked down the main aisle to the final assembly lines where the YP-481 was put together. The plant, of course, was deserted for the lunch hour.

Skip paused by the tail-boom assembly jigs. "Remember what I told you?" he asked Johnny.

"Sure," said the boy. "It's a cinch. I just hold the old bar on the old rivet hard as I can, and then yell 'shoot.' "

Skip was struck by a momentary doubt. He frowned. "I wish I could have had you practice a couple of times on something besides real parts," he said. "Be sure and hold it straight, and remember it'll try to jump around all over the place when I shoot the air to the hammer."

"When do I get my dollar?" asked Johnny practically.

"Just as soon as we get out of here," said Skip. "Now, hurry up and get in that boom."

The YP-481 is a bimotored interceptor-pursuit. She's good for five hundred, climbs to thirty thousand a lot faster than is comfortable for her pilot, and, all in all, is the latest and best thing in fighters. Her wings are short—almost stumpy—and practically an equilateral triangle in shape; and set into each of them is a big engine nacelle that carries a 1,200-horsepower radial. The pilot's compartment is hung between the engine nacelles; and juts well forward for purposes of good visibility, and to accommodate all the assorted pieces of shootin' hardware the ship carries. . . . Back from each engine nacelle sweeps a slim, torpedolike tail boom, to the end of which one end of the double tail surfaces is fastened.

One of these tail booms lay almost completed in its cagelike steel assembly jig. Two of the four sections in which it was built were already riveted together, but the two after-sections—the one where the 5/16″ rivets had to be substituted for the dural screws—were unriveted. . . . Skip handed Johnny a bucking bar, and indicated the hollow end of the tubular boom.

"Take this bar," he said, "and crawl back toward the tail until you see a circle of holes with daylight shining through from the outside. Then yell, and I'll feed a rivet in to you."

He boosted the boy into the boom, rammed him well home, as far as he could reach, and waited. There was the sound of scrabbling and thumping. Then a muffled voice said, "I'm back here."

"Swell!" said Skip. He secured a rivet from a box on the bench, picked up an air hammer, inspected its set, and shoved the shank of the rivet through one of the holes. "Can you see that?" he yelled.

"Sure," said Johnny. "It's right alongside my ear."

"Okay. Back up a little, and put your bar on it."

Skip felt the pressure of the bucking bar against the rivet. "Okay?" he yelled. "Then hang on tight. And be sure you're on it straight." He pressed the button on the gun, and its boiler-works chatter suddenly split the silence of the deserted assembly floor. Immediately a yell of terror came from inside the boom.

"What's the matter?" called Skip.

"Gee. You didn't tell me it was going to make a noise like that. I'm durn' near deaf."

"Don't be a cream puff," said Skip. "How does the rivet look?"

There was a brief silence. Then, doubtfully, "It's not bad. It's a little crooked, though."

"That's because you weren't on it straight," said Skip. "Let's try another one. And be sure you're on it straight."

By the time the five-minute whistle blew, Skip had driven ten rivets, and he and Johnny were working together like a seasoned team. The men started drifting back, still eating their desserts and gassing; and when the work whistle blew Skip had quite a little group around him.

Mel Thatcher, the final-assembly foreman, shouldered his way through it to see what was going on, and stopped open-mouthed, when he saw Skip apparently driving rivets against absolutely nothing. . . . After a moment, he gulped. "Who in the name of Jed have you got in there?" he demanded. "And how are you going to get him out?"

Skip grinned, blimped his gun, and set another rivet. "Slick, isn't it? And they telling me we'd have to build booms in six parts! . . . Wait till Ryerson sees this. . . ."

"But what's in there?" Mel insisted.

"A kid," said Skip. "I'm surprised they didn't think of it before. Go get Ryerson down here, will you? I want to catch the look on his face when he sees this! . . ."

SKIP was a salesman. Most of us at Western knew this; so that when he approached us with one of his schemes we had the tendency to back off and examine it with more than ordinary care. But we always listened to him, because the kid knew the airplane business; and he had an uncanny knack of coming up with ideas that sounded completely haywire, but which, when you tried them out, worked like a charm. When one of his ideas was bad, though, it was horrid, and disaster inevitably resulted, so that if you played along with him on one, you always had the same feeling you had when you shoot your last buck on a blind stud hand.

Particularly, since the kid was always equally enthusiastic and certain about his schemes whether they were good or bad, and equally persistent. . . .

SKIP sold Ryerson on hiring kids as riveters. Ryerson, at first, wouldn't hear of it. Kids in an airplane factory! Impossible! They'd get hurt. They'd mess things up. They'd ruin material. . . . And he was substantiated in this even before Skip got Johnny Kines out of the boom after the first demonstration.

Johnny came off a rivet while Skip was showing Ryerson how easy it was, and Skip shoved his rivet-set clear through the skin-plating. . . . He talked his way out of that by saying that the boy hadn't even seen a rivet until ten that morning; and that any boy who was hired as a riveter would have to go through Western's riveters' school, just

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like anyone else. Which seemed plausible. So, with one eye on the hundred thousand bucks' retooling cost it would save the company, Ryerson gave in and signed an employment requisition for sixteen kids—one for each YP-481 line—to be trained as riveters. And he even had the grace grudgingly to pat Skip on the back for thinking of the idea.

Even so, the thing couldn't have happened if Van Weigan had been there. Van knew his stuff; and he'd have seen what was wrong with the picture the moment he read the employees' requisition. But Van was at the Indiana plant—with Tony; and Walter Timmons was holding down Personnel. Not that Walter wasn't okay. He was. But he'd been hired out of the personnel office of a movie studio; and he didn't know beans about the airplane business. Also, he was young, new on his job and anxious to please. And Ryerson and Skip were, after all, by way of being big shots. He undoubtedly supposed they knew what they were doing. . . .

And so, the next morning, sixteen kids—handpicked for size and intelligence by Skip and Johnny Kines—started in at the riveters' school to learn their trade.

That was at eight in the morning. By ten, the fun had started. It was late in August, a steaming, sultry summer's day. Skip, in his shirt sleeves, was going over schedules in the production office and alternately congratulating himself on having thought his way out of a nasty situation, and wondering—with just a touch of apprehension—what Tony would say to him when he got back from Indiana, the following week, and found he'd disobeyed orders. He'd just about persuaded himself that, when Tony found everything running smoothly, he'd accept the *fait accompli* and say nothing, when the phone rang. It was Timmons, in Personnel. He wanted to see Skip right away.

SINCE Skip was a department head, and had routine business dealing with Personnel on raises, hirings, firings and such, he had no inkling that anything was wrong. So he went down there whistling. He found Ryerson sitting by the window in Van's private office, looking hot and uncomfortable. Timmons himself was sitting nervously forward in his chair, fanning himself with a large manila envelope. He was a small man—very young—who wore glasses, looked perpetually harried, and was constantly clearing his throat.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith," he said, apologetically. "I hate to bother you, but Mr. Ryerson says that it was your idea to hire those boys to buck rivets."

Skip grinned. "Oh, I wouldn't say that," he said grandly. "I made the suggestion, but Ken, here, ought to have full credit for putting it through. I want you to tell Van Weigan that, when he gets back."

"That's damn' generous of you!" growled Ryerson.

"What's the matter?" asked Skip. "Is something wrong?"

"Nothing, now," said Ryerson, unctuously. "Everything's just swell. But I just thought I'd ask you what you were going to do when summer vacation's over. That's a long way away, of course. It doesn't happen until next Monday."

"Huh?" said Skip. "What do you mean?"

Timmons handed him the envelope. "These are the state labor laws, Mr. Smith. I just happened to think of them. They're very strict about children working in industry. Children are compelled to go to school until they are eighteen."

"School?" said Skip. He frowned. "I never thought of that."

"Apparently not," said Ryerson acidly. "I knew there was something wrong with this deal. Got any other bright ideas?"

"There must be some way out of this," Skip said. "Sixty-four extra assembly positions to drive a lousy thirteen thousand rivets. It doesn't make sense." Suddenly, he sat up straight. "Look!" he said to Timmons. "*You* used to work in the movies. They use kids. How about Shirley Temple?"

"That's very different, Mr. Smith," Timmons assured him. "The Hollywood children come under a different classification. They are artists. Even so, the studio must set up a special school. They must study four hours a day. The other four hours, they are permitted to work. Production schedules are arranged to shoot around them—"

"Better be careful," Ryerson advised him. "Don't make it sound so easy. First thing you know, Mr. Smith will want us to start a kindergarten."

Skip took it straight. "Why not? That's a swell idea." He pulled a chair up to Van's desk, took a pad and pencil, and commenced to figure. "Look! . . . We'll get an okay from the kids' folks, first. We'll sign them under contract as artists, if we have to. Then we'll fix up a school. We can use the north lecture room during the day. It's got a blackboard and seats. Timmons can hire a teacher for them this afternoon. . . . On the work end, I figure each kid can buck four hundred rivets in four hours, once he's broken in. Right now, we're running sixteen ships a day. That's two booms per kid, per day. We can stagger 'em. Send eight of the kids to school in the morning, and the other eight kids can work. In the afternoon, we'll just switch 'em around. It'll work like a dream. What do you say?"

There was a period of silence. Then Ryerson said slowly, "It sounds all right, Kid. But I still don't like it."

"Then you'll do it?"

Ryerson sighed. "Yes. I'll play along with you. I don't know why, but I will. . . ."

Timmons cleared his throat. "I hesitate to mention it, Mr. Smith, but there's just one thing more. What will the union say?"

Skip looked at him and grinned. "Let the brats join it!" he said. "Their money'll pay dues like anyone else's."

BY MONDAY, everything was ready to go. The kids had been signed on a year's contract, with options—Timmons had to call in a movie-contract lawyer for that—a young male schoolteacher had been hired, and the kids had completed enough of the basic riveting course to qualify as expert buckers.

Of course, there was a little trouble; there always is when you're working the bugs out of a new idea. It didn't, for instance take Johnny Kines—Skip's original protégé—ten minutes to find that if you put a 1/8" brazier-head rivet in the chip-blowing nozzle of a compressed-air hose, and pressed the valve, the rivet, moving at great speed, described a beautiful, flat trajectory to whatever you aimed the nozzle at. So that when one of the kids wasn't actually busy on the job, any man who incautiously leaned over a work bench, or bent down to peer inside a ship, was almost certain to straighten up with a yelp of pain, as a rivet took him where he sat.

Then, too, the kids were liable to climb girders if they weren't watched closely, and then have to be taken down from the roof beams by the maintenance crew. They also played tag, hide and seek, and a variation of cops and robbers that they called "fifth column," which involved laying ambuscades, with air hoses laid across the aisles, to be pulled up suddenly to tripping level when a member of constituted authority passed by, and air hammers, held at hip level, to simulate machine-gun fire.

Skip took all these minor difficulties in his stride, however; although he was spending more than half his time getting things running smoothly, and was heard to remark that if Henrietta wanted children after they were married he was going to break their engagement. This was just after he'd been tripped up by an air hose, one day, and made a prisoner of the "fifth column."

But the work was getting done; and that was what was important; and toward the last, even the horseplay had diminished and everything was running pretty smoothly.

IT WAS then that disaster struck—hard, swiftly and without remorse. . . . One morning, everything was swell. Skip was preening himself on his brilliance, Timmons was talking of organizing a kids' softball team, and Ryerson was thinking of hiring more kids and putting them to work in other tight spots around the shop. The next morning, there wasn't a kid to be found in the factory.

This is what happened. Steve Thompson, up in Public Relations, had heard about the kids, from one of the company's magazine's shop reporters. Sensing a story—and haunted by visions of innumerable newspaper and magazine pages bearing nothing but the words, "*Western Aircraft—Western Aircraft—Western Aircraft,*" interspersed with 8-by-10-inch photographs captioned "*Western Aircraft*"—he had taken the plant photographer, and gone down onto the assembly floor. There, he had snapped pictures of the kids posed with and without rivet guns; and with a snappy blond number he'd hired to impersonate Timmons' discouragingly masculine schoolteacher. Whereafter, he'd gotten the details of the education and work program from Timmons, and written up a six-page press release.

Two hours later, every paper and wire service in Western City had the story—with pictures. And, promptly at eight the next morning, it confronted Tony Marlin and Van Weigan at breakfast in Indiana . . . Tony read the headline, "BOY MECHANICS DEFENSE LINK AT PLANE PLANT," choked over his coffee, thrust the paper at Van and proceeded at a dead run for the telegraph office . . . And when Ken Ryerson reached his desk that morning, he was confronted with the following:

"Ryerson, Westair:

"Get those kids out of plant right now. Tell that fool Thompson to kill that story. Haven't you idiots heard of Walsh-Healy Act? Am phoning Washington now. In meantime deny everything. Convey this information to all concerned. Don't fire blond schoolteacher. Apparently I'll need her to run kindergarten for executives. Tell Smith I'll see him personally tomorrow morning when I get home.

"T. H. Marlin"

"Why didn't you think of that?" Skip asked Timmons, in Van's office, a few minutes later. "Aren't you supposed to know about these things?"

Timmons gave him a look of supreme scorn. "Mr. Smith," he said. "I'm a personnel executive. My reputation in the motion-picture industry is, I think you'll find, very good. But I have never before been employed by a company which handles government contracts. When, therefore, after only two weeks in the airplane business, I was approached by two executives of the company and asked to hire minors, I naturally supposed that they knew what they were doing." He cleared his throat. "And you will recall," he added significantly, "that it was *I* who reminded you of the state child labor laws. If I had not, I have no doubt that the company would have been operating in violation of them, as well as of the federal government's."

"Oh," said Skip.

There was a silence.

Skip got up and opened the office door.

"Where are you going?" asked Ryerson.

"Out," said Skip, bitterly. "There's no use in my hanging around here. I've got some personal self-kicking to do;

BUTCH — By Larry Reynolds

**"Of course, I won't say I'm a college man—
I'll just let my room give th' impression"**

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and something tells me it's going to be kind of noisy."

By ten o'clock the next morning, all hell was loose in the Western plant. Ryerson had emerged from an interview with Tony an aged and broken man; and down in the personnel office, Van Weigan's voice could be heard, high and querulous, as he read Timmons a few lessons in contract law, and the foolishness of ever, ever listening to the advice of crackpots.

In the front office, the boss was talking urgently on the long-distance telephone with somebody in Washington whom he called "J. G."—assuring him that the whole thing had been a mistake, and that it would never happen again.

Skip, meanwhile, had been nowhere to be found. Down in the shop, the autocall was clanging out his number almost without interruption, and Miss Wayne, with her hair awry, and a wild look in her eyes, was calling Skip's apartment at fifteen-minute intervals, and telling Tony, between calls, that Mr. Smith hadn't come in yet.

Tony was going nuts. He was stamping up and down his office, his face the color of a gamecock's comb. . . . He had already chewed up six of his daily ration of eight cigars, and was starting on his seventh, when the phone rang. He picked it up. "What do you want?" he shouted into the transmitter. It was Mel Thatcher, in final assembly. "Skip Smith's down here," Mel said cautiously.

"*Who?*" roared Tony.

"Skip Smith. He asked me to call you up and see if you'd come down here a minute."

Tony was suddenly calm. "You're damn' right I'll come down there!" he said with ominous precision. "You tell him to wait. Just tell him to wait right there! . . ." He hung up the phone, seized his hat from the rack, and went out of the office with the velocity of a tropical hurricane.

Thatcher met him in final assembly. "Where is he?" demanded Tony.

Mel pointed wordlessly toward the boom-assembly jigs; and Tony looked. . . . Straddling one of the booms, with a rivet gun in his hand, was Skip. . . . "Watch this!" said Tony through his teeth, and started purposefully across the floor.

As Tony bore down on him, Skip looked up from his riveting. He was pale, but he managed what could pass for a grin. "Good morning, sir," he said, with forced cheerfulness. He pointed toward the interior of the boom. "Everything's okay, this morning, sir. See?"

Tony was speechless. "Why, you—you—"

"Look," said Skip, anxiously. "Please don't get excited until you hear what I've got to say."

TONY finally got it out. "You're fired!" he roared. "Get out of here!"

"Yes, sir," said Skip. "But, before I go, you've got to listen to me."

"I've been listening to you too much," roared Tony. "And so has everybody else around here. You're fired! Get out!"

"Yes, sir," said Skip. "But look." He pounded twice on the boom with his hand, and from inside it, a shrill voice shouted, "Okay! Okay!" Skip blimped his gun and set a rivet. "See that?" he said. "I had to show you. There's a half a million dollars inside that boom. In savings to the company, I mean. You've got to listen, sir. It's important. It'll take you three weeks to get those new jigs. The line'll be stopped cold."

Tony glared at the boom. "What the hell have you got in there?"

Skip grinned, and pounded once on the skin plating. "Come on out, Charlie." Then, to Tony. "It's a midget. Be kind of careful," he added quickly. "He gets sore awfully easy."

"What do you mean, a midget?" asked Tony.

"Just a midget," said Skip. "A little guy. The kind you see in a circus. Look. Here he comes. And don't forget to be careful. He's as feisty as a banty rooster. Look!"

Tony looked. Out of the end of the boom crawled a small boy. At least it looked like a small boy; but on closer inspection, one could see that it was a man. He was dressed in a set of kid's coveralls, and had a bucking bar in his hand. . . . As Tony watched, he lowered himself from the boom, hung at arm's length with his feet almost touching the floor, five feet below, and let go. "What do ye want?" he asked Skip, truculently.

"Meet Mr. Marlin," said Skip, quickly. "He's the boss. Charlie Meadows, Mr. Marlin. Charlie's going to work for us bucking rivets," he added.

"How do you do?" said Tony, staring at him in fascination.

"Hi-yuh?" asked the midget.

"Where did you get it?" Tony asked Skip.

The midget bridled. "*It!*" he cried squeakily. "What do you mean, '*it*'? I don't take none of that stuff. You call me *him*, or don't talk about me. Get it?"

"I'm sorry," said Tony. "No offense meant. Where," he added, "did you get —er—Mr. Meadows?"

"Movie Casting Company," said Skip. "They've got a bunch of them on tap. I thought of it last night."

"H'm!" said Tony.

"You going to use them?" asked Skip anxiously. "I was right about us needing somebody small to buck rivets. I got kids because I was thinking of chimney sweeps. Trouble was, I jumped to conclusions. If I'd just been looking for something little, I'd've thought of this sooner, and we wouldn't have had all this trouble."

"H'm!" said Tony again, still staring at Charlie. "You an American citizen?"

"Sure," said the midget. "Born in Chi."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-one."

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Tony.

Charlie bristled. "Anything the matter with me being thirty-one?"

"Nothing," said Tony, hastily. "Nothing at all. You've got a birth certificate to prove it, of course."

"Sure," said the midget, glaring at him. "Didya think I hatched out of a egg, or something?"

"No, no," said Tony again. "I was just asking. It looks like you're quite eligible to go to work for us." Then to Skip, "I ought to kill you."

"Yes, sir," said Skip.

"But I'm not going to. I'm not even going to fire you. In your own dumbheaded way, you stumbled onto something pretty good. I know a dozen places where we can use these men. It would," he added, "take someone just like you to think of something like this."

"Yes, sir!" said Skip, grinning.

"BUT don't pat yourself on the back, too hard. You might strain something. I've got a little extra work for you. I figure it'll keep your mind occupied every evening and week end for the rest of the summer."

"What is it?" asked Skip, apprehensively.

"The inventory," said Tony. "We're starting it tomorrow. You're going to run it; and maybe by the time you get through crawling around parts bins with dust up your nose, and a tabulating sheet in your hand for six weeks, you may learn how to do what I tell you. Get it?"

Skip grinned. "Yes, sir."

"And now," said Tony, "if you and your little friend will run down to the Personnel office and dig up a few of his brothers and uncles, maybe we can get a few tail booms built."

"Yes, sir," said Skip again. He turned. "Come on, Charlie. I guess you've got a job."

The midget scowled at him. "Okay, Sonny," he said. "Let's go!"

Wing Talk

Continued from page 5

engine would roar into action without delay. As a captain, he detected a small doubt in the mind of the sergeant as to his ability to fly such a high-performance ship. When he became a major, the men helped him on with his parachute. Now he is asked very politely:

"Where's your pilot, Colonel?"

FOR more than a decade, a very genial New England gentleman named Steadman S. Hanks, colonel of Air Reserve, has been conducting a personal campaign for flight strips—long, narrow landing areas adjacent to trunk-line highways. His primary purpose was to foster the development of private flying, but he also held that flight strips would be valuable in time of emergency if we were ever going to have another emergency.

However, years ago we had relatively few airplanes and lots of airports, and the grass grew pretty high on some of them. So the government people always received him politely but did little about his plan. A short time ago the President signed the Federal Defense Highway bill and laid emphasis on the importance of the $10,000,000 authorization for flight strips. Col. Hanks, now on active duty with the Air Forces Ferry Command, is very happy.

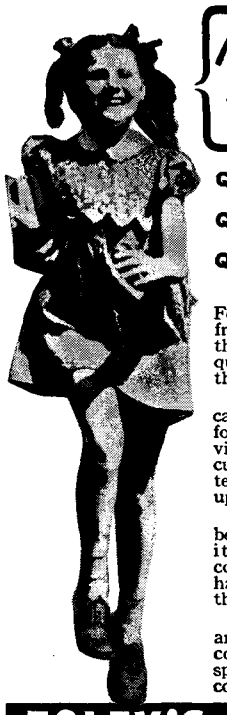
The Hanks plan is to widen a highway at a desired point with a definite line of separation between the regular road and the strips to be used by aircraft. They would be 3,000 feet long for fighters and 4,000 feet for bombers; 150 feet wide for the runway and another 150 feet for parking planes. Their primary use is for emergency landings and for concentration and dispersion of air forces.

THE brand-new second lieutenant was proudly showing the excited young lady around the airplane exhibit in the Army hangar and was making a great impression. Up the runway he escorted her and leaned into the cockpit of a modern bomber which he had never flown. On guard on the other side of the pilot's compartment stood an old sergeant who had been at the field since it opened in 1917 and believed he held title to the property and everything thereon.

He watched the young flying officer closely as he pointed out the gadgets and gimmicks in the ship and as the pilot reached over to touch a switch that retracted the landing gear, the old sergeant blurted out:

"Keep your hands off'n them switches, Lieutenant, or you'll get in trouble."

F.R.N.



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QUICK
—to curb coughing spells
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—to help hasten loosening of the cough

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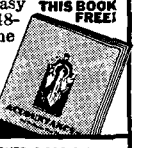
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Desert Tank Battle

Continued from page 14

boom and then the swish of a shell feathering its way toward us. We dived into the trench, lying flat. The shell whistled directly over us and landed with a sharp explosion three hundred yards beyond us. We didn't know it then, but this was the beginning of a three-day nightmare. More shells came and all of them went directly over us. Sometimes the scream of them as they approached was uncertain and warbling and that was bad because we knew that they were about ready to drop. Some dropped quite close. They were sixty-pound shells. One exploded near a truck some forty yards from us and the blast, in some inexplicable manner, took the air out of three of its tires. Otherwise the tires weren't touched although the truck was riddled with shrapnel and shell fragments. We hugged the bottom of the trench and the shells kept coming for two hours. Then the British artillery, which was about a mile to our rear, opened up and we heard its shells whistling over us. Ridiculous as it seems, they passed one another as they went over our trench, and soon the firing was so heavy that the whining of the shells almost obliterated the actual sound of the guns.

You hear the whine of the shell practically the whole way and every shell sounds as though it were coming right at you. We had three solid hours of it and that exhausted us.

The sun was very high now and the air quite still. The colonel and I went to investigate some of the unoccupied trenches. Some of the things we found there were very unpleasant, because there had been no time to bury all of the dead. We also found a great many small bombs, hand grenades really, and I found a bottle of something called cognac *alla uvova*. We had very little water and anything wet looked good. We opened the bottle and found it good. It was a sort of brandy eggnog and with a couple of biscuits it made a good luncheon.

Just after that we heard the hum of airplane motors and we looked up, waiting for them. Happily they were R.A.F. airplanes, big Blenheim bombers escorted by Tomahawks, which looked very beautiful. They flew over us heading for the place where that battery of Eyetie guns was located. Within a few minutes we heard far-off cannons and we knew that the Blenheims had found the guns. The airplanes came back looking very pleased with themselves.

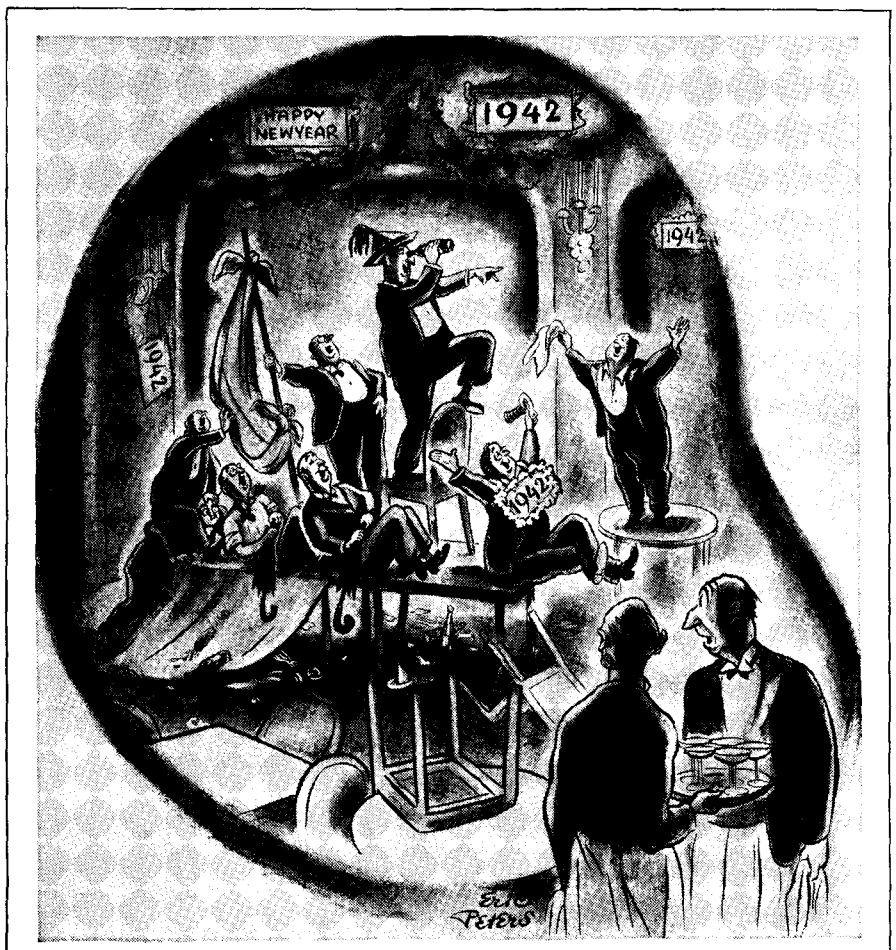
The Prisoners Don't Care

That night patrols of Sikhs and members of the southern county regiment went on patrol looking for trouble. The Sikhs faded into the night, their black beards and white turbans seeming to merge into and become part of the desert.

In the morning the Sikhs and British patrols brought in more than a thousand prisoners. The Italians were a sorry, pathetic-looking lot, absolutely weary and disgusted and obviously glad to be out of it all.

The German prisoners were very young and they looked half-starved. They were not the surly, arrogant prisoners one finds in Britain. They were utterly defeated, not caring much what happened to them. They also looked bewildered and, strangely enough, scared. It is rare to see a Hun who looks scared. In action he is a good fighter as long as things go according to plan and he has the benefit of his mechanical toys—tanks, armored cars and the like. But these Huns were definitely scared and bewildered. I talked to them and found that their bewilderment was easily explained. Their officers had misled them. They had been taught to believe that their tanks were invincible, and yet they had seen the lighter American-made tanks put their massive dreadnoughts out of action. They had been told that they had air superiority and then they had seen swarms of Tomahawks and Bostons and Marylands clear the sky of their own Me 109-F's and their Heinkels. They had been told that the British soldiers would run. Instead they had found a force which had been given and had carried out just one order: "Attack and pursue." They had found the moment this one-mile square of worthless desert land was the key position in the whole desert campaign. The general smiled when a grimy dispatch rider hopped off his motorcycle and blurted out: "We got seven of them." Then he repeated the message in more military terms. Seven of the big tanks lay burning in the desert less than three miles away. But the others came on and then suddenly the general said casually, "There they are."

To be sure, there they were. They were in single file, a departure from their usual attacking methods. Now they were only a mile away and I counted twenty-three of them. They were for the most part the big Mark



"Well, what are we going to do now? They say it's 1492 and they just discovered this place" ERIC PETERS

Four type, General Rommel's pets. Shells burst around them, sending up quick bursts of sand and smoke that hung in the still air. Sharp red flashes broke from the tanks and lazy puffs of white smoke followed. We on the plateau were quiet and tense now. The guns from the other three sides began to throw shells at us but we were too engrossed in this amazing desert drama to hide in our trenches. Then one of the tanks received a direct hit. Its nose rose slightly in the air; it leaned drunkenly on its side and then a column of black smoke spiraled up from it. The soldiers with me let out a derisive yell. This might have been a football match with us as interested spectators.

Another tank was hit and still another and now a pall of smoke hung over the battleground. The tanks were close to the borders of the mine fields surrounding our plateau. They tried to keep their single file, flanked by armored cars. There were five of them burning now, and the rest looked like bewildered beetles being attacked by some small vicious but unseen insect. More messages came to the general but he needed fighting devils who rushed through their mine fields regardless of casualties and whose only burning desire was to close in with a bayonet. Even Britain doesn't know its desert army yet. It is the ruthless, Spartanlike, tough army the empire has been waiting for.

The prisoners could not be sent to the rear because now there was no rear. We had been surrounded on three sides; now word had come from reconnaissance planes that fifty Hun tanks were coming from the fourth side to attack us. Finally in the distance we heard the unmistakable quick, sharp bark of tank guns. They had opened fire with their seventy-fives at seven thousand yards. Soon the artillery supporting this division began to answer. Reports came to the general commanding every few minutes. He stood there with a six-day beard on his face and with his uniform in tatters, and there was something magnificent about his calmness. The reports were bad at first. Six British guns had been put out of action. The tanks were approaching closer to our plateau. They wanted it badly because it was a vantage point commanding this part of the desert. For none, for the whole battle was laid in front of us now less than a mile away and brought much closer by the amazingly clear air of the desert.

It lasted for one hour. I saw ten tanks go up in smoke and then the Hun had enough. The surviving tanks crawled away painfully, slowly, uncertainly. Some limped badly and you knew that these were hurt. Their blunt noses swerved away from our plateau toward the west; toward the protection of their guns, which were still shelling us viciously. Slowly the tanks merged with the horizon and then they disappeared. And the shelling stopped and a heavy, exhausted quiet descended upon the desert and we realized too that we were limp with tiredness and with the burning heat of the sun. Official reports came in. The artillery had destroyed fifteen tanks within four hours—a nice morning's bag. We felt as though we had seen something historic. We had seen British mobile artillery, supported by nothing more substantial than our enthusiastic cheers, destroy a section of the best German tanks. The fight had been all in the open, for there is no cover in this desert. On paper the heavily armored trucks had every advantage over the vulnerable guns which had nothing but a single plate of steel protecting the crews.

In the Van of the Bombers

We lunched well, the colonel and I, on a can of fresh peaches (canned in California) and two cans of beer (born on Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn), which the colonel had snared from the general's mess. We hoped that darkness would hurry. It took a long time to arrive. The patrols went out again to put any wounded tanks they might find out of their misery lest the Huns come back during the night and apply first aid. It was easy to sleep that night despite the bitter cold. The weather is kindly in the desert only in the morning.

We slept well but our awakening was rude. In my sleep I heard a persistent buzzing and it grew louder and automatically I brushed away a mosquito that wasn't there and then suddenly I was wide awake. The airplane was quite low. My watch said 4:45. The half moon gave little light to our battered plateau. The sky was a black curtain of velvet splashed with a million golden stars. I got out of my blanket, wondering idly whether this plane was one of "ours" or one of "theirs." We were not left long in doubt. There was a soft swish of something flying through the air and then high above a burst of light blossomed to hang against the blackness; to light our small world. He dropped two more flares, one directly over us. He was like a surgeon preparing for a major operation. The flares were arranged methodically and now our plateau was bathed in penetrating white light. Flares sink very slowly and burn for five minutes. And now we knew that we were in for it.

The rest of this vivid story of the desert war had not been passed by the British censor at Cairo when this issue went to press. But we know from another cable that in this battle Quentin Reynolds lived through a dive-bombing of the shallow trenches the Italians had dug and the next night succeeded in getting through the German lines to British headquarters. The report will be in next week's Colliers.

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Hypocrite Bait

Continued from page 15

is his woman's name, so Maggie gonter cry for his bonds."

"Maybe. And maybe hit'll be a little brown-skin down on Red Chute dat you ain't never hyared tell about. And dat," concluded Little Bee Bend's Lothario, "is how come Booker ain't gonter shoot me wid no buckshots."

So certain of himself did Newman seem, and so smug about low-talking an impending young junior deacon in the Widow Duck's church, that she thought she detected a tinge of boasting. And she ever disliked a braggart. No matter how good a man was—and she knew he was the best—she liked modesty. She studied the situation carefully. There was no direct accusation that Booker was a snake-in-the-grasser, but there was the implication. Until more definite information was in hand, it was best to leave it alone.

"What Booker do," the Widow Duck decided, "ain't no skin offn yo' back. De p'int is, efn you take his woman, you's doin' a sin. And I don't mean no little bitty ole sin like don't-go-to-church sin or tawk-agin-de-preacher sin. You's doin' a Bible sin. De Book say:

" *'So I reads on down to a-number ten:*
Steal another man's wife and you's
doin' a sin.'

"So say de Sperrit, Newman. Be not disencouraged. God will change conditions. Son, you git you a wife and stick to her, and stop dat sinnin'."

Newman stood up and stretched. "Yas'm," he grinned. "You know I ain't never been much on readin' in de Bible, Mis' Duck. Down in de sugar country whar I comed f'm hit was a song sort er like dat. Hit say:

" *'Don't never have no one woman at a*
time.
Always have six, seven, eight or nine,
And don't you leave me hyar.'

"And dat's how come I ain't never let no one woman hem me up in a corner and marry me." He went down the bayou path singing the "Don't Leave Me Hyar" song.

WHEN he had disappeared among the willows, the Widow Duck smiled fondly. "Dat boy," she declared, "is a case! Some husband gonter shoot his haid off, but hit won't be for nothin'!"

She continued to sit on her porch and watch the sun sink lower. When it was a red ball of fire throwing brilliant colors all over the sky, the katydids began to fiddle their evening chorus. Soon they were joined by tenor and baritone sections of young frogs. The sunset turned gray and the katydids stopped when the bullfrogs boomed in with their rumbling bass. Then it was suddenly dark and the frogs grew quiet. A lonesome hoot owl screamed from the limb of a live oak across the bayou.

The Widow Duck grunted her disappointment. "Newman was jest braggin'," she said, rising, but as she reached the door, she heard the sound she had been expecting. It was quickly followed by a second and third—she counted six in all. She smiled proudly. "Booker must got hisse'f a pump gun. Hit's time to hotten me up some supper."

The next morning, the Widow Duck went to the commissary. Giles himself filled her order. She bought rations, a bottle of snuff and some chill tonic. "And you better gimme a box er shotgun shells," she added casually.

"You fixin' to do some huntin'?" Giles asked.

"Sho, I'm fixin' to do some huntin'."

Giles frowned. "What kind?"

"Hyppercrit huntin'," the Widow Duck explained.

"Well, you knows yo' business," Giles said. "I was axin' on account er I wanted to know what sort er shot to gi' you."

"Buckshot is about right for a hyppercrit," the Widow Duck suggested. "But sometime, you misses de hyppercrit and li'ble to hit somebody else. Better gimme 'bout number 6's."

"Efn deys gonter be any wild shootin'," Giles stated, "I'm gonter gi' you number 8's. You might hit a mule."

The Widow Duck shrugged. "Makes me no diff'unce," she said. "Dey'll gi' somebody a taste er what hell's fire and broomstone gonter feel like, maybe."

At home, when her rations were properly stored, she opened the box of shells and slipped three into her apron pocket. Then she waddled over to Booker's cabin.

He greeted her effusively though Maggie was somewhat sullen.

"You ailin', Maggie?" the Widow Duck inquired.

"Sort er," Maggie admitted.

"Well, take a round er calomel and a doste er salts and let yo' light so shine, soul. God will change conditions."

"Yas'm."

"And you, Booker," the Widow Duck turned, "I comed to ax a widow woman's favor."

"Favorin' for a widow woman is de Bible command," Booker said. "You speak my pleasure and hit will be done unto you seven times seventy-five."

"I craves," the Widow Duck told him, "a bait er fie'lark. I wish you'd git down in de hayfield and shoot me some fie'larks for my supper."

"Hit'll be a pleasure," Booker promised. "No trouble a-tall wid my new pump gun." Then he remembered. "Only I ain't got me no shells and Giles claim I'm gittin' on de books—"

"I brang some shells," the Widow Duck said. "Three. I figgered 'bout three fie'larks'd be enough."

Booker took the shells. "I'll git you three, maybe fo', efn I kin git two lined up at one shot."

The Widow Duck thanked him and started back. Halfway home, she met Newman Dyke. "Mornin', son," she greeted.

"And you, Mis' Duck," he returned courteously.

After he had passed by, she turned and watched him. "H'm, he ain't even limpin'," she observed.

The rest of the morning she worked in her vegetable garden, weeding, digging, and studying her mind. Somewhere, close around her, were the answers to questions she wanted answered but as yet the information was not hers.

NEAR noon, Booker arrived, bearing two field larks and a swamp rabbit. "Dis rabbit was a accident," he apologized. "I was jest wawkin' down tawrge de hayfield wid dem three shells in my magazine, when dis sapsucker jumped up, right in front er me. And befo' I knowed hit, I had done th'owed a shell in de bar'l and knocked dis scound'el front-end fo'most! And I say, 'Well, I swear, Mis' Duck cravin' fie'larks and me shootin' rabbits wid her shells!' "

"Don't fret, Booker," consoled the Widow Duck. "I'll parbile him down and he'll do."

"Yas'm," said Booker, "but I don't most gen'ally do like dat. When I got my pump gun, I most gen'ally gits what I goes after."

"You must be a daid shot," the Widow Duck suggested.

"I ain't braggin'," Booker stated, "but I can't miss."

The Widow Duck weighed this information for a while. Then she said, "Well, efn you's all dat good, I'm got about six mo' shells in de house you kin have. You keep half what you kills and gimme me half. Satisfied?"

"Satisfied," Booker agreed.

After her noon meal, the Widow Duck cleaned the birds and the rabbit and placed them in an iron kettle over a smoldering fire. "Now," she announced, "when de sun git down to about treetop high, I'll drap a few dumplin' in dis pot, and come sundown I'll make myse'f sick eatin'."

BACK in her chair on the porch, she once more pondered the problem of Newman Dyke's sin and Booker's possible hypocritting.

"Efn Booker kin hit a rabbit befo' he know hit," she reasoned, "he c'd hit Newman Dyke when he aimin' at him. Nawp, Booker didn't raley shoot at Newman last night, or else big ole Newman would 'a' been packin' six loads er buckshot today."

That indicated, naturally, that Booker was not jealous enough of his wife to shoot a man about her. "But Booker ain't got de onliest pump gun on de place," the Widow Duck ruminated. "Hit might er been Nud or Johnnie T, and dey might 'a' been shootin' at a hawk. Newman gits about a heap, but he ain't de onliest thing which creep and crawl when de sun go down."

The trouble was, Newman had such a bad reputation that every time anybody heard a shotgun after sundown, it was taken for granted Newman was being shot at.

Later in the afternoon, B'r Charlie, the plantation preacher-blacksmith, came to call. The Widow Duck could tell he was on church business, because he was wearing his cutaway alpaca coat.

"Sister Senior," B'r Charlie began, "I been peepin' round amongst de officers and speakin' wid de coworkers."

"Say on, Pastor," the Widow Duck encouraged.

"Hit's gittin' to be a little tawk," B'r Charlie went on, "dat Booker crave to git elected a junior deacon purty soon."

"I hyared de tawk."

"Booker seem kinder holy," B'r Charlie said.

"Kind er."

"But I hyared a pump gun shootin' down by his house, last night," B'r Charlie offered. "And I also hyared dat Newman Dyke was walkin' fo'th in de land."

"I hyared de gun and I hyared de tawk."

"Well," said B'r Charlie uneasily, "hit ain't good to have a junior deacon wid a frivilin' wife."

"How you know Booker's wife is frivilin'?" the Widow Duck demanded.

B'r Charlie squirmed. "I 'on't know," he admitted. "I hyared de shootin' and I hyared de tawk."

"Whyn't you ax him?"

The preacher shook his head. "He might not tell me."

"You means," the Widow Duck pointed out, "Booker might git mad and club you over de haid for low-tawkin' his wife."

"You ax him," B'r Charlie suggested. "He won't club you. He likes you. You c'd ax Newman, too, and Maggie. Ain't nobody got de cheeks to git mad and club you."

"Cou'se ain't nobody got de cheeks

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to git mad and club me," the Widow Duck said emphatically. "And dat's on account er I don't stick my paddle in nobody else's pond. I minds my own business. I sets on my po'ch and let ev'ybody come and tell me what's good for me to know!"

After B'r Charlie's departure, the thirst for facts continued to plague the Widow Duck. Unquestionably, Newman Dyke would answer her truthfully, if she asked him. Booker would reply piously to any question she might put to him; and even a sullen Maggie would reveal the truth, if pinned down. Furthermore, the Widow Duck knew that, by simply walking across the road and a quarter of a mile down the turnrow to the Red Chute commissary, she could gather all the loose talk about Booker and his Red Chute brown skin, if such a one existed.

"Nawp," she decided, "efn hit's good for me to know, well, I'll find out."

She went indoors and mixed a batch of dumpling dough, cut it into chunks and dropped them into the kettle of birds and rabbit. She added a handful of salt, two pods of red peppers and a cupful of vinegar.

"Dat's gonter taste outn dis world," she anticipated. "But hit's gonter make me sick efn I eats hit all and fie'lark stew is too good to waste." She thought a moment. "I bet ole Newman Dyke ain't had him a bait er fie'lark stew in a month er Sundays. A frivilin' gal might come and fry him up a bait er grub, but dey ain't got de time and de patience to make up a good fie'lark stew. I'm gonter send dat boy word to come and he'p me eat dis stuff."

SHE returned to the porch and the first person to pass was requested to bear the invitation to Newman Dyke.

Before long, B'r Charlie returned, sputtering with indignation.

"I bet you axed Newman was he frivilin' wid Maggie," the Widow Duck guessed shrewdly.

"I axed him," B'r Charlie replied sourly. "And he tole me efn I didn't mind my own business he'd rub my nose in hit. Dat low-down scound'el is strickly evil. He ought to be runned offn de place."

"Satan is strickly evil, too," observed the Widow Duck. "But hit suits de Lawd's business not to run Satan off. You don't figger you's mo' holy den de Lawd, does you?"

B'r Charlie choked twice before he could reply to that. "My senior usher tawkin' in favor of Satan!" he accused.

The Widow Duck smiled calmly. "Don't you know," she said sweetly, "dat de Lawd kin turn Satan a-loose for jest one minute and spot mo' hyppercrits den you kin uncover in a month er Sundays when dey ain't hyppercritin'?"

"How you mean?" demanded B'r Charlie. "You tawk crazy."

"No mind," she told him. "You jest leave Newman Dyke be. I got certain things in my mind."

"Newman ain't no hyppercrit," the preacher agreed. "He a low-down, open-face sinner and he don't keer who knows hit."

"Go 'haid, B'r Charlie," the Widow Duck said. "Newman might be all er dat, and den again he might be a lamb in sheep's clothes to drive a hyppercrittin' wolf f'm my do'."

"Who you callin' a hyppercrit?"

" 'Who' is what de who-owl say," the Widow Duck told him. "Don't go whoin' at me onless yo' feets kin fit a limb." She left B'r Charlie abruptly. She went to the kitchen and stirred the field-lark stew vigorously. No one could ever accuse her of talking against her pastor, but B'r Charlie did wear out her patience.

B'r Charlie was happily gone when she returned to the porch and her rocker. She sent word to Booker that she wanted to see him. The "certain things" in her mind had crystallized.

"Dey tells me," the Widow Duck informed Booker, "dat hit's a all-week meetin' takin' place at de Junner Goa'd True Vine, up in de hills. Whyn't you git up to dat meetin' and speak a little experience wid 'em and do a little prayin'? Hit'd be good practice efn you comed up for junior deacon at Ole Ship."

BOOKER hesitated. It was a long walk to the Jonah's Gourd True Vine Church.

"You kin take yo' pump gun along," the Widow Duck suggested. "Hit's cottontails runnin' up in de hill. And pa'tidges, too. You c'd bring back some game meat."

"Well'm—" Booker hedged.

"You kin take along a few rations, too," she urged, "and stay off to de meetin' ends. You c'd git somebody to cook 'em for you."

Booker still could not make up his mind. He pieced it together: the rations, the Widow Duck did a surprising thing. She began to whine a blue tune and soon was singing in a lonesome voice:

"Well, hit ain't no fun in lovin'
Some yuther woman's man.
Cause she gits him when she wants him—
You got to git him when you can."

"Why, Mis' Duck!" exclaimed Newman Dyke. "I didn't know you had hit in you! Didn't know you c'd sing nothin' but de jubilees, and hyar you hauls off and breaks down de meanest blue reel I ever hyared!"

The Widow Duck made an effort to appear shocked with herself: "Well, I be dog! I sho ain't got no business singin' no reel. But"—she shrugged—"dat song been goin' on in my mind ev'y since I hyared dat gal singin' hit. Jest 'bout sundown hit was, I reckon."

"What gal?"

"I couldn't make out good," the Widow Duck evaded. "Jest a gal, I reckon. Look like she might er been headin' for Red Chute but she must er

"It's all right for you to talk—you're away at the office all day!"

PERRY BARLOW

been singin' at some Little Bee Bend man. I didn't pay much mind."

Newman urged details.

"Sorter skinny-lookin' and long-laigged," the Widow Duck recalled. "Might er been a brown-skin but I couldn't tell f'm de light. She had rale nice hair. And de lonesomest-soundin' voice I hyared in a long time. She sung:

" *'Darlin', I'm gone way up de bayou*
And I wants you up de bayou, too.
Cause hit's plenty up de bayou
A big man like you kin do.' "

Newman tried not to appear impatient, but in less than a minute he got up, stretching lazily and announced he had better be getting along.

THE Widow Duck's hypocrite bait was set. All she had to do was wait to see if a hypocrite would spring it. While she was waiting, Maggie came down to sit on the porch with her.

"Booker said efn I wanted anything I'm got to come and ax you," Maggie said.

"Well, what you want, chile?"

"I 'on't know'm," said Maggie. "Booker claim he goin' to church but I ain't never hyared tell er nobody takin' dey pump guns to church, befo'. And hit ain't Sunday, neither."

"Maybe he countin' on shootin' his rations while he's gone," the Widow Duck suggested.

"He tuck might' nigh all de rations us got wid him."

"Well, jest set dar in de dark and pray, soul," the Widow Duck soothed. "God will bring de light in jue time."

The light broke, presently, in the form of six flashes from a pump gun down on Red Chute plantation. Each explosion was followed by a yowl of pain. In a surprisingly short time, the Widow Duck saw a big man running up the bayou path faster than she had ever seen any man run before.

"You, Newman!" she yelled. "You come hyar to me!"

Newman made the front gate in a wide arc and dropped with a groan at the Widow Duck's front steps. "I'm kilt off!" he moaned between gasps. "Six loads er buckshot too many for me. Pray for me good, Mis' Duck, cause my time is out."

"Git up f'm dar, you fool," the Widow Duck snorted. "Ain't nobody ever got kilt off wid number 8 bird shots. Dey won't cut through yo' clothes, let alone dat tough hide er yo'n."

Newman stopped dying long enough to raise his head. "Say which?" He puzzled a minute. "I was gittin' dem shots in my back and dey sho felt like buckshots, and you was settin' hyar on yo' po'ch and you names 'em bird shot. How you know dat?"

"Son," said the Widow Duck smugly, "when you repents, believes and be's baptized, like me, you'll know a heap er things a sinner don't know."

Newman Dyke was not only impressed, he was contrite: "Yas'm, you was right all de time, Mis' Duck, but I wa'n't smart enough to know hit."

"Well, set over hyar on de po'ch and repent yo' sins, whilst dem shot places cools off. And when you git repented up good, lemme know and I'll lead out a prayer."

THERE was not enough time to repent fully. When Newman's skin had begun to cool from the shot and his soul to heat from the weight of his sins, Booker arrived hurriedly.

"Loan me some mo' shells, Mis' Duck," Booker requested. "I shot six times at a low-down sinnin' snake-in-de-grasser—"

At once Newman's soul cooled and his skin grew hot again. "Dat was you shootin' at me, fool!" he roared. "Dem shots burnt like a bumblebee and now I'm gonter bust yo' haid."

"Set!" ordered the Widow Duck. "Ev'ybody hold what dey got, or I'll drag dis rockin' cheer 'cross somebody's haid."

Maggie came to a slow realization of the situation. "You ain't went to no church, Booker," she accused him coldly. "Dat shootin' tuck place on Red Chute." She rose and moved toward him. "You been on Red Chute and I tole you I was gonter bust yo' haid wide open de ve'y next time you done dat."

"Take away, Maggie," Booker implored. "Don't you go smackin' at me."

"Set down, Maggie," the Widow Duck said.

"No'm," Maggie insisted. "I'm gonter bust his haid. He blamed me last night er cookin' for Newman Dyke, when he knowed he was lyin'. And den he shot his gun in de air six times when he seed Newman wawkin' de bayou, jest to gi' me a frivilin' name 'mongst de neighbors. And all de time he was snake-in-de-grassin' wid a Red Chute low-down!" Maggie swung suddenly and Booker staggered backward.

The Widow Duck reached for Maggie but Newman Dyke's long legs tripped her and she fell flat. At that moment, the Red Chute brown-skin came up behind Booker and let fly with a hoe han-

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dle, piling Booker on the Widow Duck.

"You tripped me up, Newman Dyke!" The Widow Duck scrambled her bulk to her feet and charged. "I'll fix you for dat, you sinner!" Newman side-stepped, pitching the Widow Duck headlong into B'r Charlie, who had just walked up. "You woman-trippin' sinner, I'll mash de stuffin' outn you!"

"Please, Mis' Duck," begged B'r Charlie. "I ain't no sinner and I ain't no lady tripper."

Newman Dyke had slipped away and was long gone. Only Maggie and the Red Chute woman were on their feet. Maggie was enraged. "You's de gal which been snake-in-de-grassin' wid Booker, hunh?" Maggie accused her.

"Humph!" The Red Chute woman was disgusted. "Dat what Booker been hopin'. He been foolin' about all summer but he ain't never made me *raley* mad ontwell tonight when he comed to my house wid a sack er rations and den tuck and shot at a high-partic'lar friend er mine."

"And you and Booker ain't snake-in-de-grassed nary time?"

"Me and dat fat-mouf? Humph!"

"Hold hit, chilluns," the Widow Duck was once more on her feet and in full command. "I done learned a heap and I'm fixin' to speak my experience." She stood with dignity and surveyed the group about her.

"Booker, you's a lie and a hyppercrittin' no-good," the Widow Duck itemized. "And you owes me six shotgun shells. Efn you behaves yo'se'f and repents rale hard, I won't git you th'owed outn de church. But you ain't fixin' to be no junior deacon, *dis* year. Satisfied?"

Booker grunted.

MAGGIE was next. "You make Booker a good wife," the Widow Duck suggested, "and stop dat sullin' and ailin', and maybe he won't want to snake-in-de-grass on you. Let yo' soul sing, and yo' light so shine, onderstand?"

"Yas'm," Maggie agreed.

"And you, brown-skin f'm Red Chute, I don't even know yo' name. You might be a Jezzy-bell or you might be a church bell, hit don't make me no diff'unce. But whatever kinder bell you be's, you do yo' ringin' on Red Chute, and you keep offn Little Bee Bend. Now, you travel, sister."

The Red Chute woman left.

"And you, B'r Charlie," the Widow Duck cleaned up, "you been grumblin' 'bout Newman Dyke. Newman ain't did nothin' for me but a big favor. I kotched me a hyppercrit tonight, and I used Newman Dyke for de bait. I don't want to hyar no mo' outn you agin dat boy. Onderstand?"

"Yas'm," B'r Charlie said. He, too, left, somewhat bewildered but content to let things go as they were.

When the Widow Duck was alone, she sat down heavily. She had had a busy day, albeit a pleasant one. She had worked hard with mind and body, and had managed to chop down one weed that threatened to grow rank in the Lord's vineyard. The knowledge made her feel good.

"Ev'ything satisfied," she said.

Then she remembered Newman Dyke.

"I bet dem bird shots made him burn like fire," she thought generously. "I'm gonter git right down to dat boy's house and rub him wid some lard. Hit's a scandal and a shame dat a fine boy like him ain't got him no wife to rub lard on him when he git shot."

The Pied Piper

Continued from page 17

German soldiers removed the table and the chairs, and indicated that they might lay out their beds. They did so and put all the children down to sleep.

Presently Howard and Nicole went to bed themselves.

The old man had slept only for an hour when the door was thrust open by a German soldier. He bent and shook the old man by the shoulder. "*Kommen Sie!*" he said. "*Schnell—zu Gestapo.*"

Howard got up wearily and put on his coat and shoes in the darkness. He was hustled away to the room in which they had first been interviewed. The Gestapo officer, Major Diessen, was there sitting at the table. An empty coffee cup stood beside him, and the room was full of his cigar smoke. The German soldier who brought Howard in saluted stiffly. The officer spoke a word to him, and he withdrew, closing the door behind him. Howard was left alone in the room with Major Diessen.

He glanced at the clock. It was a little after midnight. The windows had been covered over with blankets for a blackout.

PRESENTLY the German looked up at the old man standing by the wall. "So," he said. "The Englishman again." He opened a drawer beside him and took out a large black automatic pistol. He slipped out the clip and examined it; then put it back again and pulled the breech to load it. He laid it on the blotting pad in front of him. "We are alone," he said. "I am not taking any chances, as you see."

The old man smiled faintly. "You have nothing to fear from me."

The German said, "Perhaps not. But you have much to fear from me."

There was a little silence. Presently he said, "Suppose I were to let you go to England after all? What would you think then, eh?"

The old man's heart leaped, and then steadied again. It was probably a trap. "I should be very grateful, if you let me take the children," he said quietly.

"And Mademoiselle, too?"

He shook his head. "She does not want to come. She wants to stay in France."

The German nodded. "That is what we also want." He paused, and then said, "You say that you would be grateful. We will see now if that is just an empty boast. If I were to let you go to England with your children so that you could send them to America, would you do me a small service?"

Howard said, "It depends on what it was."

There was a short pause.

The German's hand strayed to the black automatic on the desk before him, and began fingering it. "There is a certain person to be taken to America," he said deliberately. "I do not want to advertise her journey. It would be very suitable that she should travel with your party of children."

The gun was now in his hand, openly.

Howard stared at him across the table. "If you mean that you want to use my party as a cover for an agent going to America," he said, "I will not have it."

He saw the forefinger snap around the trigger. He raised his eyes to the German's face and saw it white with anger. For a full half minute they remained motionless, staring at each other.

The Gestapo officer was the first to relax. "Listen to me," he said, "and try to get this into your thick head. This is not an agent who is traveling to America. This is a little girl."

"A little girl?"

"A little girl, of five years old. The daughter of my brother, who has been killed."

The gun was firmly in his hand, resting upon the desk but pointing in the direction of the old man.

Howard said, "Let me understand this fully. This is a little German girl that you want me to take to America, with all the other children?"

"That is so."

"Who is she, and where is she going?"

The German said, "I have told you who she is. She is the daughter of my brother Karl. Her name is Anna Diessen, and at present she is in Paris."

He hesitated for a minute. "You must understand," he said, "that there were three of us. My oldest brother Rupert fought in the World War, and then went to America. He now has a business, what you would call a grocery, in White Falls. He is an American citizen now."

"I see," said Howard thoughtfully.

"My brother Karl was *Oberleutnant* in the 4th Regiment Tanks, in the Second Panzer Division. He was married some years ago, but the marriage was not a success." He hesitated for a moment and then said quickly, "The girl was not wholly Aryan, and that never works. There was trouble, and she died. And now Karl, too, is dead."

He sat brooding for a minute. Howard said gently, "I am very sorry." And he was.

Diessen said, "So there is Anna who must be provided for. I think it will be better if she goes to live with Rupert in America."

Howard said, "Well, I should be very glad to take her."

THE German stared at him thoughtfully. "How quickly after you reach England will the children go? How many of them are you sending to America? All of them?"

Howard shook his head. "I doubt that. Three of them will certainly be going, but of the six, two are English and one is a French girl with a father in London. I don't suppose that they would want to go—they might. But I shall send the other three within a week. That is, if you let us go."

The German nodded. "You must not wait longer. In six weeks we shall be in London. Even so, it will be better that little Anna should be in a neutral country."

Howard nodded. "Well, she can go with my lot if you'd like to send her."

The Gestapo officer eyed him narrowly. "There must be no trickery. Remember, we shall have Mademoiselle Rougeron. She may return to Chartres and live with her mother, but until I have a cable from my brother Rupert that little Anna is safe with him, we shall have our eye on Mademoiselle."

"As a hostage," said the old man.

"As a hostage." The German stared at him arrogantly. "And another thing, also. If any word of this appears, it is the concentration camp for your young lady. I will not have you spreading lies about me as soon as you reach England. Remember that."

Howard thought quickly. "That has another side to it," he said. "If Mademoiselle Rougeron gets into trouble with the Gestapo and I should hear of it in England, this story shall be published

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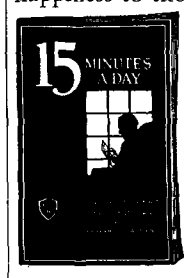

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in my country and quoted in the German news upon the radio, mentioning you by name."

Diessen said furiously, "You dare to threaten me!"

The old man smiled faintly. "Let us call off this talk of threats," he said. "We are in each other's hands, and I will make a bargain with you. I will take your little girl and she shall travel safely to White Falls, even if I have to send her by the Clipper. On your side, you will look after Mademoiselle Rougeron and see that she comes to no harm. That is a bargain that will suit us both, and we can part as friends."

The German released the automatic and reached out for a slip of paper. "What address have you in England? I shall send for you when we visit London in August."

They settled to the details of the arrangement. A quarter of an hour later, the German got up from the table. "No word of this to anyone," he said again. "Tomorrow in the evening you will be moved from here."

Howard shook his head. "I shall not talk. But I would like you to know one thing. I should have been glad to take your little girl with me in any case. It never entered my head to refuse to take her."

The German nodded. "That is good," he said. "If you had refused I should have shot you dead. You would have been too dangerous to leave this room alive."

He bowed stiffly. "*Auf Wiedersehen,*" he said ironically. He pressed a button on his desk; the door opened and the sentry took Howard back through the quiet, moonlit streets to his prison.

NICOLE was sitting on her bed, waiting for him. As the door closed she came to him and said, "What happened? Did they hurt you?"

He patted her on the shoulder. "It's all right," he said. "They did nothing to me."

"What happened, then? What did they want you for?"

He sat down on the bed, and she came and sat down opposite him.

"Listen, Nicole," he said. "I can't tell you what has happened. But I can tell you this, and you must try to forget what I am telling you. Everything is going to be all right. We shall go to England very soon, all of the children—and I shall go too. And you will go free, and travel back to Chartres to live with your mother, and you will have no trouble from the Gestapo. That is what is going to happen."

She said breathlessly, "But—I do not understand. How has this been arranged?"

He said, "I cannot tell you that. I cannot tell you any more, Nicole. But that is what will happen, very soon."

He leaned across and took her hand, and sat there in the dim light holding it for a long time. Presently they lay down upon their beds and lay awake till dawn.

They spent the next day in the garden, as the day before. The children were becoming bored and restless with the inactivity. Nicole devoted a good deal of her time to them, while Howard slept in his armchair beneath the tree. The day passed slowly. Dinner was served to them at six; after the meal the table was cleared by the same waiter.

Half an hour later they were taken out and put into a covered van. Two German soldiers got in with them, and they moved off.

Presently they came to the outskirts of a town. Nicole peered out. "Brest," she said presently. "I know this street."

One of the Germans nodded. "Brest," he said shortly.

They were taken to the railway station; here they got out of the van. One of the soldiers stood guard over them while the other went to see the R.T.O.; the French passengers looked at them curiously. They were passed through the barrier and put into a third-class carriage with their guards, in a train which seemed to be going through to Paris.

At eight o'clock the train started. It went slowly, stopping at every little local halt upon the line. At eight-twenty it drew up at a little place called Lanissant, which consisted of two cottages and a farm. Suddenly Nicole, looking out of the window, turned to Howard.

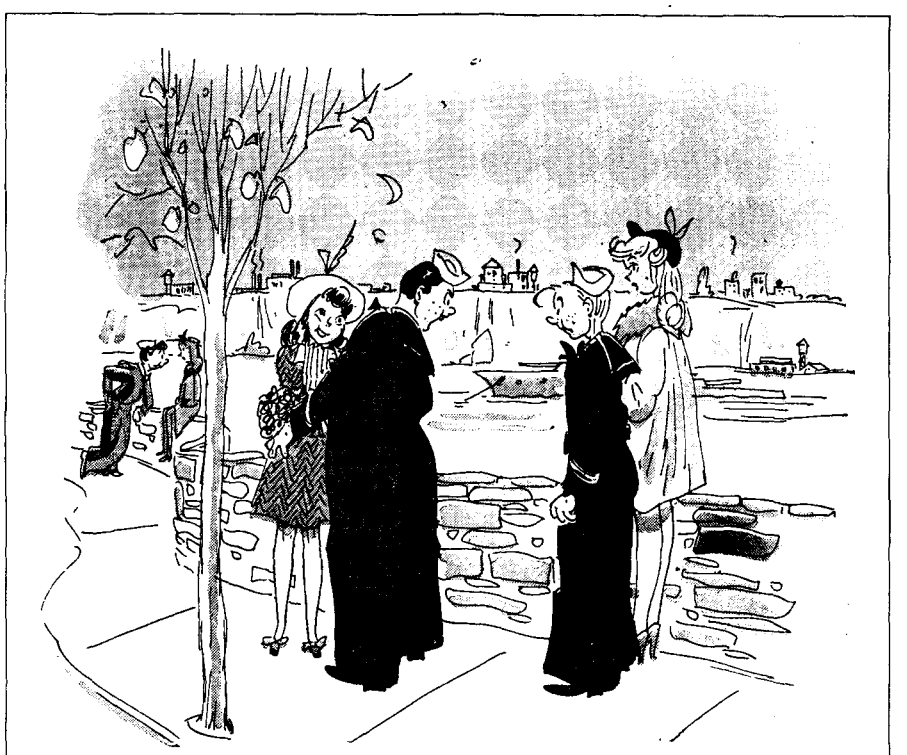
"Look!" she said. "Here is Major Diessen."

The Gestapo officer, smart and upright in his black uniform and black field boots, came to the door of their carriage and opened it. The German sentries got up quickly and stood to attention. He spoke to them incisively in German. Then he turned to Howard.

"You must get out," he said. "You are not going on in this train."

Nicole and Howard got the children out of the carriage onto the platform. Over the hill the sun was setting, in a clear sky. The Gestapo officer nodded to the guard, who shut the carriage door and blew a little toot upon his horn. The train moved forward, the carriages passed by them, and went on slowly up the line. They were left standing on this little platform in the middle of the country with the Gestapo officer.

"So," he said. "You will now follow me."



"She just called me a denizen of the deep—is that good?"

REAMER KELLER

HE LED the way down the wooden steps that gave on to the road. There was no ticket collector and no booking office; the little halt was quite deserted. Outside, in the lane, there was a gray car, a van with a utility body. In the driver's seat there was a soldier in black Gestapo uniform. Beside him was a child.

Diessen opened the door and made the child get out. "*Kom', Anna,*" he said. "*Hier ist Herr Howard, und mit ihm fährst du zum Onkel Ruprecht.*"

The little girl stared at the old man and his retinue of children, and at the disheveled girl beside him. Then she stretched out a little skinny arm, and in a shrill voice exclaimed, "Heil Hitler!"

The old man said gravely, "*Guten Abend, Anna.*" He turned to the Gestapo officer, smiling faintly. "She will have to get out of that habit if she's going to America," he said.

Diessen nodded. "I will tell her." He spoke to the little girl, who listened to him round-eyed. She asked a question, puzzled. Howard caught the word Hitler. Diessen explained to her again; under the scrutiny of Howard and Nicole he flushed a little.

"I think she understands," he said. "Now, will you all get into the car. We will not linger in this place." The German glanced around suspiciously.

THEY got into the car. Anna got into the back seat with them; Diessen seated himself beside the driver. The car moved down the road. In the front seat the Gestapo officer turned, and passed back a cotton bag tied with a string to Howard and another to Nicole.

"Your papers and your money," he said briefly. "See that it is all in order."

The old man opened it. Everything that had been taken from his pockets was there, quite intact.

In the gathering dusk they drove through the countryside for an hour and a half.

Once Howard asked, "Where are we going to?"

The German said, "To l'Abervrach. Your fisherman is there. He will take you to Falmouth."

Howard said no more.

At ten o'clock, in the first darkness, they ran softly to the quay at l'Abervrach. The car drew up noiselessly and the engine stopped at once. The Gestapo officer got out and stood for half a minute, staring around. All was quiet and still.

He turned back to the car. "Come," he said. "Get out quickly—and do not let the children talk." They helped the children from the car. Diessen said to Nicole, "There is to be no trickery. You shall stay with me, If you should try to go with them, I shall shoot down the lot of you."

She raised her head. "You need not draw your gun," she said. "I shall not try to go."

The major did not answer her, but pulled the big automatic from the holster at his waist. In the dim light he went striding softly down the quay; Howard and Nicole hesitated for a moment and then followed him with the children; the black-uniformed driver brought up the rear. At the end, by the water's edge, Diessen turned.

He called to them in a low tone, "Hurry."

There was a boat there, where the slip ran down into the water. They could see the tracery of its mast and rigging outlined against the starry sky; the night was very quiet. They drew closer and saw it was a half-decked fishing boat. There were two men there, besides Diessen. One was standing on the quay in the black uniform they knew so well. The other was in the boat, holding her to the quay by a rope.

"In with you, quickly," said Diessen. "I want to see you get away."

He turned to Focquet, speaking in French. "You are not to start your engine till you are past Le Trepied," he said. "I do not want the countryside to be alarmed."

The young man nodded. "There is no need," he said in the soft Breton dialect. "There is sufficient wind to steer by, and the ebb will take us out."

They passed the seven children one by one down into the boat. "You now," the German said to Howard. "Remember to behave yourself in England. I shall send for you in London in a very few weeks' time. In September."

The old man turned to Nicole. "This is goodby, my dear," he said. He hesitated. "I do not think this war will be over in September. I may be old when it is over, and not able to travel very well. You will come and visit me, Nicole? There is so much that I shall want to say to you. So much that I wanted to talk over with you, if we had not been so hurried and so troubled in the last few days."

She said, "I will come and stay with you, as soon as we can travel. And you shall talk to me about John."

The German said, "You must go now, Mr. Englishman."

HE KISSED the girl; for a minute she clung to him. Then he got down into the boat among the children.

Pierre said, "Is this the boat that's going to take us to America?"

The old man shook his head. "Not this boat," he said with mechanical patience. "That will be a bigger boat than this."

"How big will that one be?" asked Ronnie. "Twice as big?"

Focquet had slipped the warp out of the ring and was thrusting vigorously with an oar against the quay side. The stretch of dark water that separated them from France grew to a yard, to five yards wide. The old man stood motionless, stricken with grief, with longing to be back upon the quay, with the bitter loneliness of old age.

He saw the figure of the girl standing with the three Germans by the water's edge, watching them as they slid away. The ebb caught the boat and hurried her quietly out into the stream; Focquet was heaving on a halyard forward and the heavy nut-brown sail crept slowly up the mast. For a moment he lost sight of Nicole as a mist dimmed his eyes; then he saw her again clearly, still standing motionless beside the Germans. Then the gloom shrouded all of them, and all that he could see was the faint outline of the hill against the starry sky.

In deep sorrow, he turned and looked forward to the open sea. But tears blinded him, and he could see nothing of the entrance.

An hour later most of the children were lying exhausted in an uneasy doze. There was a steady little night breeze from the southeast; they were making about four knots.

"It is going well," said Focquet. "If this wind holds we shall hardly need the engine."

All night they saw no ships at all upon the sea. But in the half-light of dawn, at about half past four, a de-

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stroyer came toward them from the west, throwing a deep, feathery bow wave of white foam aside as she cut through the water, bearing down on them.

She slowed a quarter of a mile away and turned from a gray, menacing spear into rather a battered, rusty ship, menacing still but worn with much hard work. A young man in duffel coat and service cap shouted at them from the bridge, megaphone in hand, "*Vous êtes Français?*"

Howard shouted back, "Some of us are English."

The young man waved at him cheerfully. "Can you get to Plymouth all right?"

"We want to go to Falmouth." The whine of the destroyer's fans and the lapping of the waves made conversation difficult.

"You've got to go to Plymouth. Plymouth! Is that all right for you?"

HOWARD spoke quickly to Focquet, and then nodded to the ship. The young officer waved at him again and stepped back. There was a sudden foaming at the stern and the destroyer shot away upon her course up channel.

They altered course two points toward the east, and started up the engine, giving them about six knots of speed. The children roused, and in wailing misery began to vomit. They were all cold, and very tired, and desperately hungry.

Presently the sun came up and the day grew warm. The old man gave them all a little drink of wine and water.

All morning they plugged on over a sunlit, summer sea. Now and again the young Frenchman asked Howard the time, studied the sun, and made a correction to his course. At noon a thin blue line of land appeared ahead of them to the north.

At about three o'clock a trawler closed in on them, and asked who they were, and, as they tossed beside her, showed them the high land of Rame Head, on the horizon.

At about half past five they were off Rame Head. A motor launch, a little yacht in time of peace, ranged up alongside them; an R.N.V.R. lieutenant questioned them again. "You know the Cattewater?" he shouted to Howard. "Where the flying boats are? That's right. Go up there and into the basin on the north side. All refugees land at the fish quay in the basin. Got that? Okay."

The launch sheered off and went upon her way. The fishing boat nosed in past Rame Head, past Cawsand, past the breakwater into the shelter of the Sound. Ahead of them lay Plymouth on its hills, gray and peaceful by its harbor in the evening sunlight. Howard stared at it, and sighed a little. It seemed to him that he had been happier in France than he would be in his own land.

There were other boats before them at the quay, boats full of an assortment of mixed nationalities, clambering ashore and into England. They lay off for a quarter of an hour before they could get to the steps, while the gulls screamed around them and stolid men in blue jerseys looked down upon them, and holiday girls in summer cotton frocks took photographs of the scene.

At last they were all stumbling up the steps to join the crowd of refugees in the fish market. Howard was still in the clothes of a Breton laborer, unshaven, and very, very tired. The children, hungry and exhausted, clustered around him.

A masterful woman, trim and neat in the uniform of the W.V.S., shepherded them to a bench. "*Asseyez-vous là,*" she said in very bad French, "*jusqu'on peut vous attender.*"

Howard collapsed onto the seat and sat there half in coma, utterly exhausted. Once or twice women in uniform came to them and asked them questions, which he answered mechanically. Half an hour later a young girl brought them cups of tea, which they took gratefully.

Refreshed, the old man took more interest in his surroundings. He heard a cultured Englishwoman's voice.

"There's that lot over there, Mrs. Dyson. All those children with the two men."

"What nationality are they?"

"They seem to be a mixed lot. There's rather an attractive little girl there who speaks German."

"Poor little thing! She must be Austrian."

Another voice said, "Some of those children are English."

There was an exclamation of concern. "I had no idea! But they're in such a *state!* Have you seen their poor little heads? My dear, they're *lousy,* every one of them." There was a shocked pause. "That horrible old man—I wonder how he came to be in charge of them?"

The old man closed his eyes, smiling a little. This was the England that he knew and understood. This was peace.

The last bomb had fallen, the last gun had fired; over in the east the fires were dying down. Then came the long notes of the "All Clear" from different quarters of the town.

We got up stiffly from our chairs. I went over to the long window at the far end of the room, pulled back the curtains and threw back the shutters. The glass from the window fell in on the carpet with a crash; the wind blew fresh into our faces with a bitter, acrid smell of burning. A cold gray light was spreading over London. It was raining a little.

I turned from the window. "Did you get them over to the States?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he said. "They all went together. I sent a wireless telegram to the Cavanaghs offering to send Sheila and Ronnie, and Tenois asked if he might send Rose. I got a woman that I know to go with them, and take them to Coates Harbor."

"And Anna too?"

He nodded. "Anna went too." We moved toward the door. "I had a letter this week from her uncle in White Falls. He said that he had sent a radiogram to his brother in Germany, so that ought to be all right."

"Your daughter must have had a bit of a shock when they arrived," I said.

He laughed. "Well, I don't know. I sent a cable asking if she'd have them, and she said she would. She'll be all right with them. Costello seems to be reorganizing the whole place for them. He's building a swimming pool, and a new boathouse for their boats. I think that they'll be very happy there."

WE WENT downstairs in the gray dawn and parted in the hall. He went out a few steps ahead of me; I paused to ask the night porter about damage to the club. He said that they had had a fire bomb on the roof, but that young Ernest had kicked it about till it went out.

I yawned. "I spent the night up in the smoking room, talking to Mr. Howard," I said.

The man nodded. "I looked in once or twice and saw you sitting with him," he said. "I said to the steward, I said—quite a good thing you was with him. He's got to look a great deal older recently."

"Yes," I said. "I'm afraid he has."

"He went away for a long holiday a month or two ago," the porter said. "But I don't know as it did him a great deal of good."

I went out, and the glass crunched tinkling beneath my feet.

THE END

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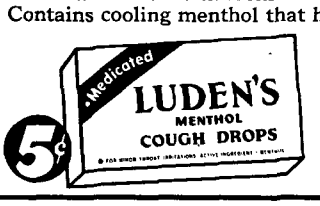

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Let's Cut Some Costs

TOO often in recent history liberal governments have been wrecked on rocks of loose fiscal policy. We must avoid this danger.—President Franklin D. Roosevelt, March 10, 1933.

But though the whole (national) debt were owing to the inhabitants of the country, it would not upon that account be less pernicious.—Adam Smith, in "The Wealth of Nations," 1776.

One billion seven hundred and eighty-three million dollars, according to the National Economy League, can be sliced off next year's federal budget without damaging defense.

Items that could be reduced include the following: General government expenses (cut them 100 millions), public works (cut them 263 millions), aids to agriculture (561), aids to youth (263), work relief (479), Social Security (33), veterans' pensions and benefits (15).

Most of these economies would displease various groups of government beneficiaries. The answer to them, we'd say, is that we've got to have ample money for the defense program, and that they'll be slaves if some conqueror takes us over.

As government spending is going now, we are following the inflationary route of France during its 1789-95 revolution. More alarming than that, we are being urged along this route by well-meaning public men whose financial knowledge suffers from the rickets.

Vice-President Wallace, for example, says woozily: "Those who have seriously studied the greatly changed economic and financial conditions are no longer as concerned about so-called government spending as they used to be." Marriner S. Eccles keeps on repeating the "We owe it to ourselves" nonsense which Adam Smith took apart 165 years ago. Douglas Miller, who wrote "You Can't Do Business with Hitler," and who is supposed to know something about business and finance in general, says: "I am not worried in the long run about the cost of this war to America. No matter what we spend in money we still have our natural resources left to us."

A nation which falls hard enough for such delusions will come eventually to financial ruin. If we don't begin cutting nondefense expenditures now, and cutting them drastically, we're in for possibly the worst bust any nation ever suffered.

Our Tanks Deliver

THE most encouraging war news we've heard to date was the word from Britain's big Libyan offensive that U. S.-made tanks were showing up superbly in action.

We'd had every confidence, of course, but there's nothing like proof of a weapon in an actual war test. The American Eagle is entitled, we think, to do considerable screaming.

The Eagle is also entitled to feel safer than he has felt since Hitler opened up on the Low Countries in May, 1940. It's a war of machines, mainly. And Hitler had been piling up the machines for six years. So where are we now?

We're turning out tanks at least as good as any Hitler has yet produced. Production of our superb fighting and bombing planes is zooming. Our fighting and merchant ships are hitting blue water ahead of schedule oftener than not. Our antiaircraft and other gun production is on a steep upcurve. And we've got the natural resources and the manpower to sit in this game at least as long as Mr. Hitler.

We'd bet that we're feeling a lot better about those U. S.-made tanks than Hitler is.

More on Hog Island

IN a recent editorial on the enormous merchant marine we are building as part of the defense program, we spoke of "the Hog Island outrage" of the other war. We didn't intend to give the impression that the Hog Island, Philadelphia, shipbuilding project was a carnival of graft and a ghastly flop to boot.

It was a carnival of spending—about $264 per ton of shipping constructed, as against normal costs in those times of around $65—but Hog Island did turn out ships which did their builders proud.

The plant produced altogether 122 ships—twelve 8,000-ton Army transports and 110 7,500-ton cargo vessels. Five of the transports are still in service. Of the 110 cargo ships, 103 are still sailing.

Hog Island methods were radically new in their day. Consequently, most orthodox shipbuilders jeered. But the Hog Island ships' then-advanced types of boilers, turbines and reduction gears have proved their worth long since.

It was politicians and their pals who were to blame for the odor of extravagance that hangs over Hog Island in the history books. The men who did the actual ship designing and building did a good job.

Block That Laugh

THE world is full of advice on how to bring up children; but if you ask us, the most workable general rule is: Never laugh at them.

Laugh with them, of course. Jolly them out of the frequent half-baked, half-thought-through ideas and attitudes that are bound to develop. Be firm when necessary—which isn't as often as some people think. But simply put the weapon of ridicule in the moth balls when the child is born and forget it.

Few grown persons are strong enough to be able to stand ridicule. A child is tragically vulnerable to it, and doesn't know how to hit back at it or shrug it off. Ridicule can warp a child's whole personality and character for life. To subject a child to it just isn't fair.

A parent who habitually ridicules the children confesses his own inferiority and inadequacy. As for the children, they get his correct number very early in life, never forget it, and usually take their revenge as soon as they can.

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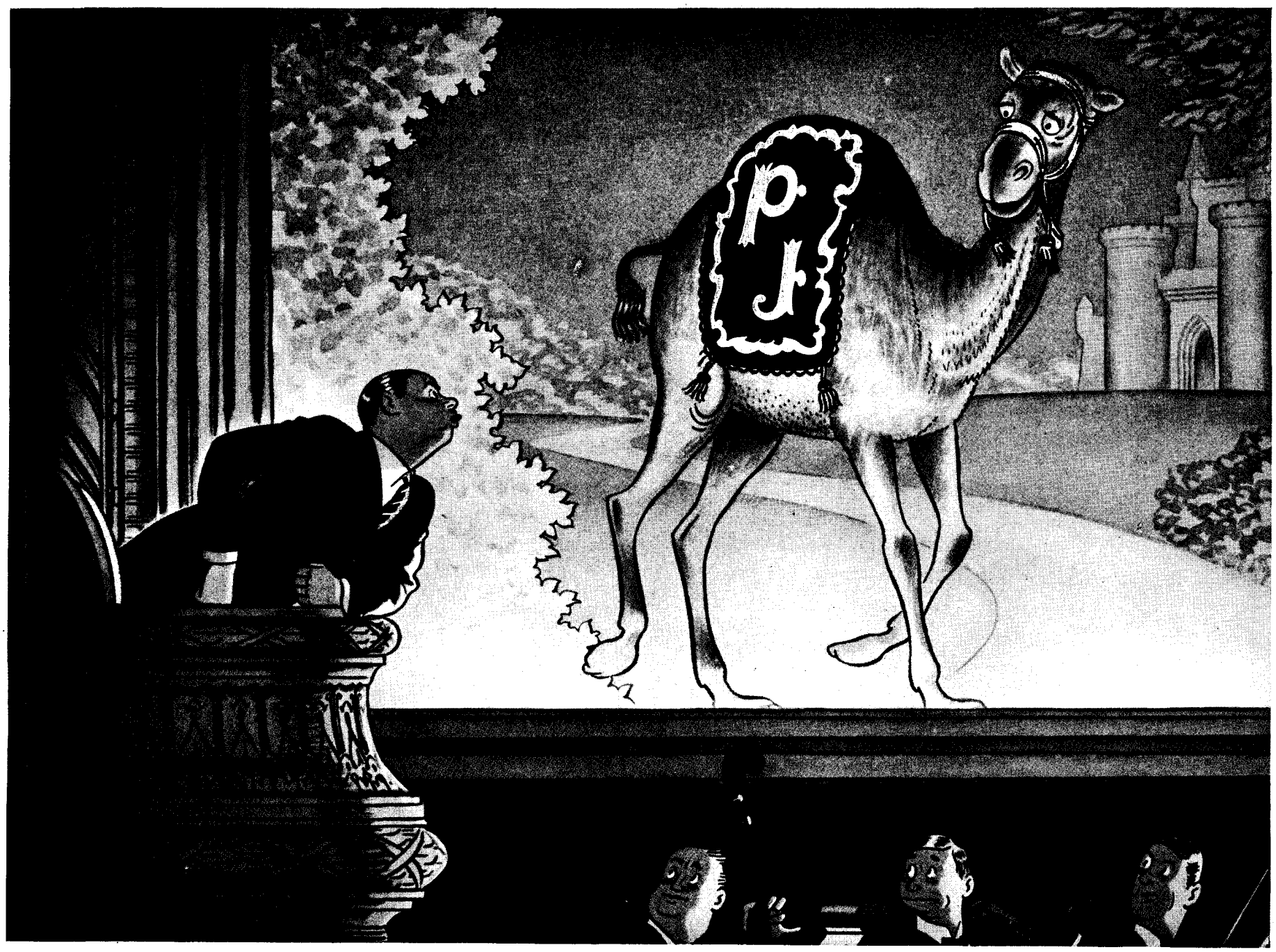

"Phoooie on Animal Acts!"

MAN IN BOX: Go away! I'm tired of trained seals, dogs on tight wires, and baboons that play the harmonica!

CAMEL: Cease thy heckling, O Cheerer from the Bronx. This is no animal act, but a dignified *lecture*—a lecture on the virtues of the discerning tongue and the wise whiskey buyer.

MAN: Shades of Shakespeare! You mean you're going to entertain me with *that?*

CAMEL: Not only entertain, O First Nighter—but move you to applause, with the tale of the very best *buy* in whiskey—*dry* PAUL JONES!

MAN: Dry? PAUL JONES? A buy? What's all this about?

CAMEL: Did you not know, O Heckler, that the very best *buy* is the whiskey that's *dry*—PAUL JONES? That the discerning tongue realizes how *dryness* (or lack of sweetness) does as much to bring out the beauties of a whiskey as a spotlight does for an ingenue?

MAN: Very interesting, my Bedouin Burlesquer. You're not going to pass out samples are you?

CAMEL: —And did you not know that this rare quality of dryness, which so delights connoisseurs and is usually reserved for the very rich, is yours in PAUL JONES at a price even those in the highest balcony can afford to pay?

MAN: Say, this isn't a lecture—it's a *revelation!* The very best *buy*—PAUL JONES? It's DRY? Tell me more!

CAMEL: A thousand regrets, O Impetuous One—even now the sword swallower awaits his entrance. But do drop over to the local firehouse tonight. I'm doing a benefit!

The very best buy is the whiskey that's dry

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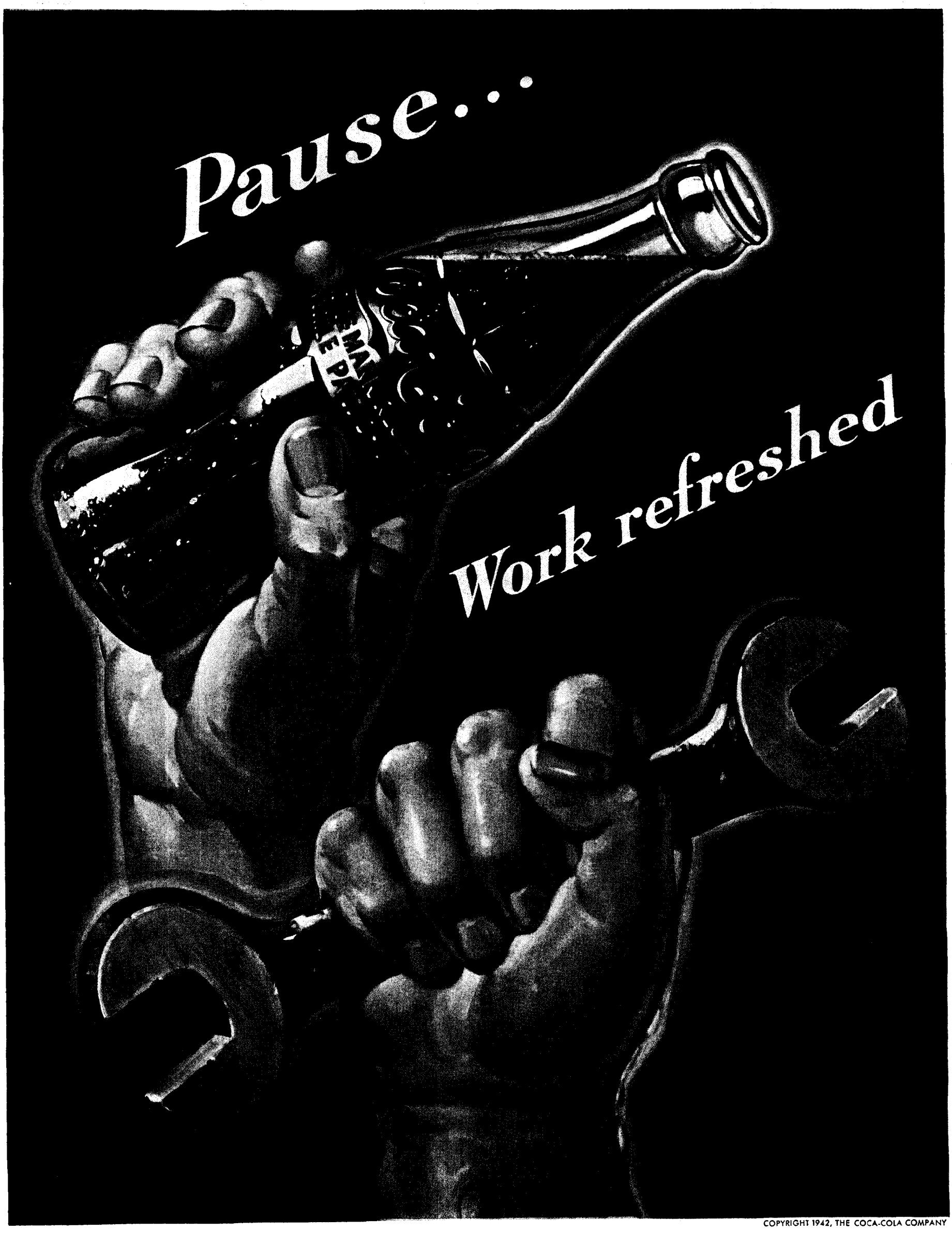

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